

# **‘Evening Reflections’**

**Hayley Friedman**

freshly snapped air

clings to your lungs like tiny grapple hooks

leaves sparkle in the reflections of a dying sun

pink, gold and blue

a pure mesh of heaven in one

you can taste the freshness

the coming of the evening bringing wonder

the aroma of jasmine brushes your nostrils

you flinch as the breeze brings goose bumps

the stars erupt in the sky

and a thousand reflected memories crystallise

your clarity is infinite

echoes of birds’ melodies drown

lights from lamps flare upon surrounding hills

you wander back inside,

inside yourself.