

Foggy Night

Wide cones of light from the street lamps line the dark street
As a silver white cloud hangs in the air
The stars are hiding, but the moon still peers eerily through the gloom

The usual thrum of traffic is softened by a layer of silent mist
Even the sounds of nature are absent
No owl is hooting
No fox screeches his unnerving call

During the night the gossamer veil drifts across the garden
Making lacy hammocks of the spiders' work
And drenching the grass with a gentle drizzle

As dawn comes the fog steals away
And the sun spreads its welcome warmth and light
Bringing everything into sharp focus once more.