I hate sunsets.

He’s beautiful, but he always tricks me.

I sit in the lavender haze, watching the descent of a burning star into nothingness. I spend all day outrunning him, yet when it’s his turn to leave, I chase him like a fool. I watch him with curious eyes and pretend he’s not dying, dissolving into the ocean while the birds sing an obituary for him.

I pretend he’s hiding from me just below the water blanket and hasn’t left me alone in the darkness. I wait every day for him to leave me all alone, just like yesterday. Every sunset is like it’s our last, but he comes back every morning, not letting me pass away in my delusion. Every return tricks me into thinking I’m desired too—that he runs only because he’s shy.

He always returns… but never *for me.* I’m never the reason he rises either, and that's why…

I hate sunsets.

When he’s glaring down at me, I can’t bear to look at him. Even the birds run away from his intense blaze, who am I to face it all? I only come around when he’s gotten quiet, when he can’t burn me. Does he miss me during the day like I do during the night? Does he look for me in the crowd like I look for him in the clouds?

I ponder throughout the day what colours he will show today. Would the sky light up in pinks and oranges as if it is blushing just as me, or is it gonna transition straight to greys, not a hint of warmth on the canvas. They told me the colours were meant for me to stay, but I learned to love the sombre too. I trapped the pinks in my cheeks, the greys in my kohl, and the blazing dot in my bindi.

But beauty is deceptive. It looked beautiful. It looked like love.

I fell in love with sunsets.

But the colours bled out faster than I could name them. I lingered too close, too long, and he left kisses that burn. My skin darkened like old love letters rusting and fading away. And I still wished the damage he left would bloom into something other than ruin. A scar of love.

Night would come, daunting and taunting, painfully reminding me of the absence of my lover. Mocking me for choosing the sun over the moon—the one everyone is in love with.

But even the moon wouldn’t shine without the sun.

She’s just a reflection—silver only because he kissed her gold. And still, everyone calls *her* radiant. Worships *her* glow. Writes poems for *her*. They miss only her, but never the sun.

He’s never leaving. Always in the background, always too much. Too present to be missed, too constant to be cherished. But I adored him anyway. Even when it hurt to look, even when I felt the burns. Even when he didn’t look back. Maybe someday he would?

I watched the sunrise from the same rooftop, feet cold against the tiles, arms wrapped around a warmth I could never hold. He ascends just as beautiful, awakening new revelations within me. He’s eternal, unlike me—a measly mortal. He’s seen centuries of lovers like me burn and vanish into nothingness, mistaking his warmth for love. How many lovers before me sat under his light, thinking they were the only ones?

He leaves me as soon as I start to believe he’s mine. What is this delusion that brings me back every time? Every time I swear I won’t fall again, he melts away my armour too easily. I forget I’m not an exception. I forget I don’t have glitter for skin, I can’t match his radiance.

I really hate sunsets for it.

He was never meant to stay; it was me all along, spinning those beautiful skies into a portrait of ours. Sunsets don’t stay for anyone. They leave you with shadows and the dread of morning, where the vicious cycle begins again.

But I will never miss the next sunset. I will still dress up in the pastels, so maybe one day he’d mistake me for the sky and set only for me.

I can’t promise him eternity, but I can offer my loving gaze for as long as I have sight before he takes it away, too.