

“Twilight Hours”

A Poem by *Mary Margaret Park*

in the twilight hours
of an unmeasured day
she struggles
against the hollow tide
that beats her heart

in a melancholy riptide
of soulless sadness
a beauty as real and fleeting
as phosphorescence
lingers

present
at this moment
yet fragile
...a lace curtain
tattered
by the wind

this buried treasure
graces her halls
wound
like liquid gold
through her soul

elusive
never captured
it soars
over the horizon

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