

SANDY GREEN

## **If It's a Fluorescent Light, It Isn't the Sunset**

The purple line  
skimming the horizon  
doesn't buzz;  
It doesn't flash and blink  
and cause fits;  
The line against the sky  
widens like  
feathers thrown into the air,  
It curves and hugs the fractals of hills  
and houses,  
blackening them;  
It doesn't bleach the air  
and smell of chlorine;  
It hasn't cut off the warmer colors  
as it bends around the earth  
trying to shake its own hand.