

SUNSET

And where, sunset, will you point me
 Pre-ending of the day,
Your radiant beams a sky-bound sea
 Of orange hues on display,
Your shafts of light entrancingly
 To beckon weary eyes
To where the night seems not to be,
 With nothing but clear skies?

And where, sunset, will you point me
 As light rays fade apace
And orange hues deepen skyward sea,
 With beauty fill that space,
Your shafts of light still hauntingly
 Seducing searching eyes
To where the night yet may not be,
 Where dawn would be surprise?

And where, sunset, will you point me
 As light rays fade away
And orange hues darken sky-borne sea,
 Portend the end of day,
Your shafts of light, now dimming, be
 Precursor of the hour
When darkness marks both sky and sea
 For weary eyes to scour?