

January Nights

On January nights,
the house
gets as dark
as the
midnight sky
that surrounds me.

The stars shine
like a candle
on my bed stand.

The moon
is like a knife
slicing the glow of itself
into my room.

My family
is sleeping
but I'm still awake,
waiting,
waiting,
waiting until the
light of day.

In
the morning
I will rise
until the next
January night.

By Caitlyn
Grade 3