

This Moment

A neighbourhood.

At dusk.

Things are getting ready

to happen

out of sight.

Stars and moths.

And rinds slanting around fruit.

But not yet.

One tree is black.

One window is yellow as butter.

A woman leans down to catch a child

who has run into her arms

this moment.

Stars rise.

Moths flutter.

Apples sweeten in the dark.

—Eavan Boland