artistic sunset

there was just something captivating about the sunset,
the way occasionally it would slip away behind clouds,

and the sky would be outlined with clouds of a colorful background

how the sky seems like a muffled radio when dark rain clouds cover the sun during a cloudy sunset.
how sometimes the clouds look like a light pink, and the sky looks like its been covered in cotton candy from your local carnival or fair.
something about the way when it first starts to slip away,

signifying another day gone, and another day that we are all older.
but in that same sense, it is beautiful. only because we have all made it through another day.
only because we all have no control of the navy blue blanket that will soon replace the sky as we saw,

just a second ago!
then the sky erupts into colors, like an overflow of paints, pouring from their respective bottles.
everything above us is covered in the colors.
a seamless work of art, perfectly thrown onto the canvas.

it’s a piece of artwork that is so carelessly precise.
how does one even begin to describe the phenomenon that we see every evening?
it seems like no words can paint a picture like the one that appears before us,
how does it happen that red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet all fall together perfectly?
like an artist just painted a streak of each, then blended.
then suddenly, as quickly as it began, it's over.

slipping through our fingertips

kissing the horizon with a soft orange glow

the colors begin to fade as night begins to envelop where the oh-so-bright sun was just burning!

the temperature drops without the sun's presence and everything is right and peaceful in the world.,

only because somewhere else, the sun is rising.