

Bitter Sunshine

Connor Falk

The Sun lodges at zenith peering down
A great eye with a thousand arms
Groping the blue abyss that arches down to the world's ends
Boring through the leaves to roots' bed
Igniting the fields with a million tiny flames
Scratching reddened faces until they peel away
Whilst its loathsome pupil stares
Brimms low or hats off, arms raised, to pray or to hide
The men and women who sow beg for mercy
Pleading with the flaming orb to avert its gaze
Night, night, they chant
Night comes but they do not rejoice
They huff, undo their overalls, and sleep
In dread of a new bitter Sun