

Battle of the Skies

Deep lazy lapis.

Thick as the oceans current.

Confident.

Unmoving.

Soon, little drops of deep crimson seep through like water color paints.

A burst of vermilion shatters the murky deep, forcing her way through.

Surging.

Pulsing.

A scarlet morn is coming.

Ribbons of peony and gold jostle in mid air like ribbon dancers.

Epic voices of color scream at each other, arguing.

Neither of them willing to give away their position on the horizon.

Though it seems the new day is losing, she brought back up.

An army.

A lilac sky trickles in.

She paints her own way and receding into the distance was the night.

Defeated for now?

Yes. But he will return.

And every morning, I will be here to imagine what this glorious display looks like.

For now, I wait.