

Like a Sunset Sky

I.

I can stand beneath a day-blue sky
basking in its sun.

I can stand beneath a cloud-gray sky,
before or after
the rain is done.

I can stand beneath an ink-blot sky, pocked
with tiny points of light.

Yet I will never stand
beneath an orange-red sky
like the one we sometimes spy
lingering on the border
of the night;

for however many steps I take,
the horizon which radiates this glow
remains beyond my reach.

II.

Let me love you like a sunset sky
from afar,
aware, that if ever I might stand
close enough to where your brilliant hue
is, at this moment, on display,
like the horizon
you will just be gone.

And there is nothing I can do.

Steve Bloom
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