

When The Sun Goes Down

by firdaus haque

As the Sun goes down
casting a celestial hue
As it engulfs the world
city and town

The shepherd oft seen by the hillock
Carrying a flute
that plays tunes so sweet
gathering together his scattered flock

Trotting into the barn closed by a fence
with the flute hanging by his side
He thinks of his sweetheart
and of times last summer
who he hasn't seen hence

He sits by the window
looking at the dark valley down
flute playing tunes so magical
that can put smile on faces that frown

Though his heart aches
his melody seems to flow
It creeps into the dreams
of all in slumber in the valley below

Neither the shepard nor the flock
live anymore, but there is no frown
coz the tune still echoes in the valley
When the Sun goes down..

