

In Passing
Second Place Poetry 2007

we walk in blue at the edge of dusk
plunging into black ether in the
dog-eared crease of earth and sky

time seems to falter, hinged,
in dying blue worn thin
in measured bellmen goodnights

we hear his silent
expiration in the muted
chatter of wind and trees

his broken soled shoes
pace the hips of night
the aching between

when finally you comment
on the chuckling trees
I see the blue remains on your cheek

Ms. Ruth Overlease, Medical Student
University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania