

DAY'S END

CHRISTIE LUND COLES

The fiery eye of God on the west rim
of heaven and hill
gazes at me, still, yet not still;
And beginning to dim,
falls into the lime and yellow bowl
of aloneness, but not until
it has sand-stung my hope
and found it wanting. I tremble before
what I know I must. Lord, do not sleep,
do not close the door.