

Night

Once in a while
As I stare up at the
Stars
On a wind swept hill
Long grasses
Slick with
Star light
I am in a world of
8000
Years past
As these stars,
They fall toward
Me
Fiery rain
Reaching out
In tranquility
Thousands of sheets of
Mindless blank
Beatless black
Less than dark
Unrippling, solid metal
Black
They are so close
And while I am living in
This world of before
That is now present
At least
As long as I

Am transfixed by the stars,
I am one of the people
Held in Mother Nature's arms,
My eyes, freshly plucked
Autumn leaves, their radiance
Shining through the shy shade of
Night, compressing the black
Into nothingness with its
Care for Mother Nature
And my voice is birdsong,
The harmonies clear, as dawn reaches through
Night
And gold is my
People's hair
The setting sun almost
Liquid
Framed through
A spider's web

Swift are my people, at
One with nature
Interlaced
In the seasons
The patterns of life
Each glowing heartbeat we share
A shimmering green beetle
Strength in his shield
A prideful,
Yet wary
Hawk
Her wings clad thickly with feathers of pure,
Illuminating
Star light
Thundering horses

Their breath
Mist and their
Flowing manes
And tails
Spindling shreds of dusk
Roots of a young spruce

Sweet, spicy
Freshly green
Coursed with wonder
Yet also a grandfather
Spruce,
His limbs charted
With memories
With laughter
Oh, the newborn air
As she crests her pale
Loving
Mother, still calm
As she has just seen her
Son, Night, and is welcoming her daughter,
Morning

All living things
Share the heartbeat
A great never ending
Song of faint
Feather light
Trills
The bold face of the moon
His solemn beat
Spirals of crystal
Water
Raging
Carrying these brave salmon home

Heartbeats of everything
Anything
Strummed on the harp of life
High in heaven
Silent to our ears
Thundering in our
Hearts,
Day, night
Forever
But particularly loud, amazing, unfathomable
And clear
On this
Night
8000
Years past
Resounding through
The moon and stars
Deep
Into
My heart

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When the Lights are On

I am Brave
I am Strong
just as long as the Lights stay on.

Ghosts dance like wisps of Smoke.
Goblins laugh at a lethal joke,
but not when the Lights are on.

Vampires prowl.
Grave-ghouls growl.
Monsters snarl.
Werewolves howl,
but not when the Lights are on.

What could be
More frightening than these?

The only thing I really fear is when
the
Lights
flicker
off.



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