Sunset
Carly Marlys

We’ve all seen blood-skies this week.
Rent open, heaven shattered blazes
of forest fire color, burning up
the clouds that sway like sheep
in a wolves-teeth winter wind.

Finally, the depths of air-bound
water reflect the madness that
has driven us all to stare at the sky,
with tears in our eyes and shaking fists.
At last, the sky bleeds back.

We all see it coming—
feel the hot-baked breath of ending;
even those who hide their souls
and let a rose bloom’s scent
distract them from the open sky.

Like me, the rose girl, the smile,
the one who tries to push a tilted world
in a perfect circle, until the sun dies
in a blaze of beauty and color
and I see a peaceful mirror of my own despair.