

Dusk

The sadness of a late-summer sunset
has filled me with such joy. Mine
has been an evening of delight.

A force I hadn't felt in a thousand days
greeted me.

I had forgotten the power of its
all-consuming grip;
my company knew it well.

An odd birth-death pervaded the wind,
diluting the smiles of the day.

The quickness of the thought was truly
shocking, and I realized that, inside,
I too had been crying.

Yet, when we are consumed by dusks such as these,
and the name is lost in clouds of darkness,
we simply smile as the sun, and deny the rain.

Michael Hunter O'Dell

CORRECTION

In the last issue of *UFAHAMU* (Volume XVII, No. 3) the poem titled "THE PALESTINIAN, A SLICE OF MOON, AND OLIVE OIL" (p.122) appeared without the name of the author (only included in the table of contents). The author of that poem is Cheryl Dandridge-Perry, a frequent contributor to our journal. We would like to use this opportunity to correct the oversight and ask Ms Dandridge-Perry to accept our apology.