

## Night

The strong sun stretches  
Across the starry sky  
The night is coming,  
The birds no longer fly.  
The sorry sun sleeps  
Sad for the sky  
The sorry sky weeps  
Sad to say goodbye.  
The day is done,  
Though the sunny summer season has just begun.

- Travis Gerst, 5th grade

**“Night” by Travis Gerst – Sacred Heart, Chicago**