

Dusky Dream

As the sun sets in the west,
it leaves behind feathery cotton candy clouds.
The sky is painted red, orange, and yellow,
turning day into night.
The fiery sun glows as its last light hits the lake,
making it sparkle like glitter.
The glassy surface of the water is disturbed as a fish jumps from the lake,
reaching for a buggy snack.
There's a gentle rustle of leaves as a cool night breeze ripples through them.
There are wildflowers, as far as the eye can see,
bright and pastel, easing me into a peaceful state of mind.
There's the crunch of branches from a leaping deer as he dashes through the forest,
a racoon chitters as it starts its nightly raids,
a majestic owl hoots beginning his silent hunt.
As the weight of the daytime burdens are lifted from me,
the tranquil freedom of the night envelops me,
peaceful and serene as night's softness washes over me.
I smell the pleasant spring breeze as it blows,
the grass as it bends in the wind,
the trees, and the earthy dirt, and the wildflowers,
slowly encasing me with their gentle sweetness.
Sprinkles of stars emerge,
as the sun's brightness fades away to reveal the dusky darkness of night.
A full moon rises and lights the star speckled sky.
The beauty of the night leaves me breathless.
Ouch! A mosquito returns me to the reality of life.