

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

