

# 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.