

Grey

by jill *Tuesday, Jul 16 2019, 7:20am*

international / poetry / post

the sky hangs low
it's dreams abandoned
in its youth
drawing its bleeding sunset/rise
colours into grey
yet the sun shines always above the
opaque grey

only those under it are deprived of
light, warmth and hope

to compensate for the loss
people have become addicted to
electronic representations
of warm sun-drenched days
presented on small and large screens
that increase in size as the tolerance
for artificial stimuli increases

the sky is falling
so low today tall trees are burdened
with holding it above the ground
where all the desperate live
their vacuous lives fixed on smaller
pocket-sized screens to evade
momentarily the enveloping greyness
as they move around like soul-less ghosts,
though the sun continues to shine
above the greyness

few if any put down their desperate screens
and attempt to climb mountains
which summits are bathed in
golden light and cleaned
with pure air