Otter and the Leaf Boat at Dusk

A SharkBoat AI Storybook

At dusk by the river, the water shone bright,
A little otter paddled in soft golden light.
A leaf boat drifted close with a gentle, warm sway,
And both made the evening feel cozy and gay.

The otter reached out with a careful small paw,
And gently the leaf boat came closer, he saw.
It floated like magic on silvery waves,
While ripples danced softly in shimmering saves.

He climbed in the leaf boat and sat very still,
Then smiled at the breeze as it curled down the hill.
The river sang low, and the twilight grew blue,
As stars peeked awake in the sky overhead too.

The leaf boat spun once in a slow little turn,
Past reeds by the water where fireflies burned.
The otter looked up at their tiny bright glow,
And whispered, 'Hello,' to the night down below.

A moonbeam made silver on each dipping wave,
And the otter felt happy, so peaceful and brave.
He held to the leaf boat and hummed a soft tune,
While dreams bloomed like flowers beneath the round moon.

A dragonfly zipped by with a dizzying gleam,
Like a tiny spark skipping across the stream.
The otter clapped once and laughed in delight,
As dusk wrapped the river in hush after light.

The leaf boat came gently to rest by the shore,
And the otter said, 'Thank you,' then drifted no more.
He curled in the grass where the soft night was deep,
As the river kept singing a song for his sleep.

So cuddle up close as the evening grows near,
For leaf boats and rivers make nighttime so dear.
With moonlight to guide us and dreams tucked in view,
The gentle old river will sing us to sleep too.