

The Whispers of the Wind

The wind sings, it hums, it sighs.

It dances under the moonlight skies.

Through fields of gold over hills so high,

then tells its' tale and flies by.

It stirs the trees with magnificent kisses.

A silent breeze in the fading night,

whispering secrets old and new.

It carries dreams on copper wings

of far, far lands and hidden springs.

It calls to those who long to roam,

yet always finds its' way back home.

So, listen closely, and you will hear,

the winds' gentle voice so clear.

A song of outer space.

A fleeting touch.

A warm embrace.

