

Whispers of the Dawn

The night retreats, a fading hue,
As golden light spills soft and new.
The world awakens, slow yet bright,
Bathed in whispers of the morning light.

The trees, they stretch with gentle grace,
Their emerald arms the sky embrace.
A hush of wind, a fleeting sigh,
Carries secrets through the sky.

The river hums a lullaby,
Reflecting clouds that wander by.
Each ripple sings, each wave confides,
A tale of time, where dreamers bide.

The world is vast, yet here I stand,
A fleeting spark, a grain of sand.
But in the light, my heart beats free,
A whisper bound to destiny.