

Mistress of Night

gracefully swoops into town
gently sweeping colors away.
turning trees black,
making lights bright,
enticing crickets to awaken

kindly giving the stars
a chance to shine,
urging fireflies to find each other,
dance just above the grass,
between the branches of trees,
flashing on and off,
on and off,
against her
soft, black dress.

Shelly Lyons