

The Curtain

Skepticism

Wind in the dawn
Screams
Does not whisper
Through the day
Distant
Dark clouds gather
Fear not
In here
Storms will enter
Winds are still
It is us who move
Storms are weak
Against ones
Who stand time
Dark clouds
Like them
Beautiful but helpless
Wind in the dusk
Whispers
Or stays silent
The dark clouds
Stay
Or slowly shatter
Sky in the night
Is dark
Like high ceiling
Fear not
The curtain
Slowly closes