

The Day's Eye
by Pie Corbett

The sun rises,
surprises the weary night
like a sudden joke.
Daylight.

The sun gleams,
beams kindly heat
like an oven's plate.
Streets sweat.

The sun sneaks,
peeks through misty cloud,
like a sly thief,
alone in the crowd.

The sun sleeps,
creeps into cool shade
like a honey cat.
Shadows fade.

The sun slips,
dips into night
like a closing mouth,
swallowing light.

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