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Sunset

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Sunset

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"It is time" a glowing sun announces with a smile.

"Are you sure?" says a dejected moon.

"Surely, she replies. When the last man gets off the train and you hear it's horn, that is my time, like it is every night. Have you since forgotten?"

"No" his reply is simple. The craters around his mouth grow as his silver lips upturn in a regretful smile.

Her glowing skin is fading, then lighting up into a lavender flame.

"I know exactly what hour you are to leave each day, and what hour you are to return. I wait for you in those hours in between."

His sadness is palpable.

"Then remember me." She says. The pink is fading to orange.

"Remember the glowing of my yellow skin and how at just the right time before I meet the horizon I get lost in your silver beams as the explosion in the sky that was my last goodbye fades. Remember how when you thought you'd seen the last of me and you were ready to rise and watch over the night I send a pink cloud to cut through the fading light. I do that so you remember me, remember that I will always be back in the morning."

Moon is surprised.

Moon is giggling, spraying shards of silver light in his wake.

He holds his laughter with the back of a sun kissed hand.

"That always did give me hope- he starts.

But his words are cut off by the realization that the sky is alight. He knows what this means.

Sun is fading.

This is the grand finale, and in a few short moments, he will be surrounded by darkness.

Sun is fading.

And then he notices the cloud. A streak of the most beautiful pink he'd ever seen stretched across the sky in all its fluffy brilliance.

Sun is gone.

And he remembers.