

Grand town

When I returned at sunset,
The sun shimmered creating a ring of light
Surrounding my dark house,
My dark house, as dark as a black hole.
Twilight enters like a strike of light
Making shadows the shape of witches fingers.
Time had stopped,
Even the clock felt confused.
I could hear the last screech of the last swing being swung.

I sat in my room,
And watched sunset,
Starlight appeared making a reflection on my window.
I heard the sea crash onto the rocks,
And the last call of the last seagull.
Then suddenly, on the rooftops,
I imagined the emerald green moss sitting there soaking it in.
The moon rose,
The scent of fresh air as fresh as lush, green grass.
The sound of cars rushing by,

*The cats were purring,
Dogs were strolling,
Birds were twittering.*

*Day closing
Gradual slumber
Sweet rest.*

*When all the lights were lit in the town,
I walked through the marina and watched the water go by,
The streets were dim.
And half the night I paddled on the sea shore.*

By Julia

