

Dreamscape

The dusk is rearranged by fireflies,
Lighting the trees and dark woods,
Softened by subdued indigo skies,
With their codes of errant light hoods.

Wings fluttering like silken petals,
In the early twilight untimely blooms,
Shimmering in harmony on metals,
Everlasting evanescence of dooms.

A nuance of humming music,
Reverberating eternity of time,
An ineffable and wordless fusion,
Adrift in the continuum of rhyme.

A euphony beats of golden hours,
In a soundless enchanted dreamscape,
An undiscovered archipelago of flowers,
Embracing an inarticulate landscape.

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