

Sunset's Deception

by Frank Adams

When the blue slips away, sacrificing itself to sapphire,
I hear the sanguine sea beckon softly with whispering ripples.
The sprouting psalm that shoulders itself from the shore swiftly sways in the wind
as it plays a melody that smoothens the astringent atmosphere
and promises euphoric elation.
Above the horizon, mountains mirror the dying sun.
A golden glow gleefully invites the day's death into ethereal tranquility.
A portal to the havens of Heaven.
With the sun gone, I'm left with early stars and one last refrain.
Its sharpening pitch cracks through the crust to open a cellar full of perpetuity.
A fruitful feeling prances along its path to shore, followed by a rhythmic wine
that seeps through the sand, and flows through the bloody water.
Entranced by this intoxicating rapture, I rejoice.
But the ripples soon bounce back against time.
I find myself bathing in everlasting lucidity beneath a lamppost outside of paradise.
The mirage fades afar
and the beat ceases,
which gives way to the voice of air.

I hear... something.