

And now the household is silent.

Daily inner quarrels caressed  
By the tips of the crescent moon,  
Before tucked into treetop beds

The wind rocking them side to side,  
Back and forth in the moon's cradle.  
Its arms around the bed of leaves,  
Creating a nook for quiet rest

Inside the household people lay  
Like angels in stolen bodies  
With paper-thin, invisible wings  
Stroking their shoulders and backs

Minds numb to the day's commotions;  
The only thoughts are subconscious.  
Restless souls drifting upwards  
As bodies lay anchored in place

Much different from the course of day,  
When no one thought peace could be real

## Paper Wings

In a world with hate and despair

Cashing in fear for infamy

The sun sets as a reminder

That there is always a future

Where people find their angel wings and

Push each other up like birds in flight.

And now the household is silent.

With the dark sky summoned to hush

The place outside, where quarrels are sent,

To be laid to rest for the night.