

DUSK AND DAWN

When darkness unfolds, arise the shadows of dismay.
They freeze you like winter in the middle of May.
In the mind what really lay,
Only echoes can truly say.

The mind is masked with veils of wrath.
The journey is too horrid to think of what may aftermath.
Glamour wrecked, even its tusk,
There commenced the new epoch of dusk.

But when all hope is lost,
Shall a beam arise from the deepest frost.
Accompanying it shall be a voice,
"The epoch's over so rejoice!"

Abruptly strikes an ecstatic zephyr,
Breaking the chains that were dire.
There shall arise the majesty with a horn forlorn
"Oh misery! This is not the end, but the dawn!"

DUSK AND DAWN



Jishnu Teja Yogesh

IB-1

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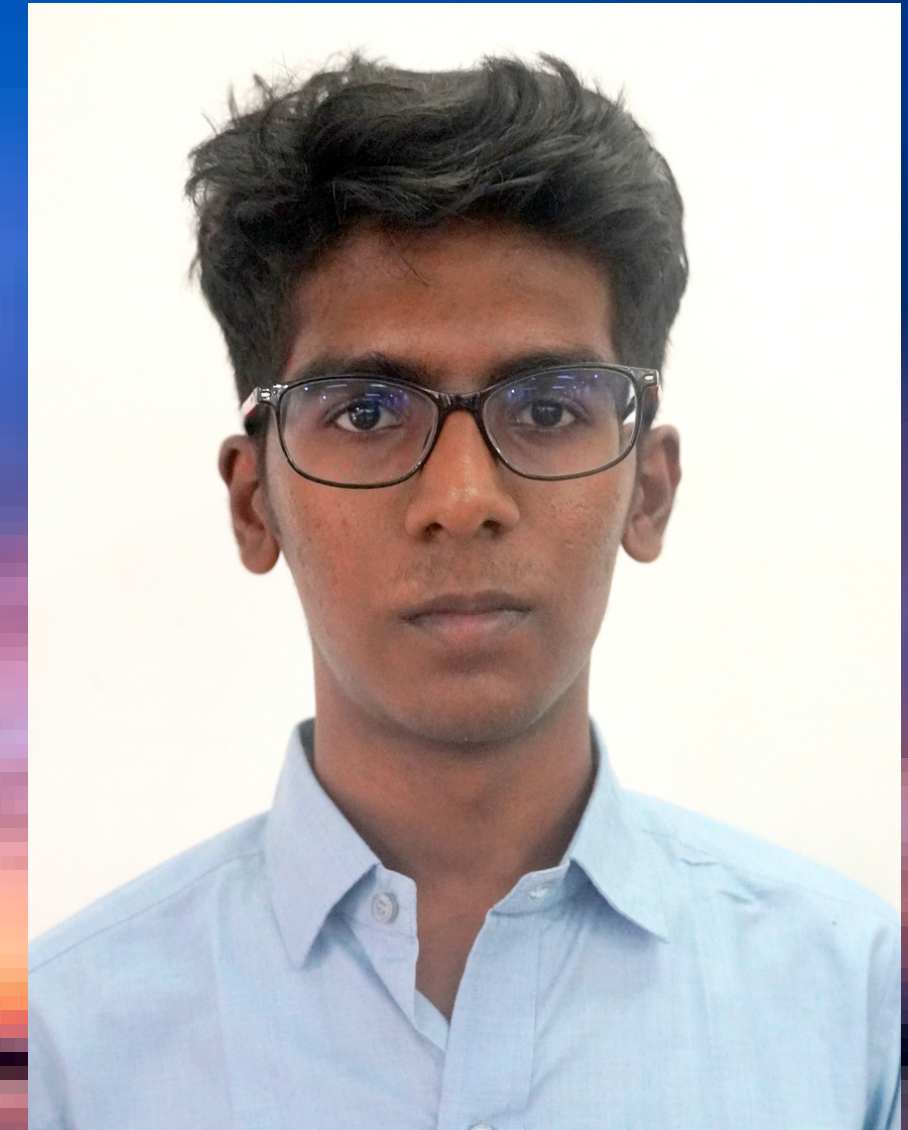
At dusk I look — the sky's so great,
The best you've seen, there's no debate.
The colors glow — red, gold, and fine,
Much better than Obama's time.

The sun goes down — but don't you fear,
I'll make the night just great this year.
The moon comes out — it shines, it's true,
The stars all say, "We voted too!"

Then dawn arrives — a perfect show,
The light's so bright, the best I know.
Birds are singing, deals are made,
Even clouds say, "Trump's upgrade!"

So dusk may fall, but don't be torn,
'Cause I make every single dawn.
The night retreats, the world will cheer
"We'll make the sunshine great this year!"

DUSK AND DAWN



Srinith RK

IB-1

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DUSK AND DAWN

With soft breath and delicate dew
A bundle of hope and dizzying hues
Dawn rises with grace and galore
Always with the promise of something more

A day more joyous than the last
A chance to let go of the past
To revel in a start anew
Under the brilliant blue

And when dusk paints the fading sky
And the The world bows with a gentle sigh
Within the darkness let faith appear
Of another dawn calm and clear.



