

Petrichor

Today the clouds
disappeared over the horizon
without our notice.

It's only natural
that the day raze its own body
at the opening of dark
and clothe the sky in ruins
pruned from the sun.

A sunset is the one
act of gravitation
that can exalt longing.

There is no getting closer
but praise can be
offered to distance.

For example
someone overcome by prayer
may hold their palms upwards
arms raised above the head
and wrists bent back
as if the sky were a thing
that could be carried.

With enough time
we'll invent means to approach the sun
but to approach a sunset
would be to make the self
incapable of renewal.

The unbearable weight
pushing us under heaven
towards the tragic
sweet of rainfall
that lifts

the earth from itself
in this early summer purpling of dusk
lowers us with no regard.

Each evening the sun
builds itself to its terminus.
It casts off light
to be kissed by the sky's dust
into a eulogy of day
that wrings us human
and leaves us ashore
for the horizon to witness.

It is a transformation only possible
when sunlight is stretched
farthest from us
and scattered through cloud matter
that may expel itself to the ground
in becoming rain.