

Nightscape

Fog horns sound though
air soaked in blackness.
All evening long listening
to hiss of trucks, cars.

Shadows brush across walls
as trees trace their branches.
Gathering and waving
together then swaying apart.

While I sleep, stars glide
through heaven making
their appointed rounds in
ancient sacred procession.

Dreams as smooth as rose
petals spill into my mind
growing wild patches in
this dark garden of night.



***Joan McNerney** is the recipient of three scholarships. She has read her work at the National Arts Club Gramercy Park, State University of New York at Oneonta, University of Texas in Houston and The McNay Art Institute in San Antonio, Texas. Her poetry has been included in over two hundred print literary magazines, journals and anthologies. The internet has provided an even wider platform for her work and she has four Best of the Net nominations. Her latest title, *The Muse In Miniature*, is available on Amazon.*