

# Evening

By Miranda Joyce

It's evening,  
and the street lights blink on.

Not quite night yet,  
but not quite day.

The smells of  
different dinners  
dance in the air;  
the falling leaves  
crinkle under my feet.

The stars have  
only started coming out,  
the full moon shines  
so bright.

There's a little waltz  
in my step,  
it's evening tonight.