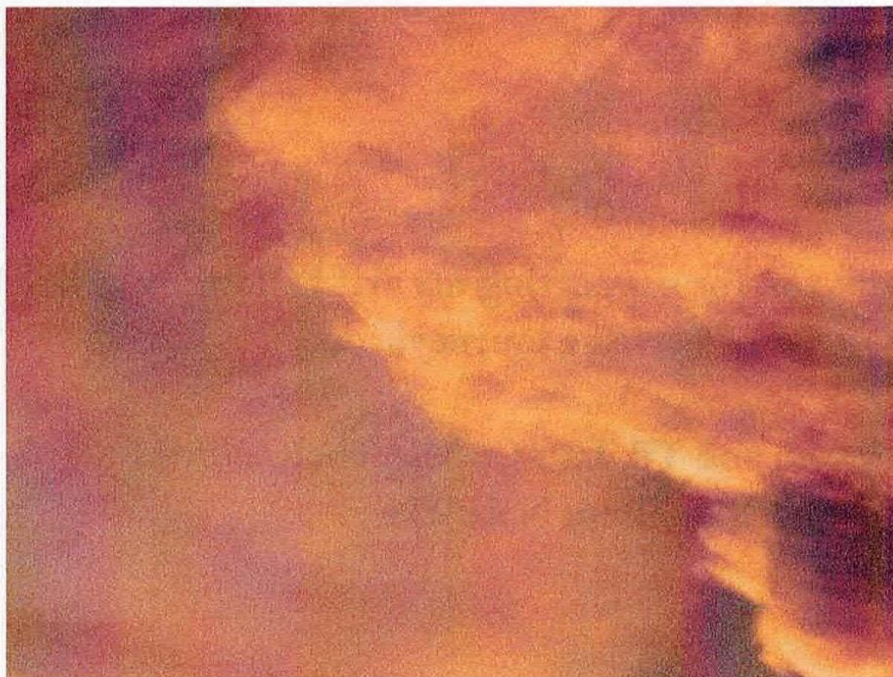


Sunset Bliss



By Nobel J. Harte

On a hot summer evening, we take a stroll in my neighborhood. We hear the wind rushing through the leaves and grass, the gentle whoosh of cars driving by, and the joyous singing of crickets. Your beautiful brown eyes glow under the streetlights.

Nervously, I ask if I can hold your hand. You say yes and I notice that you're trying not to smile. I take a glance at you, then dart my eyes away, then back at you, and then away again. I feel so awkward, but you play it off casually.

We walk to a field in my neighborhood. My dad told me it used to be a rock quarry, but now it's covered with tall grass that scratch at my legs. You insist that I shouldn't walk through the field while wearing shorts. I laugh and tell you that I'm fine, but you pick me up like I'm a princess and you're my knight in shining armor. I clutch onto your shoulder and giggle wildly. Each step you take thrusts me side to side. "You walk as clumsily as you live your life," I tease.

You carry me to the back of the field, where there's a train behind a chain link fence. On our side of the fence is a giant rain ditch dug into the ground. We sit on the hard concrete culvert, facing away from the train but towards the sunset. I lean my head on your shoulders. You put your arm around me. I observe the warm red and oranges blend into energetic pink and purples that all soon get sucked into darkness. It was a tricky mix of colors.

Once the sun is gone, you sink to the ground, letting me spill onto you. I fall asleep, using your chest as a pillow. You hold me through the whole night. I feel secure and so, so comfy. The bliss I feel is only temporary, but I promise to myself that I'll embrace it for as long as it lasts.

Sunset Bliss

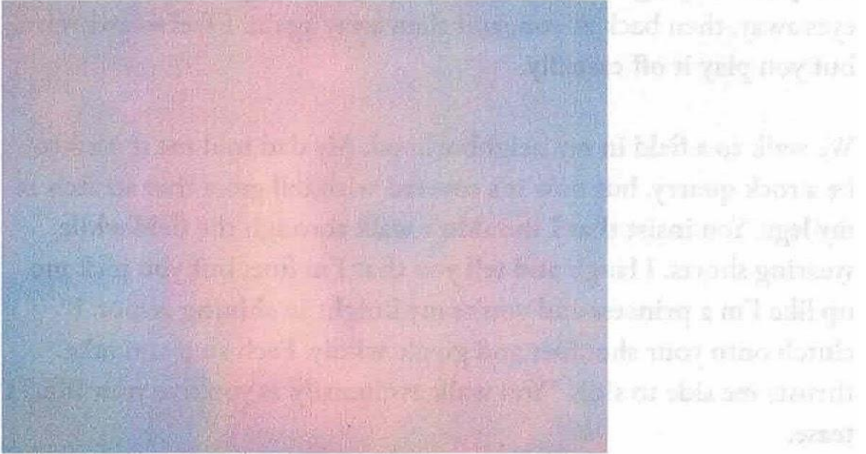
**Thank you for supporting my art! Follow my
writing journey!**

**Instagram and Tik Tok: CuddlesTheRebllious
Etsy Shop: NobelHarte**

By Nobel J. Harte

On a hot summer evening, we take a stroll in my neighborhood. We
hear the wind rushing through the leaves and grass, the gentle
whisper of cars driving by, and the joyful singing of children. Your
beautiful poem captures this scene under the moonlight.

Whenever I ask if I can hold your hand, You say yes and I notice
that you're trying not to smile. I take a chance at you, then you say



Whenever you are in the back of the field, where there's a train behind a
chain-link fence. On one side of the fence is a great rain down dog
into the ground. We sit on the hard concrete, always facing away
from the train but towards the sunset. I lean my head on your
shoulder. You put your arms around me. I observe the water and
and orange blood into the grass and patches that all soon you
ended into darkness. It was a tricky mix of colors.

Once the sun is gone, you sink to the ground, letting me spill onto
you. I fall asleep, using your chest as a pillow. You hold me through
the whole night. I feel secure and so, so comfortable. The bliss I feel is
only temporary but I promise to myself that I'll embrace it for as
long as I last.