

SUNRISE

by Adam Sifre

There is a false dawn,
when night still holds sway, but tempered with promise; anticipation.
Desires remain safely tucked away, under the last, thin sheet of
darkness.

The last of the small hours, and we are only almost.

Then the kiss. Awkward. Exciting. Brief.

The first blush of change.

Lips brush neck and

alchemy

Fire blooms in our world, transforming everything.

Night surrenders. Color saturates.

We pull back, just the smallest bit,
everything balanced on cusp.

And we are all silhouette, drawn to each other,

illuminated and hidden;

drowning in the pleasures of light and darkness.

The amber moment, before our world exhales.

