

The Great Town

When I returned at sunset
The trees were swaying softly
The sun came down on the misty rooftops.
Twilight is entering, making shadows the shape of a car going by
Time was as still as a statue.

So quiet, so quiet,
I hear the last shout of the last child walking past.
I saw the last beam of the white bright moon shooting down on the
wet, drenched ground.
I sat in my room and watched the shooting stars blasting past my
window like an alien space ship in pitch black sky.
Starlight reflected on the window.
I imagined me in the dark spooky woods
I heard a fearsome wolf growling viciously
I saw emerald green leaves in the corner of my eye.
Day closing,
Gradual slumber,
Sweet rest.

When all the lamps are lit
And for half the night I wandered in the town

