

## Replacement

Carl Colvin

Clouds glide across the sky,  
silhouetted against reds, pinks,  
and oranges from a setting  
sun. The dying light seeps  
toward the stars, fuels them,  
and passes the burden  
of emitting light

only to find themselves  
competing in brightness  
with a shining blue marble  
below that seems to grow

more black than blue,  
blending into the surrounding  
darkness as it attempts  
to reach the stars' level  
of heat with its own synthetic  
source of light.

