

The Sun persists

Reluctantly, I leave the warm glow of the library
in search of a different kind of wisdom.

descending into the darkness of a winding trail,
I'm greeted by a blur of emerald shadows

but when I look closer, I see

a pocket of yellow sumac leaves
the fuzzy tips of a goldenrod
buttery cups of evening primrose
and folded suns of birds-foot trefoil

reminders
that even the dusk of these trees,
light finds a way.

PROMPT:

Take moment to observe your surroundings.

What shades and colours do you notice?

What do they remind you of?