

THE GRAND TOWN.

When I returned at sunset,
The sun shimmered, creating a streak of light
Surrounding my pitch black house.
Twilight is entering like a laser beam,
Making shadows as the shape of witches fingers.
Time at stopped, I was confused,
The last screech of the last swing being swung.
Silence seemed an everlasting sound.

I sat in my room,
Watched sun set
And starlight appeared.
Noise of cars heading towards home,
And then a lone dog barked.
Sirens in the distance.
And suddenly, beyond the housetops,
I imagined over the building and in the sky,
The smiling moon.
The scent of fresh air,

The fish swimming peacefully,
The smooth sand sinking through my toes,
The moonlight bouncing off the marina.

Day closing,
Gradual slumber,
Sweet rest.

When all the lights went out,
The streets were dim,
Stars gazing through the sky,
And half the night I walked through the town.

By Bethany

