

Mysterious Town

When I returned at sunset
The birds were singing softly
The sunlight turning the sky golden
Time was as still as stone
So quiet, like a dog about to snooze
Silence seemed like an everlasting sound.

I sat in my room and watched the shooting star zoom past the
bright, shiny moon
So quiet, so quiet,
I heard the last flickering of the last lamppost turning on and off,
I saw the moon reflecting off the shiny yellow car as it passed by.

I imagined lightning striking on the ground
Wood's burring, Fire spreading,
Dog's wandering
Day closing
Gradual slumber
Sweet rest

Outside, the trees were waving like witches fingers
And twilight had entered the room,
Be still, be still.

