

## β Sundown β

The bare hills are white with the last rain.

So wet that I cannot see the floor of the woods by the millions of glistening drops now asleep on the soft green  
grass.

There is a cool air that tells me the season is changing and the floor of this innocent forest will greet the first leaves  
sailing gracefully to rest alongside the rain drops.

Breaking through the trees still full with the yellow, gold, brown, and green flora is an orange sun.

It dips shallow in the darkening blue sky and my thoughts go to her.

I am no longer alone in the woods. With me. Welcoming me back home is a memory of her, like the sun now  
shining silver lines twinkling and sparkling between the mighty trees.

And, while the sun edges toward earth in a last farewell to daylight – it falls adorably.

Slipping away, and before doing so, shows my heart one more time ...

Why this magical picture will forever be referred to by the same name I call her ∞

*‡ My Sundown.*

*by g. milligan, May 2013*