

THIS EARLY EVENING

Mike Marks

This early evening, stranger of the days—
Now there is lightning, but there is no thunder,
And all the children stop and start with wonder.
Ladies and escorts fear the sky's ablaze,
But no one knows Miss Nature and Her ways,
How She, the Virgin Mary N, will blunder
Somewhat uneasily to find What sonned Her.
She'll weather earth examining its maze.

Though Mary Nature had an awesome father,
She never had a husband. Now she searches
For the Unfaithful One—I search when I pray
Alone at home at bedtime. I never bother
To check for Him in congregated churches:
Nature solely finds Him on this day.

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