

**Image: El Capitan in Evening Mist
Yosemite National Park, California**

Good Night, Yosemite

Mist tip-toes across the valley,
With white padded feet - no sound.
She raises her skirt-tails over boulders,
Skates gracefully across ice and river.

Her breath is hollow,
Her chill is deep.
She hangs tiny flecks of icicles on the
branches as she swirls by,
A promise for a dazzling show with the
morning sun.

Sun!

One last "Adieu!" and she tucks the Valley
in for another long night...

~Vivian Fung