

## Black Satin

by rade *Wednesday, Mar 30 2011, 11:45am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

weary as the eternal night  
though sleep evades me;  
how is it possible  
to be so tired  
and yet remain  
conscious?

i tug at my sleepless bindings  
like Prometheus,  
not waiting passively  
for that high-pitched  
eagle cry  
before it swoops  
to devour my liver  
and entrails.

over myriad cycles  
of tortuous time  
i have learned its shrill language  
i now return its piercing call  
perfectly  
directing it elsewhere for its  
sadistic meal of warm  
entrails and pulsing organs.

too easily the Gods are deceived --  
a mortal can do much  
given unlimited time;  
the Gods  
now crowd to pay homage  
and grant wishes to a mortal  
that outwits them.

but Gods were created to be  
overcome  
only fools and slaves  
bow before them in low prostrations  
and tremble in fear and loathing.

in this bleak  
biting night  
i am restored by the mere thought

of You;  
my ceaseless entreaties  
and remonstrations,  
which you ignore,  
only feed my ardour  
and burning desire.

your entire being  
is mine alone  
though  
you know it not;  
you are tamed as surely  
as my once wild mare  
that now takes food  
gladly from my hand.

you have no chance  
though you resist with vigour  
but i have landed wilder game  
than you, my wild and tender Love.

rest easy in your sleep tonight  
while i juggle  
the sun, moon and studded sky.

you will be glad to find home  
and a heart that commits to you alone.  
like a lost filly returning from the wild  
you seek the warmth and safety  
of boundaries and familiar spaces.

but tonight my love, i must  
vanquish the God of dreams  
for sleep is mine if i take it captive;  
that twisting demon  
that gyrating dragon  
it eludes me no more --  
dreams of dread, bliss  
and white clouds  
beckon  
on this black, tarry night.

i am patient, exceedingly so  
my patience vanquishes  
impulsive enemies.

tonight the moon glows  
eerily through dusty memories  
and foggy imaginings;  
a mind reflected in  
a puddle captures a

firmament,  
a fragile reflection  
disturbed by the slightest  
breathing/movement.

wakefulness no more  
the soft, warm night is mine  
to dream of you alone  
my one, true Love.

🔊 [Nights in White Satin -- Moody Blues](#)

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2421.html>