Avika Rahul Mundra

IB 1st year

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DUSK AND DAWN

Every morning begins with a dawn,
With shimmering lights of the Sun,
We too start our day with a dawn,
With a line of hope of improvement.

As the day progresses,
The sun reaches its zenith,
As the day progresses,
Our work process too reaches its zenith

At one point dusk arrives,
invites end of the day.
Those last rays of the sun,
Marks the end of the day

As we progress in our progress,
at one point an obstacle arrives
That last line of hope
keeps us going to a new day

So it is important not to give up
but to take a lesson from our dusk
and enter a new dawn without a rust
and live with the positivity each morning
brings us

Above I rise from the shadows below
Day after day
From the hot summers to the cold
winters

Yet it seems there will come an end
My exit to the entrance
For darkness to leave the place



Utkarsh Shah

11-SCI

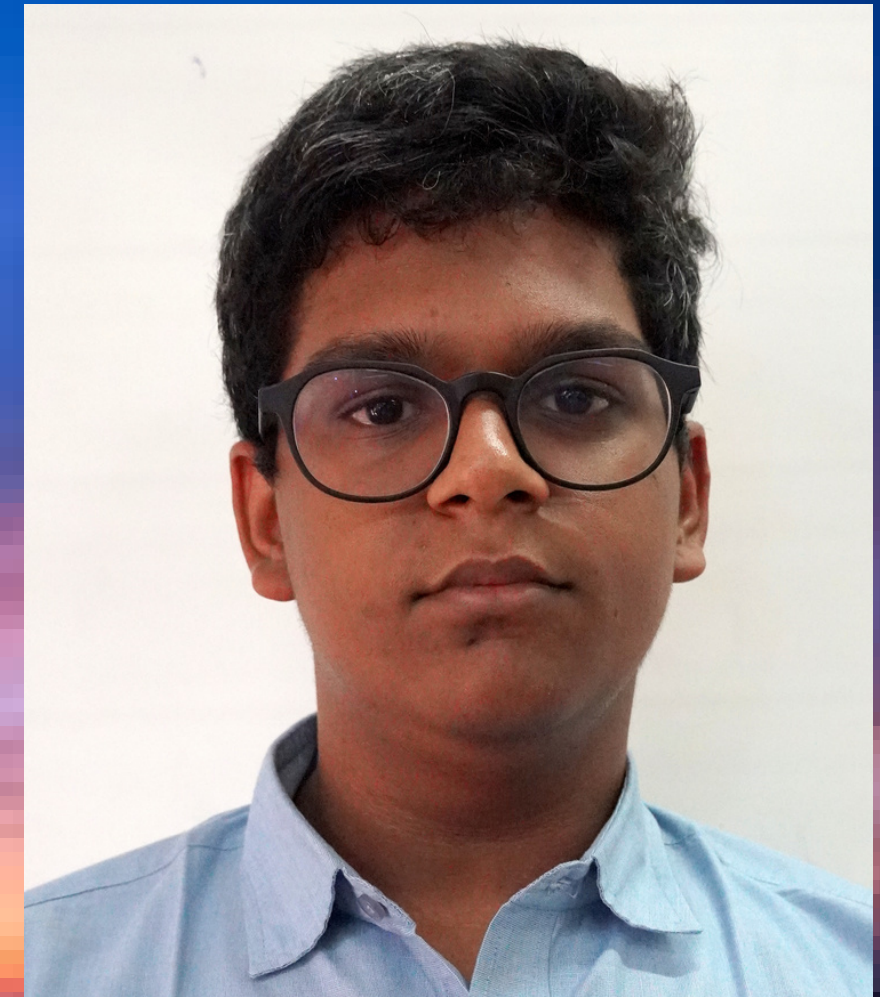
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DUSK AND DAWN

Dusk drifts in with fading light,
painting skies in rose and night.
The world slows down, the voices fade,
dreams grow tall where sunbeams played.

The moon steps out, the stars appear,
whispering things we almost hear.
Then dawn returns, calm and clear,
melting the dark, pulling us near.

Gold spills wide on waking land,
the morning hums, the night disbands.
Between the two, the heart is drawn—
to rest at dusk, to rise at dawn.



Ananda Priyan

11-SCI

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The sun goes down, the sky turns red,
It's time to rest, the day has fled.
The birds go home, the fields are still,
The moon comes up behind the hill.

The stars come out, they start to shine,
The night feels cool, the air feels fine.
The world is calm, the dark is deep,
It's time for dreams and time for sleep.

Then morning comes, the dark is gone,
The light grows bright, the day goes on.
The sun comes up, the sky turns blue,
The world feels fresh and new and true.

Each dusk will fade, each dawn will rise,
That's how it goes across the skies.
The world keeps turning, night to morn,
From dusk till dawn, new days are born

DUSK AND DAWN



Dharmesh Raichura

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