

# A Golden Hour

*Timothy Batchelder*

Is evanescent like happiness  
poured in a glass.

The sun, a muddled orange  
drenched in bourbon,  
dashed with shades  
of bitter red,  
half-sunk  
beyond the gold  
rimmed horizon.

It stokes a familiar glow,  
that gentle fire within,  
and a tipsy grin.

Maybe, maybe  
it's enough.