When Swirling is the Sky’s Abyss

Horizons far and sights unseen -
How much I yearn to humbly glean
A glimpse, a hint, a fleeting flash
Of horizons ‘fore they turn to ash.

The darkling airs of night to come;
The tendrilled clouds that turn to plum;
The setting sun, the rising moon;
How fierce I long to spy them soon!

But all I gain is dark or light;
Where is that dusk of cool delight?
I chase that state of moody bliss
When swirling is the sky’s abyss.