

## WHEN SETTING SUN

When setting sun with crimson-shadowed light,  
Each dome and minaret with beauty bathes,  
The call to prayer seeks out the waiting night,  
The evening star shines forth across the waves.

Then, with the day's last glow, on night's first star,  
I wing my wish with childhood's magic rhyme,  
A wish that you might join me from afar,  
Together, we could stay the flight of time.

Were you to be here lying by my side,  
This moment would—through love—forever be.  
But magic fails, our passion is denied,  
And night sweeps forth across the darkening sea.

Thus beauty, swiftly born, as quickly dies,  
Unless enchanted by your loving eyes.