

# Let Evening Come

By Jane Kenyon

Let the light of late afternoon  
shine through chinks in the barn, moving  
up the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing  
as a woman takes up her needles  
and her yarn. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned  
in long grass. Let the stars appear  
and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.  
Let the wind die down. Let the shed  
go black inside. Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop  
in the oats, to air in the lung  
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't  
be afraid. God does not leave us  
comfortless, so let evening come.

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Source: Let Evening Come: Poems (Graywolf Press, 1990)



Raised in the Midwest, Jane Kenyon later lived with her husband, poet Donald Hall, on a farm in New Hampshire. In 1993 Bill Moyers made an Emmy award-winning documentary about the literary couple called "A Life Together." Author of four collections of poetry, Kenyon was the poet laureate of New Hampshire at the time of her death from leukemia at age 47.

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