Lightning on the Tapestry of Brilliant Twilight

Nervously they shift across the sky, eerily beautiful, threatening and yet calming. From the east, the darkness folds over the blue, emanating coldness. A slight chill caresses my shoulder, brought by the clouds. Golden rays shoot out of the sun as it dips further and further down the west horizon. The rays bounce over all, illuminating the most ordinary things and slathering them in a lovely golden color. I am frozen, shocked with the surrealism of what presents itself before me. The houses, once made of grey bricks, are now the legendary city of gold, El Dorado. The bottom of the ever-darkening clouds clashes with the aureate light. Good and evil having their last battle. Then comes the explosion that knocks me wide awake. I look up to see sharp white streaks flinging themselves across the sky and splitting the blackness of the sinister clouds with lines of deadly colorlessness. The deafening sound of thunder erupts around me. Lightning on the foreground of a luminous twilight is of a dream. How the whiteness coalesces with the gold.

The hues are dynamic. I watch as the sun slips lower, slowly allowing the margin of sky above to become a flamboyant orange. Within a second, the sky is set on fire and immersed in flames. A magenta begins to creep in from atop. Blindingly beautiful white beams of lightning continue to pierce over the brilliant orange and pink scene. The colors swirl together, an artist's perfect pallet. A pallet so stunning and yet so indescribable all the same. The crash of thunder echoes around me once and then
twice. I can feel myself vibrate under its humbling wrath and my heart beats along with it, rhythmically and united.

The colors are slipping to the corners of the sky, ebbing away into the drain of the horizon. So soon, so rapidly they are fleeing. I want to cry. I want to scream. I want to pull the corners of the sky away. I want to open my fingertips and see the image of the lightning-filled sunset in the palms of my hand, there forever. The colors are becoming calmer, as the vibrant pinks become dark purples and brilliant oranges become subtler reds. I want to grasp it so desperately, to hold the light in my hands.

I rush frantically for my camera, fingers stumbling out of control. I take a picture just as a crack of lightning crashes through the center of the sky, dividing it into two. The image upon the screen has orange and it has red. However, it doesn't look anything compared to what my eyes witness at this moment. In desperation I press the photo button repeatedly, staring at the images I take in utter disbelief. It simply can't be captured. It could never be captured. Now I understand that it is just the light and my eyes now. I place my camera down and open my eyes wide trying to seize the sight for the last time. Angry booms of thunder shake me and wild streaks of lightning assault the skies as the last multicolored rays melt away below the inky clouds.

The darkness drowns everything out. The rumbling and crashing of thunder and the bright sparks of lightning come to a halt. Then there is utter silence and it is just me standing in the darkness with the burning image of the auburns, reds, oranges, yellows, blues, and magentas. I am left with the lightning splattered across the tapestry of twilight, the rhythmic heartbeat of the thunder, and a tear in my eye.