SUN DOWN

The sky is clear. The only object in view is the sinking ball of nature's colorful ornament, the sun, in the western horizon. The sun is red. But not the harsh red of a newly painted barn, but more of red's soft ray of more refined color, like the scarlet of a Tanager. With the center of red, shades of orange and yellow beam farther off. Nature's own soft rays of beauty, not the flashing colors of man manufactured imitations. These warm rays of colorful light strike upon the cool green of the horizon. They light it up with magnificent appearance. The objects begin to cast long falsetto shadows toward the east.

The birds flit about in haste to sing with more anxiety toward the end of day. Their song is more pronounced in the long shadows of twilight. They seem to be doing all that has been undone during the day to prepare for the coming night.

Nature is at its best at sunset. But it does not linger. The sun swiftly and silently sinks like a heavy weight through mercury, and soon it is out of sight and leaves the earth in darkness until its silent approach again at day.

- Grant Laper - '37