

“On the Path at Sundown”  
By Georgette Howington

I’m lost.

Russet grasses in the marshland spin last light.  
Redwing Blackbirds sing as they come home,  
yellow-gold washes over the adjacent prairie  
where woodlands nestle against the breast of  
a foothill, pushed into an upheaval of a mountain  
range bathed in sky blues, violet, orange and storm greys.  
A chorus of cricket and frog rise above the mist.  
An unworldly realm settles between sunset and twilight.

I’m here to find you, Lord.  
I see you all around.  
Please, tell me your heart  
and show me the way.



“Sunset Stroll”  
by Ebba Navas