

Three Thoughts on Sunset, April 21

Michael Theune

1.

The clouds leave the sun
to play games in the wind.
They begin dancing to the east,
but turning north, they fade
into the immeasurable blue,
spinning and falling to pieces,
feathered wings, wax melted.

They leave behind bits of broken sentences:
We were. It was.
What I meant to say.

2.

All the shadows move in
unison, a movement, they've rehearsed:
it's for you.
They point to the coming night
you can't help but call home.

3.

The sun touches everything
gold, the wings of the crow, the exhaust
of three planes now gone.
Its slow descent is like a blessing;
it whispers,
I give you night. Sleep and forget.

You will be forgiven.