

Evening Houses

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Evening houses

puff their broad pipes,

Patriarchs

surveying proper domains,

And soon the evening sky

(now quickening flame

to warm the frosty fathers)

Becomes a unison

of white, wafting chords

singing silent evening fatness,

As after dinner plenty is puffed—

Puffed above evening streets

Where mothers call
(and just in time)

As the sky burns the last
of day's fuel

And spits and dies

Extinguished.

But not so evening pipes—

No—

Even nodding, darkening fathers

Puff on

Contented

In the night.