

Name _____

Whispers of the Wind

Beneath the moon's soft, silvery glow,
The wind begins to whisper, low.
A mystical messenger from afar,
It carries secrets, like a shooting star.
With unseen wings, it sweeps the land,
A veiled traveler with grains of sand.
From distant shores and ancient skies,
It bears tales of truth, and even lies.
In every rustling leaf it sighs,
In every dreamer's soul, it flies.
A silent witness to nature's dance,
The wind reveals its hidden trance.
Through valleys deep and mountains high,
It weaves a web of lullaby.
In its embrace, the world's entwined,
A cosmic thread of humankind.
The wind is more than just a breeze,
It's life's own echo in the trees.
With whispers soft and secrets grand,
It paints a story in the sand.
So listen closely, and you'll hear,
The ancient tales the wind holds dear.
It shares the wisdom of the skies,
As it in gentle waves, it sighs.

