**Sun Tamer**

Brandon Kilbourne

Interlocking, fragments assemble for the day –

Autumn. Stuccoed facades.  
Storefronts. Cafés.  
Vehicles parked and passing.

Birdsong over ear.

Irises, honey treacle –

Coming out the bakery, offering a chance hello, nameless you shattered  
the day. In crucible of an instant, your eyes  
tamed the sun  
for a limpid fire of golden  
honey corralled around pupils.

The small failures heedless sunder the day’s fragments:

orbit-tilt seasons,

evolved syrinx, tympanic  
cavities, overgrowths  
upon history and empire,

photon-roused retinas

collapse for the splintered second  
  
obliterated by the irreverent

miracle.