



“immigrant skies”

Amber Williams- King

The sun never sets
in this city.

Light clings to the horizon
like a jealous King
gripping his crown
as he conquers the night
banishing every illegal glimmer,
each gratuitous glow.
It is a sky radiance raped
and bright abandoned;
dark,
empty,
no longer alight.

Here,
stars are all fallen knights
imprisoned
by street lamps
and concrete walls,
cocooned
in expired posters
and stale graffiti.
There are no sparkling
sapphire nights,
no constellations
to connect the images

of childhood dreams
birthed on Islands;
only a dull orange haze
hanging low
in the distance
and a lot of people who never look up because there's nothing
to see.
It is a place where new faces,
like mine,
go as unnoticed as a misplaced moon.