“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.