

### 3 O'Clock A.M.

The sky is midnight blue,  
But it is beyond the midnight hour.  
Dawn's first sleepy yawn  
Spreads across the sky.  
Wisps of light stretch  
In preparation for the waking.

The weary hand  
Touches upon the third.  
It is the hour of tired partygoers,  
The hour of restless insomniacs,  
The hour of tranquility.

The trees whisper  
Sacred songs,  
The grass at its sleeping.  
The moon,  
Once so brilliant,  
Calms to pale iridescence.  
The world engulfed  
In a silent shimmer.

I've captured this serenity,  
Let it loosen in my muscles,  
Let it breeze through my untamed hair

Only but once.

— Regina L., 10<sup>th</sup> Grade