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Sunset

Marden J. Clark

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Sunset

"Sure purty, ain't it."

His words, called out across the grass, could only
Desecrate the truth and desecrate my thoughts and mood.

But what words, then?

How define that lovely light?

Chiaroscuro in technicolor?

On edge of clouds a red-gold glow that makes my mountains
glow?

Refracted light from sun on edge of mist?

Light wavering at upward to seven thousand A's per second?

Beauty because we're there to see?

No words—there are none.

None could catch and hold a sky thus caught
And held by light. Caught and held to catch
And hold my breath, to catch and hold in awe
The sweep of sky and eye.

And if no words there's only he—and I

And all the rest. We see. We sense. We come to know
And love the light, that play of Holy Light.

Words fail.

The light fades now. He's long since gone.

But like the light he still reverberates.

"Sure purty, ain't it."

Marden J. Clark