


Whispers of the Wind

by John Smith

In the quiet of the dawn, the wind softly speaks,
With whispers that rustle through the ancient greeks.
It carries tales from lands afar,
Over rolling hills, beneath the morning star.

It speaks of secrets held in its breeze,
Dancing through the leaves, swirling with ease.
Gentle and calm, it caresses the day,
Bringing messages that the birds relay.

Through the rustling leaves and the bending trees,
The wind's soft murmurs float with such ease.
It tells of journeys over mountains and seas,
Of tranquil valleys and busy honeybees.



In the hush of twilight, the wind sings low,
A lullaby for the world, in its gentle flow.
It whistles through the alley, down the quiet lane,
Sharing stories, easing pain.

In the bustling city, the wind's whisper grows,
A symphony of life, as it ebbs and flows.
It touches the face of the young and old,
Holding stories untold, waiting to be told.

As night descends, the wind whispers still,
Under the moon's watchful eye, over the hill.
In the silence of the stars, it continues to roam,
A traveler at heart, forever its home.

So listen closely, and you might hear,
The whispers of the wind, crystal clear.
In its eternal journey, through time and space,
The wind carries whispers, with elegant grace.