

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](#)

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