



Skeletons sight, yellow sky

by 3B 10 Gavin

On a wooden bridge so long and wide,

Stood a buff skeleton, arms open wide.

In the sky above, hues of red and orange blend,

With strokes of yellow, a masterpiece to commend.

Beneath the bridge, a river flows with grace,

Reflecting the colors, a serene embrace.

The skeleton stands, muscles of bone defined,

A symbol of strength, in a scene so divine.

The sky's yellow canvas, a radiant display,

As the sun bids farewell, at the end of the day.

The skeleton absorbs the warmth in the air,

Finding solace and peace, in nature's loving care.

With each passing moment, the colors grow bold,

A tapestry of beauty, a story to be told.

The skeleton stands tall, in awe of the sight,

Strength and tranquility, merging in the fading light.

As the sun sinks lower, the sky turns to gold,

The skeleton remains, steadfast and bold.

For even in death, he finds solace and grace,

In the beauty of nature, in this sacred space.

So let us learn from the buff skeleton's stance,

To cherish the moments, to give life a chance.

For in the colors of the sky, and the river's gentle flow,

Strength and serenity, in harmony, will grow.