

The Night Shift

Written by Patricia Williams

From her collected poems, *Midwest Medley*, Kelsay Books, 2018.

A “vee” of Canada geese
silhouetted against the moon,
take leave
– cross pastures, cities
and no-stoptlight towns –
fly the night shift.

Bears and ground hogs
hibernate the winter away,
prairies and fields
– soon pallid –
sleep.
No one on the night shift.

Maple and oak,
birch and unsung sumacs
transform overnight
– an advent
of red and gold –
a hidden force
works the night shift.

Out of Reach

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Shadows play in painted light
that filters through the trees
at sundown –
bathes every living thing
in the molten gold of a sunflower field
– fades –
gives way to hovering darkness.

The mirrored moon floats on water,
– visible but untouchable –
washed in the piercing pain
of wanting something
you can't have.