

My Love for Night

There are nights when all that assures joy
are assembled letters and words sculpted
solely in our hearts.

Night, bury my worries
For in your pouch I have hidden my silent dreams
Hide my secrets, and heal the injuries caught at noon
In the gaze of the sun
Let my salty sweats be swept away by the sea of smiles
That returns home to you
I am a peaceful soul caressing my troubled dream
with the dread of its mightiness
The tempo of your darkness gives light to my journey
in the room where my bed carries me as its destined burden
Night, I evoke the sweet breath in your mouth that spreads with breezy hands.

I know my transgression against you -

You give me light that I shine in the day
You give me lines that I read to days
You give me songs that are sung by broken
travelers and dreamers who hide their fears from the day,
but saunter to your abode with heavy lips and weary melody
Seeking healing from the quietude of your grace.

But, for me, night,

You are my fairest companion

And my lips cannot abandon your song.