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Peter Wortsman

THE TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING

The twilight is a blue collapse, a day's seeing sucked clean to the bone. Fire escapes, tree trunks, fences and telephone lines survive the initial onslaught of darkness. Figures too survive at first, though their faces, ever more indistinct, meld into masks, and their spindly legs shrivel by the second. And finally they too succumb, eyes turned inward, sucked into themselves, like gypsy moths chasing the last elusive flicker.