

'Sunset'

-by Rich Butnotfamous

The well known secret,
A sunset as a sandstone sky,
Such peculiar blue me away,
Loading both definitions into what I say.

Teal tear,
Valley cloud,
And regal green,
Make sky islands subtle peace.

Of mind?

It is a perpetual goodbye,
To tired,
Pregnant clouds,
The tears of which slake leeks' thirst.

The feelings are food,
Whether bitter or sweet,
But each hold nutrition,
Only our choice to eat.

Or not.

Am I the pilot andor the plane?

Sailing aerial in thunderous calm,
Throw out every worn passenger seat,
To make space for every pilot inside you,
Even the one that screams all the time,
Yelling gibberish in a rhymeless colloquial dialect unintelligible.

You'll never understand him anyway.

The navigator's map is ever shifting,
Not because you're moving,
But the wet paint of the real is in emotion around you,
Just below radar range.

Cruising at 40,000 feet,
Safe above the storm,
You catch a glimpse of an overboard figure abandoned at sea,
At once understanding its just another you again.

Two places and more at once we all are,
Oil paint dripping viscously through sieves onto a sandy canvas.

Even the sun is mostly shadow,
An illuminumbra,
As are we,
Ethereal,
Entropic,
Stardust simian suits,
Anthropomorphic Gaian ticks.

My parts,
Make a part,
That's just parts,
Of the world,
And every cell in my body believes in me.

No funerals for haemoglobin,
But eternal regeneration,
How many perpetual sunsets are we saying?

To Lovers,
To Warriors,
Magicians,
And Queens,
Cigarettes,
Miscellaneous powder nurses,
And alcohol tears?

A stark goodbye to the sky,
There's grace in letting days gone by,
Indigo to gold,
Violet neon,
Silvery and subtle.

The night time has to happen,
Sooner or later,
I'll see you on the dark side of the you.

I'd even wave.

And most certainly bow.