

# Location

*by Adam Sifre*

A sunrise over the dark Atlantic, on a perfect beach day,  
tasting of salt and warmth and powdered sugar;  
of last, desperate kisses of youth, still shivering from delicious night,  
is beautiful.

A sunrise over the dark ruins of Syria, on hot dusted stones,  
tasting of lament and anger and layered fear; of elixirs formed with  
gunpowder and tears, with blood's metallic memory;  
over a landscape of small, unmourned ghosts,  
is beautiful.

