

**Gay Baines**

**Miserere**

Even through blinds we can tell  
the sunset is boiling, a rage of  
red seamed with blue, green,  
gold. The opera of spring,  
the hijinks of summer are over,  
players are in mufti, flutes, horns,  
and violins polished and packed away in  
velvet-lined caskets. The sober time  
approaches, pulled by the sun, that  
faithless one. Soon darkness will  
cover the earth, we'll feel it even on  
the rare bright noon of mid-December.  
Everything is serious, the *Miserere* is  
sung, and then one day the sun  
hesitates, gives us one extra  
stripe on an afternoon full of apricot  
light, and we know: Once we've passed  
our time in the desert, life will continue  
more or less the same. Until next year.