At Once Upon a Sunset’s Dark

At once upon a sunset’s dark
Rush in the winds of midnight’s mark.
And sounds of night cry o’er the land -
Cast not with heat but coldness grand.

Candles commence to halt their shine;
But never were the stars so fine!
They sparked above a single soul -
A man set out ‘neath skies of coal.

Dismay, do his fellows convey;
The inkéd sky doth taunt its prey!
Gloom reigns until rises the lark -
‘Til others find good calls to hark.

But to him calls the nightingale,
And answers, he, to grant our tale
Of fire found amidst the snow -
Of brightness found without a glow.

Lo, his quiet song, so sweet -
How to its pulse, his steps repeat!
His notes - from lips to clouds they soar;
They fall on Earth like rain once more.

And so he treads along his road;
Alone, cannot his bliss erode.
Borne out beneath the ashen sky,
The wingless do resolve to fly.