

Sunset

At the close of a lovely summer day
A bright amber sun sets slowly above the tree line,
Painting a deep blue sky with golden light;
Splashing the clouds with fire and awe.
I watch for a long while as the orange fades away,
Reds and violets flowing from the palette;
Feathery strokes from the fingers of God.
All too soon, the sky fades to blackness
As stars begin to dot the canopy above.
It is then that my thoughts fall on the end of my days --
For there are fewer years before me now
Than those left in the wake of my journey;
The sunset, if you will, of my brief life on this sphere.
Hope, for me, is that those remaining years
Spread beauty and colors across the canvass of life,
So that when the darkness falls upon these eyes;
The vision of a spectacular sunset remains
In the memory of those who are there to witness.

TMJ

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