

## Nightfall

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*Whoosh*

It may seem silly to you, to think so often of bubbles,

But bubbles are reminiscent of childhood: buoyant, wondrous and whimsical.

Yet with even the lightest, slightest touch, they *pop. pop. pop.*

Time flies fast, quite like you; has it really been a year since your wings sprouted?

My body is learning to fly freely and it feels refreshing.

***What's going on out there-***

Was that a noise? I can't say— I haven't heard a single sound since the green melody of your heart became silent.

I had seen you so frail, flail but fail to gasp for air,

And I have since been suffocating.

The sun's rays are becoming faint,

but your light is coming closer

and I

can finally

b r e a t h e .