

# Eventide

by Joan Morris - July 2010

The silvery moon  
Lights the night sky  
Showing the shadows  
Of birds flying high  
Lovers kiss sweetly  
On earth below  
Their eyes brightly burning  
Passion aglow

It seems that the ground  
Smelling sweet and still  
Moves very gently  
As the rabbit runs up hill  
Looking for cover  
Amongst the yellow gorse

All is peaceful  
All is still  
Till daylight comes again  
Another day to kill