Sunset

Carly Marlys
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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.