

SUNSET MYSTERIES

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Soaring like an eagle over the pink and
orange clouds

My honey blonde hair swirls around me.

Something is shining.

It is the time of year when all the little babies
come down from heaven on clouds.

The soft moving air carries me over to a little patch of peach mist

There's a tiny little baby lying in it.

Then I see all the other ones

In the distance I see a grey cloud.

Rain pours from it

The baby cries

Gently lifting the small child out

The cloud turns pink.

The child stops

This is the baby for me.



By Eva Dodds, Mingavie Primary School, Glasgow.

The poem is based on the drawing **Oh that was a flight through the air!**
(1928).