

Sunset

by **Noelle Ziersch**

The bird flies over the lake. Its white belly gleams in the waning sunlight with every flap of its shining wings.

The earth seems muted, but the sky blinds with bright brilliancy.

Pink and purple, red and gold,
dusky shades at the edges of the great expanse.

The sun sets behind the horizon.

Its last rays reach the lake, turning it into a rippling mirror, echoing all the light from above.

The bird's reflection seems to skim across the water's surface like a stone.