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Nightfall

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Nightfall

Kathleen Keenan

Six o'clock sun,
rindy orange round door
sopping up the East
in her retreat —
leaving her skirts of
navy purple pleats
fashionably furled;
clouds of lace
petticoating at her feet
across the streets of sky
panting,
red cinnamon breath,
in haste,
always running late.
She forgets,
she's a guest of
the West.
Hurry,
through the hoop
of self-circle,
through the door
as she arrives,
breathless —
bows, falls,
skirts of night pulled over head,
just on time,
once more.