

7-15-2012

The Sunset

Joel Zartman

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Recommended Citation

Zartman, Joel (2012) "*The Sunset*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2012 : Iss. 34 , Article 20.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2012/iss34/20>

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
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“I cannot take this mask off. I don't want to look like the werewolf every day of the month. Frank is permanently green,” said Pierre.

“And extra strong, but I reek. Nobody is going to want to have anything to do with me like this,” Frank said.

Chad was unsure what to say but he looked concerned.

“It serves you right. You were not the best of kids. You were always sort of like monsters,” said Jody.

She looked angry then said, “Do you think it is easy being a parent?”

Pierre growled softly.

“I didn't really mean it. Maybe it will wear off tomorrow.”

The Everetts decided not to go Trick or Treating that evening. Pierre had lost his taste for candy. Betty ate her steak bloody. Frank used deodorant. They all sat down to watch a horror movie and then went to sleep early that evening. They did not know what they would do if they did not turn back to normal the next morning. But luckily in the morning the children were normal again, and they felt repentant. That was one of the scariest Halloweens of their lives.

“Madam Tricksters,” Jody beamed over breakfast.

The Sunset

by

Joel Zartman

A cloud rears up against the setting sun
with glory rimmed and lighted from within
with patches here and veins where it wears thin,
the fire making light and water one.

A fountain plays below the blazing cloud,
its waters rising luminescent white
send sparks of shooting spray in arching flight—
the fountain's joy a joy the sunlight has allowed.

Below the cloud, a silhouetted tree
waves shapes in sunset's mystical, light breeze;
a dust of gold envelops it in seas
of unconditional eternity.

The moment fades out of the west: the cloud
is grey, the tree is dim, the fountain bowed