

## DAY'S END

CHRISTIE LUND COLES

The fiery eye of God on the west rim  
of heaven and hill  
gazes at me, still, yet not still;  
And beginning to dim,  
falls into the lime and yellow bowl  
of aloneness, but not until  
it has sand-stung my hope  
and found it wanting. I tremble before  
what I know I must. Lord, do not sleep,  
do not close the door.