

After Gold

The sun never looked back
As it loosened its grip on the sky,
Spilling its last coins of light
Into fields that would soon forget
How warm they were.

No farewell.
No pause at the edge of evening.
Just a quiet decision
To keep moving.

I watched the colors thin-
Blue bruising into grey,
Shadows learning their new shapes,
The world adjusting
Without complaint.

What surprised me most
Was not the dark,
But what stayed:
The echo of heat in my hands,
The memory of brightness
Pressed behind my eyes.

The sun never looked back,
And somehow, neither did I.
I gathered what it left me,
And stood there glowing softly,
Learning how to be enough
After gold.