

Still, but lifeless

There used to be a stillness in the air.
The ends of busy days met by a settling sky.
The light began to ebb, the last vestiges of the setting sun
Disappearing.
The urgency which chased the day
Paused.
Restlessness became rest.
It began to slow, accompanied by the soothing sounds of the evening.
Soft hisses of sleepy breath.
The roses stopped.
To smell themselves.
Light buried its head away,
The evening spread out across the sky.
The air began to cool.
Then settle...
All life went still.
The grass was straight and silent.
The leaves dangled as if they had been painted there,
No rustle of leaves could be heard, nor the rumble of traffic.
All life went still.
“The evening sleeps so peacefully!”
When consciousness came hours later,
Each being awoke filled with vivacity.
That stillness could not be found again ‘til dusk.
But the stillness was entrancing.

Soon there will be a stillness.
Of withered leaves
Of painfully paralysed motion.
The water will lap at the shore
Blackened and lumpy.
Little trinkets of plastic kissing the sand.
This stillness will be eerie
Stiff and stale breathlessness,
Smoggy, smoky air that is too coarse to settle.
The light will no longer ebb,
Instead she remains a constant grey.
This Stillness is plagued by dried life.
The planet is crushed by a stillness.
Its life is drained from it.
“And how should we presume?”