



# *Night of Beauty*

Cora Wolf

Animals

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Spring is in the air,  
You feel the breeze, carrying the scent of wild flowers  
You see the lake, crystal clear like the silver moon above.  
Stars glimmering, crickets singing,  
While the soft glow from fireflies are like fallen stars,  
The tree whispering in the wind  
Calling out the voices you can't understand,  
And you run,  
Your hair whipping behind you, like a horse's mane.  
Your feet are like a cheetah's, swift and nimble.  
Your eyes burning, like the wildest fire.  
And in that moment,  
You are finally free.

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