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The Sun

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The Sun

I would not deign to destroy you.
Half of your short lives are mine.

Through bombers thick as migrating birds
and around the girders raised

for high-rise roofs, I inevitably pass.
I am the omnipresence you lack.

How long before you learn how
I've held you? How soon before I let go?

The leaves still lengthen when I pass over.
The weeds crawl through the cracks

in the street. Your gods, I'm told,
will absolve you when I finally implode.

I will leave you with morning every day.