

Sky High

The sun goes down below the blue sky,
Up comes the moon, quite silent and shy.
Shining so brightly, it's nature's night light,
Surrounded by sparkling dots at great height.

The canvas above is ever so vast,

Is it the future or is it the past?

Could I ever be close enough to reach?

I'm so far away, watching from beneath.

Hours pass and the dark fades away,

The warmth of the sunlight is back for the day.