

Nightly Song

Instead of wind
I hear a drum
It's beat against the ground
As steady as a lightning bolt
A striking path of sound

Instead of wind
I hear a flute
The music high and strong
It howls in the open air
Waiting for a place to be
And finally belong

Instead of hail
I hear a trumpet
An upbeat joyful swing
A Louis Armstrong classic
Diamonds for the king

Then steadily the music fades
The hail hides in the trees
The rain cuts to a steady stop
And only wind is near
Now this nightly song has ended
Waiting for another day
To sing its melancholy melody
And another chance to play

Denise Rogozin

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Denise Rogozin". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letter of each word being capitalized and larger than the others.