**Sunset**

Will Reger

At sunset

he lights the fire,

the pile he collected of

fallen branches, lost leaves,

crackles and smokes.

He watches over it

with a bucket and shovel,

a dark tyrant

over the light,

bright coals like saints

in their solitary caves.

Though a small light

of his own making,

it burns bright enough

to be a candle to the sky.

He disappears entirely

into the darkness,

which is a form of death

from which he returns

again and again to stir

the ashes that become

the earth beneath

his hand.