## Location

## by Adam Sifre

A sunrise over the dark Atlantic, on a perfect beach day, tasting of salt and warmth and powdered sugar; of last, desperate kisses of youth, still shivering from delicious night, is beautiful.

A sunrise over the dark ruins of Syria, on hot dusted stones, tasting of lament and anger and layered fear; of elixirs formed with gunpowder and tears, with blood's metallic memory; over a landscape of small, unmourned ghosts, is beautiful.