

Replacement

Carl Colvin

Clouds glide across the sky,
silhouetted against reds, pinks,
and oranges from a setting
sun. The dying light seeps
toward the stars, fuels them,
and passes the burden
of emitting light

only to find themselves
competing in brightness
with a shining blue marble
below that seems to grow

more black than blue,
blending into the surrounding
darkness as it attempts
to reach the stars' level
of heat with its own synthetic
source of light.