Midnight on the Creek Bank

The campfire is out.
Nestled on a thin worn quilt,
Twisting and turning, sleep has escaped me.
In the distance a coyote howls;
Frequent croaking of frogs,
Fireflies dart as tiny missiles.
The vibrate melody of a mockingbird,
The smell of newly mown hay,
Then another prayer I quote.
This is a special place,
Which I share with God,
Forbidding man to deny His miracles.
No curtains drawn between,
An open sky, my thoughts and God,
As I lay on the creek at midnight.

Mary E. West