

Jerusalem Night

Michael E. Stone

Outside,
air is cool,
lights pierce the dark and the
unseen clouds that
shroud the black sky.
The city lights glow red
behind the hill.

Quiet.
A dog barks.
In the yellow lighted room,
books warm the shelves,
vessels filled by other minds.

Time falls in,
then and now;
place implodes;
there and here,
mix, sometimes match.

Outside impinges,
past shades the present,
silent shadows add
another dimension.