Midnight Dew

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This is a poem about night and... yeah night. It is really prety so please raed and comment. PLEASE

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

MidNight Dew

Night sings its mournful song, Whispering secrets of the dawn. Starlight drips onto the ground, Breezes dancing without sound. Branches swaying against the moon, Leaves are humming a soulful tune. Shining meadows of golden grass, Shimmering waters, lightening flash. Raindrops fall like fairy tears, Reflecting all the misspent years. Silver clouds float above, Carried on wings of a midnight dove. The rose's [etals float down the stream, Leaving room for lavendar leaves. The lonely cry of a snowy owl, Is echoed by the wolf's becoming howls. Stoney paths turn and twist, Through the woods shrouded in mist. Droplts of dew fall from angel wings, Come and rest on Earth's velvety greens. The faires gift to humanity, Is midnight dew, made from serenity.