

The Sun Falling

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This could be it, the sound of a raven's wings cutting through the grey sky, the knowledge that there are only three ways to live: mountains, oceans and forests, only two ways to believe: constellations and thunderstorms and one way to die: driftwood along the beach.

We will walk together, feet warm in the black sand, the smell of salt and decaying seaweed on the breeze. I will say to you "It's been good here, this life, this series of passions held in the palm of the hand." Yes, here is where we'll come to rest, the tide rising, the sun falling beneath the thin blue line that divides our lives and hearts into whirling, lopsided, fractured things.

