

Midnight violinist

The sunset's final hues dissolved in light,
The weary sun withdrew to fields of night.
Then slowly dusk gave way to darkness deep,
As the full moon rose from the East to keep
Its silver vigil in the vaulted sky,
Bathing the sleeping world in radiance high.

A river flowed towards the ocean wide,
In its own rhythm, with the moon as guide;
Transfigured by the soft, celestial beam,
A magic stream within a waking dream.

And so it was, when midnight held its sway,
A wayfarer came where the river lay.
His journey long, his path unknown and far,
His sole companion—one lone violin;
While flowers on the bank, stirred by a breeze,
Bent low to welcome him beneath the trees.

The tired traveler gazed with wonder bright
Upon the river, clad in liquid light;
The moonbeam-silver dancing on the stream
Dissolved his road-worn weariness, supreme.
Like countless flakes of silver, flowing free,
The moon adorned both stream and poverty.

Enchanted, then, the violinist raised
His instrument; his soul, entranced and dazed,
Became one with the night's enthralling scene,
A world of beauty, vision, and dream.
With skillful touch, he drew the bow with care,
And filled the air with music sweet and rare.

The violin's soft waves, the river's song,
Made the night beautiful the whole night long;
As if a minstrel from the gods' own hall,
Banished to earth, enchanted one and all.

The player merged with moonlight, fair and deep,
In thought so rapt, lost in a timeless sleep.
Until the birdsong heralded the morn,
Breaking the spell by which he had been borne.

With tranquil heart, a gentle smile revealed,
He gazed towards the East—his vision sealed
Upon the crimson dawn, now breaking slow,
Painting the distant horizon's edge aglow.

Then towards the road, the endless, unknown way,
The violinist turned at break of day;
The final night's sweet memory held fast,
A jewel treasured in his heart, to last.