Dying Sunset

Cheryl Schmidt
St. John Fisher College

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The breeze that once played amidst the waters
    has faded away, lost to nature, and has
    turned into a fighting wind, slaying leaves to the ground.
The birds that once flirted with the breeze
    have headed for the sun, gone from the
    September sky and stinging waters.
The rocks on the shore that once looked welcoming
    have turned to only a cold, hard reality.
The waves that once kissed them only crash down hard and
    unfeeling against their intrusion to the water.
But the Sun still pierces the sky,
    His orange flow surrounding the land and water.
Yet His warmth is gone, smothered by the changing seasons.
And the Sun submits to the horizon, dying once again,
    for the final time slipping away,
As His Love is gone.

Cheryl Schmidt