

My Night Poem

The whispering water swirls and spreads,
All nature turns their heads,
Every human is in their bed,
Even if not asleep.

The moon looks over the earth smiling,
As the lake's mirror shone,
The clouds were crying at the sight,
The stars came out ever so bright,
Suddenly the lake turned silver.

Foxes run around the lake,
Chasing after their prey,
Horses slumber in the barn,
On the rough hay.

The magic silver has disappeared,
The fox has gone to bed,
The night has crawled out of sight,
And the day has come instead.

By: Francesca Weiss