

## A WALK OUTSIDE THE CITY

The last of the light is trailing a colored sky.  
The air is sucking in its breath. It seems  
an ever darkening brush. Standing by  
in rows are silhouettes of evergreens.

A bird nest falls at my feet in the evening wind,  
empty of eggs. The summer crickets hush  
in the hollow autumn bite. Around the bend  
a solitary car sounds a distant *whoosh*.

A broken tire swing, a rusty bike,  
an empty bucket by an empty well  
appear along the road. The city lights  
flicker, then dim against the deepening chill.

I turn and wander off from the barren lane.  
I feel a hunger for something I cannot name.

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*4<sup>th</sup> Honorable Mention, Traditional Poetry, The Ina Coolbrith Circle, Annual Poetry Day Contest*