

Lucid Nights:

Memories whisper through my mind
I lay under the glistening sky,
gazing,
at its unattainable beauty,
luminous lights,
reaching boundless heights.

The fresh breeze confines us,
in an unrestrained hold,
with no place to be,
no other sights to see,
other than the shining lights elevated above the sea.

The somber clouds have given way,
they will never compare,
to the charm of the lights,
and their unceasing flair.

I continue my gaze,
still amazed,
astonished,
at the allure of night,
and its ability to assemble enchanting sights.

Warm winds,
the gentle flutters of the ocean,
the shimmering lights,
and the crisp breeze,
harmonious,
my senses are completely at ease.

The events of the evening,
will always stick in my mind,
endlessly on repeat,
an eternal treat.

A Whisper:

Gust travels past the street,
lights flicker on and off,
as night comes to cease,
a whisper in the sky beckons.

The clouds pursue,
creating an aura of pitch darkness,
lights are subdued,
the glistening moon disappears,
everything was once so clear.

The sky erupts;
water begins to gush,
as if it were in some kind of rush,
when did everything become so abrupt?

Shimmering Darkness:

Obscurity,
approaching,
illuminating lights choking,
smothered,
beneath a opaque layer of fog,
a blanket, hiding the night sky,
concealing the allure up high,
let them shine free,
in all their glee,
up above the ground, and the sea.

A Sweet Surrender:

The moon glimmers down,
the air is fresh and the breeze is light,
the rushing waves begin to take flight.

He begins to ponder.
What is near?
If only his thoughts were as serene,
panic begins to dwell in his mind.
He is perturbed,
as if something were about to occur,
negativity starts to conquer.

His surrounding are tranquil,
his mind disband,
incertitude commands.

He is now wondering,
in no particular direction.
He commences introspection,
a state of contemplation,
of his feelings, thoughts and sensations.

He stops suddenly,
looks around, and returns to the ground.
A sweet surrender.
How could he have feelings so obscene?
The waves touch the shore gently,
Creating a whisper so sweetly.