

The Sun Has No One Else

By Richard Paul

A part of me remembers the old heat,
Some ancient instinct or wisp of memory
Has endured through six hundred years of night,
Emerging to greet the return of light;
I recall how it was, to rise,
To see so clearly in my arms
Your skin, your hair, your peaceful eyes
Beneath a sun which does no harm.

It would seem to be as the Queen believed,
That it was not the nature of the sun's gleam,
Not the ultraviolet, not the gold,
Not the physical as we were always told,
Though we burned in better days, 't was not the sun
That churlishly sizzled away our skin
But the light of mortal civilization,
For we were never meant to dwell therein.

Of course, that civilization has died
And naught but the dead remain so to vie
Against the monsters, so now the bright sun
Has nothing left to keep Vampires from.
This is not how it should have gone,
This sunlight's is hard to prize,
No one sought an end so wrong,
Brought by humanity's demise.

And yet, here we are, come out the darkness
To daytime's majesty, so long suppressed,
Now here we are, lain on a sunlit beach;
So much so cruelly withheld now back in reach.
For this turn. we are not to blame,
We shall bring the humans back,
There is no just reason for shame,
Our joy is not for mankind's wrack.

Perhaps in the end we shall prevail
And our foes' quest of genocide fail,
Perhaps our cloning efforts will see reborn
Humanity, from life unjustly shorn.
With new civilization's rise,
Will the sun recall its hate?
Shall it once more scorch our hides?
I'd call that one more unjust fate.

For now I hold you in my arms whilst you sleep
And lazily watch the Spring sun start to creep
O'er the horizon, your pale skin warms,
You are as I remembered you at dawn;
Yet we'll lose this loveliness soon,
The war beckons and none are spared.
We go to avenge our doom,
Any wretched fate we must dare.

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