

DUSK

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By : **IMAD UL ISLAM**

It is about what happens when the sun sets. I wrote the poem at dusk. So I feel the atmosphere around me and then wrote the poem.



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Birds are chirping far away;  
Happy they are, I am gay.  
Sun is setting in the west;  
The tired air is at rest.  
Moon is glowing up in the sky;  
Standing beneath a tree, am I.  
Trees are still and calm;  
The day which passed was warm.  
The light is fading away;  
Now there isnâ t a ray.  
The sun has disappeared;  
And stars have appeared.  
Now there is the speckled sky;  
The light had said good bye.  
Now moon and stars will rule;  
And my mind will be cool.

(SHEIKH IMAD UL ISLAM)

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