

## NIGHT ASCENDING, PRYOR MOUNTAINS

Their chalky bones grown damp with light,  
burnt moon rising, dazed fields drifting,  
the high slopes lengthen into white  
with waiting stones.

With waiting stones, slightly tensing,  
time at rest with their silent tongues,  
coyotes bed in patience, sensing  
the hour is slow.

The hour is slow to energize  
the slant hills into standing waves:  
softly, the dark begins to rise  
while late sun dims.

While late sun dims and dusk attends  
old men hunkered in downy sleep,  
dry branches shake in cooling winds  
their chalky bones.

*Randall Gloege*