In a joyful dance under starlight's grace,

A calf and lamb together embrace,

Their knees bend in a gentle prance,

A scene of innocence and charming trance.

Yet a bird, in thought, sings untrue,

Its song heard not by winds that blew.

For the joy it finds in a song's embrace,

Is marred by a wind's unseen face.

A woman drags through fields of corn,

Her golden hair in the breeze is borne,

In solitude, with wood so lonely,

A poignant tale of melancholy.

Thus, in this world of joy and pain,

Where truths and perceptions often wane,

Each element in its own right,

Weaves a tapestry of day and night.