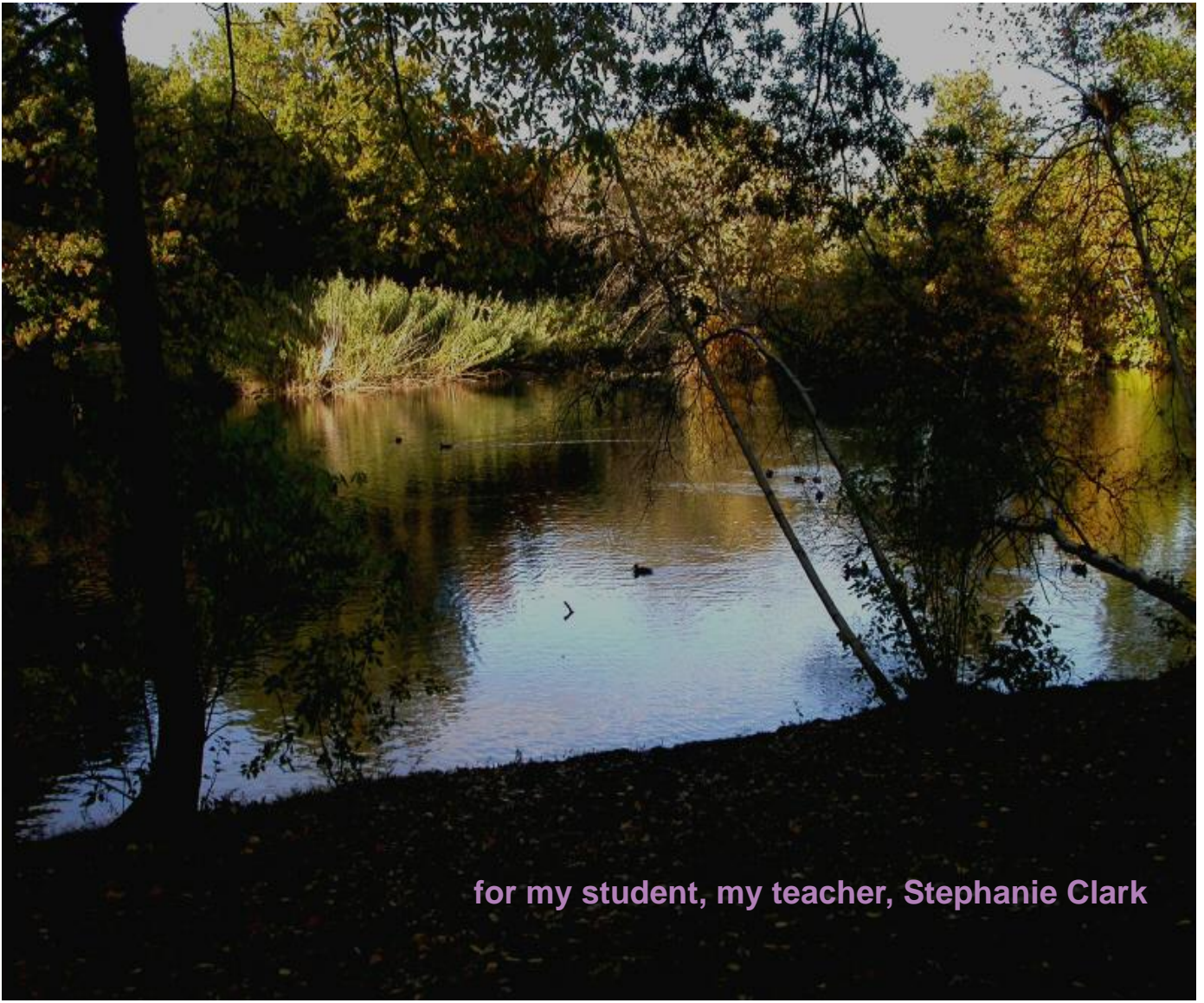




Sometimes Sunsets

By Amy Louise Phillips-Losso



for my student, my teacher, Stephanie Clark



Sometimes sunsets whisper,



sometimes sunsets shout.



Sometimes we think we see an ocean,



sometimes a city comes about.



Sometimes sunsets cool dogs with shadow,



sometimes they bathe them in soft light.



Sometimes sunsets make dogs sleepy,



and they prepare for night.



Sometimes sunsets seem so simple,



sometimes there is too much to say.



Sometimes sunsets are all fire and darkness,



sometimes they are both night and day.



Sometimes sunsets spark the waters,



sometimes they put clouds into shade.



Sometimes they bring a storm in,



sometimes they simply fade.



Sometimes sunsets cast long shadows,



sometimes they make us dream.



Sometimes their light looks so mysterious,



sometimes we see the final beams.



Sometimes sunsets light a building's front,



sometimes it is their sides that glow.



Sometimes they make a lighthouse indigo,



sometimes they make the last light rose.



this end