

EVENING PRIMROSE

Elizabeth J. Coleman

In the cooling paynes-gray air, we sat
barefoot at the beach, Jones Beach, post-prom
all night, and searched the sand for clues about
our future paths, my first time out 'til dawn.

Back in those salad days, we felt so cool,
watching the night unfold, black, vast and wise;
a mellow mystery that made us fools,
for NoDoz, coffee, heedless lovers' eyes,

Now I'm an evening primrose on the hill,
shivering in the cooling twilight breeze.
Visitors come and will not go away:
a sadness or a death that haunt me still.
Inscrutable, sleep's turned into a tease,
who coyly saunters in at break of day.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 3 2006