

At Midnight in December

by Bona Rae Villarta (December 17, 2010)

Background: I spent an overnight in one of my college friends' houses. As midnight was approaching, I wrote this poem.

The moon is at its peak
While most people are sleeping by now
Some, like us, are still awake at this point
And enjoy the late-night solitude.

The wind cools us outside
And those fed by the winds into the inside
It is like no other
When you have nature around.

It is indeed, a wonder to behold
That midnight is one of nature's gifts to us.