

Upon the hours of midnight (Ousma's contest)

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By : AemmaBella

My third Poem for Ousma's nature contest. I hope you enjoy it .



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Upon the hours of midnight

Upon the hours of mid night,
When the stars grace the sky with light,
An ample moon arises, sending the wolves
Howling with ecstasy like wild old fools.
Crickets arrive now at this time,
Singing their songs suchlike elder wind chimes.
The owls start their nightly hoots.
Singing and singing until they fall mute.
Mother breathes swiftly through trees,
Wooshing and swooshing her mighty breeze,
Tipping trees and freezing their leaves.
Her mighty gifts God blessed unto see,
Upon the hours of mid night.

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