

## FOR WHAT WE RECEIVE

Glen Phillips<sup>a,\*</sup>

*a. School of Arts and Humanities, Edith Cowan University, Australia*

Take note please—It's not the sun  
comes over the east horizon each day  
to us. It's we who come boldly riding  
over the hump of the world to the sun.

Just like the cheek of a woman loved  
who turns her face to take the kiss  
with startled heart she won't refuse.  
And believes she didn't ask for it,  
as we do not ask for each new dawn  
to present to us the sun. Also when  
eyes peer through lenses in the last  
minutes as the sun sets. That's when  
rose-gold foil spreads thin on tree limbs,  
on paddock grass or hill-slope, like  
glow of lamplight on human skin. Again  
you take from setting suns maybe what  
you do not wholly ask to receive.

So, whether to gaze out over the rim  
of a ruined turning world at dusk  
or dawn. Or simply assume the rise

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\*Corresponding author

Email address: [glenlyp@bigpond.com](mailto:glenlyp@bigpond.com)



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or set of any sun, we ought be aware  
of affirmation in that brief ascent or fall.