

'Wishes'

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An early morning fog
divides in halves the autumn sky,
from dark and frosty night
it turns the day into a wishful trail.

The sun emerges in search of sleeping eyes
it reaches fields and trees behind,
the roads indeed remain untouched
but lead to the hills of blissful wishes.

It is still a quiet morning and
the day returns to give us warning,
to spell the truth of our living
and to hide our wishes till night announce us dreaming.