**14. The Mary Simon Memorial Award Jacqueline Williams**

**1431 W. 7th Place**

**Mesa, AZ 85201**

**480-834-1782**

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**AZ State Poetry Society**

**Night Sky**

In awe, I blinked and saw a bright full moon.

That’s all. No longer any stars for me.

I heard leaves rustle in the gentle wind.

They chased each other over walk and stones.

That’s all. No longer any stars for me.

My guide dog pawed the earth, heard rustling leaves.

They chased each other over walk and stones.

Our wind chimes tinkled while a night bird sang.

My guide dog pawed the earth, heard rustling leaves.

Inside again, the peace of sleep came soon.

Our wind chimes tinkled while a night bird sang.

Perhaps the blind do have the best of it.

Inside again, the peace of sleep came soon

when every day can mimic a night sky.

Perhaps the blind do have the best of it.

With its cacophony of sounds and smells—

when every day can mimic a night sky—

where every night—a day—with dreams and hopes,

with its cacophony of sounds and smells.

When noises pierce my days and nights—a calm.

Where every night—a day—with dreams and hopes,

I heard leaves rustle in the gentle wind.

When noises pierce my days and nights—a calm.

In awe, I blinked and saw a bright full moon.