

**to me you've become the setting sun**

John Sweet

was like you'd smeared the sky with your  
opposite hand, streaks of grey and blurred  
yellow, bruised silver, tattered blue and we  
were mountains there and we were  
continents drifting slowly apart on someone  
else's map, characters in a pointless story  
and the past was too heavy, the future  
too bleak, too full of thorns and martyred  
saints, empty rooms crowded with the  
echoes of ghosts, the afterimage of  
electricity, and it was always now but  
it was never then and this is what i  
couldn't make you understand

this is why i was afraid

all of the moments that i wanted to  
remember were already in the past

John Sweet sends greetings from the rural wastelands of upstate NY. He is a firm believer in writing as catharsis, and in the continuous search for an unattainable and constantly evolving absolute truth. His latest poetry collections include *A FLAG ON FIRE IS A SONG OF HOPE* (2019 Scars Publications) and *A DEAD MAN, EITHER WAY* (2020 Kung Fu Treachery Press).

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