

Night and Day

The day had been long and the work had been hard.
The shadows were made, but not by the sun's shard,
For darkness had fallen around them too soon
And the only light was that of the moon.
The clouds had run off and found hiding afar.
The moon had companions – many a star.
As they walked in the field they could see their own breath,
A sign of their true love of life, not of death.
The birds were quiet and in their bed,
Wrapped up warm, content and well fed.
The path they were on looked all muddy and wet,
Made worse by a crossing rivulet.
The moon lit up brightly all they could see,
And stealthy, like torchlight, the shadows would flee.
The church stood tall in a bight silver light.
Through graves they walked without fear or fright.
Inside was pure beauty so big, not a peep
For the bats were working, the mice asleep.
They laughed, they talked, they spilled some wine
But in warmth and smiles they were all quite fine.
The dark all around with its fingers did creep,
And soon, curled together, they were all fast asleep.
In cold and shivers they finally woke,
Stretched and yawned as the cold day broke.
They walked to the fields in just the same way,
It all just felt like a game you play.
The sun brightened up the smoke all around.
Only the birds waking up made a sound.
They had seen a good end to one cold day
And now for the start of another, I'd say.

William Churn

