

Night - by SWS

The day long ago retreated in haste
Not so much in fright
As a defeated army but in deference to her brother
A pitch-black night

Looking down from my window
I am struck by the sight of the flow
Of darkness which seems to be cuddling the city
With the fervor of a first-time mother

The lights flickering out of the houses yonder
Amusingly mirror the stars
Gazing down from the heavens
A mere backdrop to the deeply serene night
Soon to lull the city to sleep
And give its hardworking dwellers
A much deserved rest

Dreams often conceived at night
Are born during the day
Diabolical tyrants
Too dangerous to tame in broad daylight
Are ingeniously trapped
Under the cover of night

As day and night work in tandem
What would be gained
By vilifying night at random?

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