

It was a dark, bleak winter night,
Where the slippery wind always bites.
There were very little clouds drifting by,
In the hypnotising, endless sky.

Where the stars would twinkle and dash and shine,
And the view from above was more than fine.
But soaring past at incredible speed,
Something if told no one would believe.

A spectacular plane so sneaky and sly,
Quite small and thin and brisk and shy.
As it dashed between the tall, leaning trees,
And got carried away in the Arctic breeze.

But WHOOSH it appeared back up in the sky,
Swerving and turning and rolling up high.
Suddenly the plane came to a halt,
And then started dashing down in an extreme jolt.

It skimmed the water of the river so still,
And shaved the grass of the lush, green hills.
It approached a house so hidden away,
Between the trees, a nice place to stay.

A small boy came running out of the door,
And in amazement, instantly fell to the floor.
The plane landed and to his surprise,
Right in front of his very own eyes.

A voice from the plane suddenly said,
"I'll show you something secret, don't let the word spread!"
The driver and the boy looked down below,
On the late night's city's illuminating glow.

The view was was way more than fine,
Where all around them, the stars would shine.
There were very little clouds drifting by,
In the hypnotising, endless sky.

In the dark, bleak winter night,
Where the slippery wind always bites.