

Blue Evening

The night's moon was temptation enough,
Glimmering in the sky like the light from a lighthouse on a dark bay,
Luring me into the cool evening
For my escape.

They await me in the porch,
Ready as Grenfell's dogs,
To take me along the freshly fallen snow
Which was sure of my arrival.

An accustomed visitor I have become
To this haven in the hills,
Welcomed again by the glint of the moon
Flickering through the blanketed trees.

It's a blue evening.
The routine is relaxing;
It's as if with each stroke of the cork I drift further away,
Along the trail into my escape.

Kick

Kick

Kick

Kick

Glide

Glide

Glide

Glide

-Richard Churchill