

Bodies in Motion

by Miriam Ruff

No smell of dew
No predawn haze
The day comes with
A blast of light
Sun cresting cratered hills
With tendrils hungry
To dispel the grip of endless night

It races like a whirlwind
Scouring the ancient plain
Then leaps beyond the horizon
low and near
Returning to the void
From which it came

Days
Cloaked within the guise
Of hours
On this small world
And darkness falls

Restless, too
I emerge from the shelter
Of the protective dome
And marvel as eternity
Spins around me
Again