



Ode to a Sunset

By Hania Abedrabbo Rayyan

When shades of silence fall down and embrace
My world, and paint a portrait weaved in grace,
When meadows, fields and mountains one by one
Slide out of light where glaring rays had shone,
Leaving traces of a day spent and done.
When sleepy birds return to tree and nest,
When living creatures seek the vital rest,
When voices, harsh and kind dissolve and thrive
Into a distant world where time is alive,
That's when my bliss, my tranquility arrives. 10

O, glorious sunset, what you bring to me!
When Disturbing motions I no longer see,
Distractions of life wear my soul away,
I am left with little but to feel and say.
Pushing forward, getting by my day.
But when my eyes notice the fainting light,
Such a glorious vision to my sight!
I never feel the gloom or start to fear,
My heart sings and melodies I hear,
Music to my soul so precious and dear! 20

I breathe with ease and troubles I
discard,
Unpleasant thoughts which make
living so hard.
The sunset tends to tame the racing
sky.
Amid an angry storm, an eagle flies
And challenges the force of wind so
strong and high!
Spraying strength with its mighty
wings,
Defying all the chains of clashing
winds.
When all the creatures see the eagle
dance,
Feelings of content, of hope and
chance,
They sway like peaceful monks in
sacred trance. 30

I long to be where skies are sprayed
with hue,
More beautiful than drops of morning
dew.
So captivating like a fairytale.
So brightly outlined like a peacock's
tail,
More sparkling than a bride's silk veil!
The sinking sun its golden rays tone
down,
Like kings who give away their
treasured crown
Leaning down, their tolerance they
show

And how their humble soul, their
weakness grow,
To struggle or to fight, it's pointless,
they know. 40

When chores of strain and sweat the
servants leave,
When peace prevails, and lofty
masters grieve.
If transformation from a world of light
Veiled with a dusky coat so firm and
tight,
Is met with peace and calm, no strife,
no fight!
(Such is the charming force of willful
dark,
To fields and mountains, lively homes
and parks!)
Why does the human race in grieving
mourn?
When death is sweet, the strings of
pain are worn,
When truthful meaning out of death is
born? 50

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