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Sunset

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Sunset

We are like these rows of maples,
and crows nestled in the thin arms
of telephone poles, all black
against the flame of sunset,

all charring to dark silhouettes.
Caught at this corner, we wait,
cooled by the wind and listening
to the winding legs of crickets.

I hold your roundish head in my hands,
notice, suddenly, how your face
has bloomed--too many ripened bushels
past the dawn of a wistful smile.

In your eyes is sunset,
a fading hazel pooled at your eyelids,
and your figure wavers to flecks of black,
a flutter of crows angling toward the sun.

Chris Rynd