**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.