

Saying goodbye to the Sun

“When is the best time for sunset?”

The moment you fall to the ground,  
Scattered with the rest  
Hovering over the departed,  
As a fragmented reflection.  
Thinking that with enough resistance,  
You can restore the pieces  
Without a trace  
Of your fall from grace,  
But a pink shadow,  
Of fate and mistakes.

But the pull of the past  
And the hand of the future  
Reveals the gift in time.  
That the more you fix  
The more you hold on,  
Making the fall even longer down  
An awakening climb,  
Only to find  
That sleep is a levelling sound,  
And that silence isn't always so quiet.  
With the song of rebellion only accessible to the attentive, the gazers, the mesmerised,  
Wishing for their ticket to the above,  
With the gloaters, the proud, the unattainable.  
Knowing that if they just looked outside  
They would see their essence reflected  
In the little girl,  
Not far away from mine.