The Setting Sun

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Enter a maze of meandering alleyways
and landscapes
of biblical glory.

Passions burn like the fierce light of a desert sky,
and she, like a country
without a capital.

An old black and white lithograph
captured in subtle, indelible portraits
like those hung on Levantine walls, and
Deeply etched
in the alcoves of her mind.

Where rows of terracotta rooftops are dyed
deep red, and
shadows of carriages on stone pavement are gone.

Soon a veil of stars trickle down
and morning comes in a white, silky gown
to see her off with sorrows
as she crosses the sea…

And something sleeps in her heart
Awake.

She gazes out from the ramparts of an ancient
castle on the shores
of the Mediterranean.

Alone the eternal orange ball of fire sets,
cut by the fraction of each descent below
the flat line of the sea.

That passion lingers still
as years befall a single day,
distance fades, and the silence
that gave rise to the years between us is
forever broken…

～ Holly Butchyk

(Revised)