

Crimson sunset, red and blue with mauve and purple, crimson true,

With golden sun burning in crimson colours, old and beautifully new;

Like a drink of fruit or passion and melon, pink and trusty through,

All the cocktails of yellow and red are reflected colours brand new.

Crimson sunset of the day's journey over and done sinking into the west,

Of all the summer and spring are life but autumn colours are best;

And the snow of winter and golden shore with beaches breaking waves,

The crimson sunset on the coast goes down after the horizons day it saves.

Crimson sunset has a sexy feel and look of tropical delights,

But after the day of sweat and pain all of the wrongs it rights;

And the beautiful brilliant blended set of crimson colours goes,

Like a parrot of colours crimson red down in verse of poetry prose.

As the crimson sunset speaks of all the days story told and gone,

To be remembered in the hearts of all of what was eaten as one;

And the swirly drifting swallowing up of all the looks and views,

Are created for the peoples thoughts of what the paying does in hues.

The crimson sunset over the hill to back from whence it came,

As it sits there hovering as one and the crest blood red rich the same;

And the sinking swallowing drink of life adds it's royal bouquet,

As it slides across the falling day from a sky a million to pay.

Now the crimson sunset was like an island feast and meal,

Where the food and kinds of people are subjects to the tasty feel;

For the crimson sunset eats them all and then their's sleep for tomorrow,

When the real repeat of crimson gold is red and read to borrow.

Signed,

I was coming back