

Rising Sun

Sinking under the horizon she draws breath,
leaving a streak of peach exhalation.

The softly cooling sigh
of nordic night.

Casting long and low
her burning ball.

Silent farms, soon to drown in rising pasture,
ache for tide-sucked slivers of land.

Oystercatchers squawk in aerial tumble,
breaking the tight stillness.

Mink and painted silk
worn for one night only.

The kimono falls from her shoulders,
bringing the red, burnt dawn

Summer 2015
Gabrielle Barnby