

Strong Wind

I stare up at the vast, purple-blue sky. I watch the stars twinkle and shine, and a lone bird flies overhead. The grass is wet and the wind is strong, small droplets of rain fall. The wind whispers to me, the birds sing, and a distant dog barks, but i am alone. The wind blows my purple dress, making it look as if its trying to fly. Its cold and damp but i wish to not go inside, i want to hang onto this moment; to hold it and never let go. The air is filled with the sound of crickets. I hear the quiet tip-tapping of a mouses feet against the cold hard ground. I watch a chipmunk duck under a log for shelter. The silence is comforting, like a pillow after going through the wash. I close my eyes and focus on the distant thunder mixing with the sound of the rain.i listen to the world as i slowly drift to sleep.