Dawn Whispers

As dawn breaks, a little touch transforms darkness into brightness

I search for the whispers of the night

 the music it writes for the soul

dark, infinite, and full of gloom

 that instant when dreams and daylight merge

 Each star withdraws, a faint cry telling its own story

The dawn of another day, softly swooning,

 In the path of a butterfly lies the promise of eternity

 Emerald foliage, unbroken pages

Leaves being embraced by dews and whispered tales

The butterfly that endured before emerging

 There were countless tales, but there was never any noise

 I can still hear the things I want to say, in the mother's gentle and gradual wake.

The Sanctuary of Lost Dreams

“The Sanctuary of Lost Dreams” was the name, and it was a prose, not poetry. It hid in the heart of the ancient city where the cobblestones had long kept its glowing stories. Lost, abandoned dreams had created a single library called the Sanctuary of Lost Dreams. The ivy covered an old building that seemed to have existed since the beginning of time, with windows that peeped into the soul of passersby. The smell of old paper quickly enveloped with the lavender that each book exuded... shelves that smelled forever with volumes that engulfed these dear dreams, dreams that humans somehow let disappear. Every book was a treasury of abandoned dreams, faded aspirations, and the last remnants of once-friendly. Isabella, the library's guardian, had spent her life caring for neglected dreams. She had a deep understanding of every book and each story was a tapestry of human longing and potential. Her favourite was an old, leather-bound journal filled with sketches of an artist who had dreamed of painting the world in unseen hues. One rainy afternoon, a young man named Lucas stumbled into the library, soaked and dejected. Isabella handed him the artist's journal, and as he turned the pages, he was drawn into the world of the artist, feeling every pencil stroke and burst of colour that had existed only in the artist's mind. The sketches spoke to him, reigniting the spark he thought was lost forever. By the time the rain stopped, the sun cast a golden glow through the library windows, and Lucas stood, a newfound resolve in his eyes. He thanked Isabella and left the library, clutching the journal like a lifeline. Years later, the Sanctuary of Lost Dreams remained a refuge for those who had lost their way. A new addition to the library was a collection of songs by a once-lost musician named Lucas, reminding everyone that no dream was truly lost, but merely awaited the right moment to be rediscovered.