



In The Night

In the middle of the night,
When no light shines bright,
One hears many things,
The ticking of the clock
From the castle belonging to the king,
The draw back of a lock,
The soft footsteps of the fox,
Something trying to escape from a box,
A wolf's howl,
The hoot of an owl,
The patter of rain,
The wolf again,
Then silence.
Until one small act of violence,
Sends a clutter of leaves,
A flutter,
The wind how it groans,
The teen how it moans,
Dawn has come arround,
Out of bed I must bound.