

Dusk

Two dark clouds hang in insolent protest
Barely enough to stake claim as *remnants* or to
beckon a second glance.

They are
 all that remains
of the violent storm
Long abandoned by the impressive displays of their charcoal brethren...

Like two lovers who parted ways over dinner –

one who lost everything in the conversation and the other
who will march on feverishly without ever missing a beat.