

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.

