## 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.

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

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