

# AT DUSK...

Sonia Weitz

When slashing waves are pounding 'pon the shore  
My heart (in concert) beats a wild refrain –  
I hear a drummer, different than before  
And blood is rushing through my fevered brain...

Within the secret valley of my heart,  
I save a bit of space and guard it well  
There, none may either enter nor depart.  
There, one day peace will softly come to dwell...

It may be useless to indulge a whim,  
While hungering all ugliness to mask  
And stay afloat, exposing but the rim  
When my defiance perishes at dusk...