

WONDERLAND

by Matthew Williams, Gander- Junior Division Poetry

The sun's light is slowly fading, leaving the world in cooling dusk.

The dying rays give way to tired sights.

Mothers call from open doors, and like clockwork the children halt their games
and head inside, dreaming already of another day.

Silence.

Slowly, slowly, small lights bob up from hidden hidey-holes in the ground, like tiny stars on earth

And cutting a hole in the fabric of night, they flit and flip and fly through the sky,

A dance to an absent song.

One by one, voices rise up into the endless depths of space-

The deep croak of an age-old toad,

The humming love of flying bugs,

The chirp chirp of a hidden cricket

Form the song to the lights' dance

And hauntingly, quietly still, it rises,

Up and up and up into the stars,

Where it sings a lullaby to the fading sun,

And awakens the bright new moon.

A sly cat creeping through the bushes is the only one who listens, but it matters not:

This song is for the singers, and for the tired earth itself,

So the stars will dance and the voices will cry

Night after night after night,

And never get tired,

In this secret wonderland.