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PARABLE OF SUNSET

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## **parable of sunset**

There once was a girl who loved to watch the sun set. She loved its fiery hues and purple after-tones, the burnt-sienna smoke-shades of bruised clouds and the first hint of stars blinking awake. She would sit by her window every day, staring west as the sun reached the horizon and extinguished itself in its glorious daily routine. And every sunset was different, a unique portrait of a day's demise: no two streaks of red cloud, no subtle moonrise was exactly the same.

The girl thought the sunset was the most beautiful thing she had ever or would ever see. And that made her sad, because each sunset was over in minutes, and she then had to wait 24 hours before seeing one again. She spent her nights staring out into the night sky, hoping for one final hint of an afterglow, some faded sign of the twilight miracle she'd just witnessed. In the daytime listless and impatient and could not wait for the evening to come, and she'd wait earlier and earlier by her window so that she wouldn't miss a single second of the light show to come.

At last the girl thought to herself, that she could no longer spend her days awake but impatient and unhappy. So she began to sleep for longer and longer, waking up only just in time to watch the sun's magical ballet for the day, before sinking into sleep again.

And so it was that the girl who loved the sunset came to live - at the cost of the rest of her hours - in a perfect and eternal moment of dusk.

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