



End of Day

As shadows loom in somber gray
A whispered softness then appears;
The setting sun fades slowly then . . .
I'm prone to sadness and tears.

Such feelings generated by
The exit of another day;
I rue lost opportunities . . .
Choices made 'Come what; come may'.

Comes soft dawning, God's Gift of day,
As eastern skies in golden glow
Light up His Wondrous World, now mine . . .
Granting answers; this I know.

I await evening's dark shadows
When whispered softness shall appear;
Again the setting sun I love . . .
No sadness and not one tear.

Henry W. Gurley