

Untitled

By Noah Sonenstein

The Sunset shines its final hues
Its mighty light now plunging into waves
We must look fast for its violets and blues
For these shall hence be forever out of gaze

Such colors look as wisps of forgotten hours
When whims and cares were one in the same
And the dragons of youth were locked in towers
With no reason to unleash their scalding flame

What is closer yet to be observed?
What oranges and yellows define this past?
These are the more often preserved
The mistakes with which adulthood has been tasked

Still, the little ones live on in your heart
Though their sun has set at last