

Samantha is 11 years old, and a 6th grade student in Kings Park, New York. Some of her favorite hobbies are playing guitar, writing songs and poems, and reading.

Deep In The Night
by Samantha Scaduto

Deep in the night
By the eerie moonlight
I see what may be
A wind blown kite
Lost from its owner
Bullied by the breeze
Soaring the sky
Over rivers and trees
Sadness overtakes me
And in my mind's eye
I wonder then realize
The reason why
The child or grown-up
Or whoever it had been
Lost their great kite

To the blowing wind

They may not have noticed

But if they had

They watched their toy die

Which is really quite sad

I come back to Earth

And soon realize

The kite disappeared

Right in front of my eyes

I close my eyelids

And beg sleep to come

I want to cry

And scream and run

For mysterious reasons

Not one can explain

In the dead of night

Sleep finally came

You cannot know what time

You fall asleep

But the rest and dreams

Are soft and sweet

Unlike many others

When I wake

I remember my dreams

And make no mistake

I will remember

Each time I may weep

And though I may not share

Their secrets I keep

Like the books I read

And the stories I write

I remember my dreams

In the dead of night

No matter a kite

A book or the sky

We never know what

We never know why

But as the sun rises

And sheds it's light

We know we felt different

Deep in the night