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## Reflections Upon a Strange Notion

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One day, a person spoke of the falling sun, and of the trails of light and colour that it had left behind it in the sky. "Isn't it glorious?" They exclaimed. "Isn't this a thing of beauty?"

"Yes, it is," I replied softly. It was beautiful.

"Aren't the sunsets the most wonderful time of the day?" They asked me.

It was a moment before I could answer. "No," I said in the same tone. "No, they are not the most wonderful time of day to me."

The person seemed astounded. "Why? What do you mean?"

But I found that I could not answer them, not in any sort of real way. I stammered out a few words - a fumbled excuse - and then I left them to wonder at my words. But I had not stopped thinking about that encounter... that conversation. And so I did what I always do best: I wrote down my thoughts - I put them onto paper. That is always how I can make sense of things. Communicate things. Never in speaking, but always in writing.

And so here are my musings:

The sky has turned from blue to yellow, orange, crimson; it is the bleeding of the sun as she struggles to sunrise - as she struggles to overtake the darkness, never to be forced down and away again. And every day it is the same fight: she always returns to give this world light. She rises in the morn, triumphant, and soars to her height in the sky.

But once there, she realizes with a new terror that her reign - her victory - must soon end, and she must succumb for a time to the shadows of the dark night. The moon creeps over the sun and laughs as she is cast from her glory; and again, there are the yellow, orange, and crimson colours in the sky, the same trail of blood as the battle is over - lost - and the light disappears, replaced by a pale shadow... a ghost.

And when the day falls away, and the dusk begins to come, all

the sins of the world are cast up into the blood-crimson light, hurriedly awaiting to be hidden by the dark cover of night, where shame and sorrow dwell. But when the dawn comes, all of those sins are gone, and the day begins afresh. No regrets of the past are to be known here.

Every day it is thus between the sun and the moon, between day and night: rise and fall, rise and fall. Each one succeeds for a time before she is toppled by her relentless opponent. Each does what the other cannot, and that is from whence their rivalry sprung. Neither has lost, and neither has won... and oh, they are so very different!

And so you see? That is why I have little love for sunsets - they are the reminder of all that has been lost in the day. And that is why I have great admiration for sunrises - they are the reminder of all that may be gained in a day. They show forth courage and beauty and deliver a promise that the sun will always rise, and tell that there will always be another tomorrow.



*Walk in the Park*  
Karlette Murray