

The Sky

The sky is a kaleidoscope;

Pinks, reds and blues;

Bleeding all together;

So beautiful the hues.

The colors of the day

meld together,

in a painting just for me;

burrows into memory, for beauty never stays

Despite the pain on the earth below,

The angels paint for me;

This moment of pure beauty;

For beauty quickly goes.

The sky called to me with color;

Color I can't ignore;

Colors I cannot name;

That soon give way for more.

Darkness will come and close the curtains,

For beauty never stays;

All the earth's sheer ugliness

Hidden by her shade.

She'll be back tomorrow;

Her colors all anew;
Will paint the sky again;
All new colors; all new hues.