Washing over edges,
Rounding corners,
That were too sharp
To let you get close anyway.

Heather Dennis: I wrote this piece after one of those too-much-fun sort of nights when things that I should have been aware of previously suddenly became blatantly obvious. For example, when I went out one night with one of my best friends, and she ended up getting on the guy I thought I was with. The metaphor I chose to depict such an event was a storm. The storm and conflicting currents are the mix of anger and rage felt when I wanted so desperately to be angry at both of them, and still, somehow managed to blame myself for the whole thing. The title itself is a play on the saying “Red sky at night, sailors take delight; red sky in the morning, sailors take warning,” a foreshadow of the storm.