

The Silver Bridge

The stars are folding one by one, Like tired dancers when they're done. The moon, a coin of faded gold, Is slipping from the night sky's hold.

Between the shadow and the light, A silver bridge connects the night To all the secrets day will bring— The waking birds, the world on wing.

The mist still clings to river bends, Where silence starts and music ends. A single breath, a moment's grace, Before the sun reveals its face.

So hold the quiet while you can, Before the world resumes its plan. For in the hush of early gray, You find the soul of every day.

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