

Midnight Breeze
By Tiara Friesen

I sit in the midnight breeze, and moonlight shines on the grass

I sit by the dim-lit trees, slowly moving with ease

A fox goes past, he could be the last

to be unbothered by the breeze

he's slowly approaching me

The midnight breeze cools him off

I go to run and play, the fox follows each step I take on the soft grass, all just in one night

I love the forest.