Whispers of the Evening

The sun dips low, in hues of gold,

Its final whispers, soft and bold,

A serenade to end the day,

As shadows dance and gently sway.

The stars awaken, one by one,

To greet the moon, its silver spun,

A tapestry of night unfurls,

With dreams and wishes softly twirls.

The breeze sings secrets to the trees,

In rustling leaves, and midnight's ease,

A lullaby for those who sleep,

A world of silence, vast and deep.

In twilight's arms, the world is still,

A moment's peace, a breath to fill,

With whispers of the evening's grace,

A tender touch, a warm embrace.

So let the night in quiet reign,

And wash away the day's refrain,

For in the dark, there lies the light,

Of whispered dreams and stars so bright.