

## A Poem at Dawn

by stylus *Tuesday, Feb 11 2014, 8:18pm*

international / poetry / post

transition  
between sleep and wakefulness  
between day and the warm velvet blackness  
of night

the walls of my studio move  
become pliable  
my heart, which i lost  
decades past  
beckons from somewhere nearby  
but i am never able to locate its faint  
calls and cries for lost, found and lost again  
love --  
cycles of joy and sorrow

would u or i expect a world without night and day,  
why then expect joy or sadness to last forever?

regardless of every effort to maintain consistency  
nature oscillates and thrusts polarities  
and extremes in our faces  
in order to create tension, expectation  
appreciation,  
bliss and despair

daylight has chased the last vestige of night away  
but black velvet hides,  
waiting patiently to ambush the sun  
in due course

what would i, fully exposed for eternity?  
not even the Gods hold mortals naked  
in the glaring light of day forever  
nor would any natural law  
allow me to retreat into darkness  
and hide forever

i'll wait patiently like a highwayman  
and write another poem for dusk  
bidding day a very good night

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-472.html>