

Evening

The light has become smoothly subdued,
Sky is stretched in sensuous silence,
Tinges of gray wrap the landscape in mysterious aura,
Everything stands in serene silhouette,
The enigmatic majesty of evening is descending over the world.

Evening is the culmination of a mood,
Synchronously maturing with the day-long
Unpleasant struggle to survive with the world and the nature,

Evening has quiet elegance and controlled conviction,
Dignity and mystery,
It is a transition more alluring and hypnotic
Than its predecessor and follower.

It is a fabric of hope and relief,
A slow beginning of something yet unshaped,
A transformation of merciless day-time will
To serene sanguine sublimity.

Evening is mute, while day is loud,
It is on the ground, while day soars,
It embraces, while day raids.

The subliminal lonely sadness of evening
Is in tune with man's matured mental climate.