

FARIES OF THE NIGHT

As moon and stars above arose,
The fairies came out and danced on toes.
They set their ladders against the glass,
To commence their work, none could surpass.

With tiny brushes of finest hairs,
And buckets hanging from their stairs,
They dipped their brushes into water,
No need of paint in hues of color.

Whites and crystals formed designs,
Some with spires like cathedral shrines,
Dressed for the cold in tiny cloaks,
With water only, they made their strokes.

Feathers climbing like a twisting vine.
With added drops, patterns realigned.
Crystals forming, bursting, reaching,
Crawling upwards towards the ceiling.

They quietly worked without a word.
No whisper of a sound was heard,
Not even the stroke or sweep of brush.
All was done in a silent hush.

Only moonbeams to light their art,
Then gathering their tools to depart.
For when I awoke at the crack of dawn,
The fairies dispersed. All were gone.

Revealed on windows shining bright,
Was a crystallized vista of reflected light.
Shimmering and frosted leaded panes,
Their artwork hung within the frames.

Tiny fairies while I slept,
Had outside my window crept.
Wispy tendrils of fairy strokes
Were the only evidence of these wee folks.