

## I Lie in a Twilight Dawn

And again I lie awake on a cloud

A white canvas presents itself to me,

And begins to tell me a story.

In the silent hour before the world wakes.

While the sun is still deciding to rise,

And the moon is saying its final adieus.

The sun suddenly takes the stage with a breathtaking dance.

The folds of her dress sweep over the stage, skewing the light.

Her steps are careful, meaningful. She treads lightly, but her gait is ample.

Her smooth, glossy, golden hair flows throughout the air.

An ensemble of clouds take form as the sun climbs in the sky.

The beauty of each fold of the cloud is not missed,

As each one gives off a more radiant colour than the next.

The world will be waking soon,

With its business people,

And bus drivers,

And cars and planes and trains.

Alarm clocks go off.

Yelling at everyone that 5:00 has ended,

And 6:00, filled with sluggishness and worry,

Has taken its place.

I say my last goodbyes  
To the solemn silence and beauty of my morning.  
My little bit of peace,  
Before my alarm goes off too,  
And it is time for me to open my eyes  
To begin another day.

— Caroline D., 10<sup>th</sup> Grade