

A Sunset

The steeple so carefully
swings its long shadow
over the grass that the bell's
small shadow does not ring,
nor do the soft gray shadows
of its pigeons fly. Light
rises into the treetops
like the bubbles in beer.
A man walks home alone,
his shadow, shambling ahead,
some dark old woman
who rents out rooms.
She's wrapped in a shawl
that hides her face
in folds of blackness,
and closed in her fist
is the evening star.

—Ted Kooser