

THE PAYING OF OUR SUNSET

We paved the gold of our sunset
with emotion for each wave.
Fire and water kiss one another
upon an ocean's surface.
Like glass.

We read the prophecy written across the sky
with a sense of foreshadowing.
To meet again with glossy eyes
takes my breathe away.
Like notes.

We sat in a space which forgot time itself
with nostalgia and wonder.
Your voice creeps into each grain
as sand crumbles through these fingertips.
Like rain.

I paved the gold of our sunset
with a tear befitting a downpour.
Redefining what I had become
I arose from thorn.
Like flower.

Rebirth reflecting rain across the sea.

—*Timothy Giles*