

In the half-light

Here I am in the half-light
Toes dig in the grass
What a glorious night
Twilight with clouds that scud by
Hiding the moons great mass

Hear it, hear the wee owl?
He does not fear the half-light
I sit and listen
As he sings with all his might

You are just in reach when thoughts escape me
I know sometimes it is hard to trace
By the looks on my face
In the half-light
on a clear night

It is easier to be contrite
Than discuss what lies in the air tonight
It is easier to fight with all my might
Then give into the half-light

And the wee owl sings along
He sings to the throng of all left unsaid
He sings for the fears in my head
To the half-light,
the wee owl will forever belong.

Charlotte Slater 2008