

Little Town

When I returned at sunset
The trees were swaying softly,
The sun shimmering brightly surrounding my gloomy
house,
My gloomy house, as gloomy as a cave,
Twilight has finally arrived and created shadows
shaped as a witches nose,
Time was frozen,
I was confused,
The last swing swinging was the only sound that
was alive,
So silent, so silent,
Time seemed an everlasting sound.

I sat in my in my room,
And watched sunset,
And suddenly starlight appeared,
the light was shining like a piece of gold,
I looked over the trees and I heard the last boat
coming to port.
Then I saw the light of the sun above the hills,
I imagined the golden sand on a beach on a warm
summers night,
A place where the family does matter,
Seagulls resting,
Fish sleeping,
Gradual slumber,
Sweet rest.

*When the adults were sleeping,
I wandered along the path to Gelliswick beach,
I walked along the golden sand,
And half the night and I played on the sand.*

