

# Dawn

a cobweb strung with dewy jewels of night  
stays briefly,  
diamond lacework against the blue piled depth of sky,  
each drop  
retaining within its fragile shell  
a single spear of early morning light.

*David T. Hoopes, Sc. & H. Grad.*



# Twilight

as fading light  
melts distinctness into shadowed, shapeless form,  
the still gold tips of hills  
create a broken crown about the head of dusk.  
while stillness yet caresses the memory of day,  
night sounds  
begin to whisper in the dark.

*David T. Hoopes, Sc. & H. Grad.*