

The Common Hours

The books on the shelves,
the lamps still unlit,
don't respond to a summer sun,
nor do the afternoon clouds
change them.

But I am intemperate,
turn this way and that
in search of light,
then shadow play,
then evening colors as the sun
acts painterly.

I am moved and changed,
frequent in my delights
with the common hours
of the season, as though
another may not be.

Books and lamps and shelves
cannot perceive
no future.

***Cleo Griffith** lives in Salida, CA in the midst of many orchards, farms and poets! Writers are abundant as are artists of other kinds, many painters. There is so much in nature to inspire her. She has been widely published and is always looking for the next subject of inspiration.*

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