

Long is the Night

Inspired by a line in the poem "The Fool" from the "Dhammapada" translated by Gil Fronsdal.

Late at night, when dark imaginings loom,
Alone with our thoughts, and with cares consumed,

Sleep, though uneasy, we long to embrace,
Dream, if we can, our dark thoughts to displace,
Dream, if we can, our concerns to erase.

Solace we seek, and a respite from woe,
Peace for a moment, our worries forgo.

Dawn still lies distant, and comfort alike,
Weary, but wakeful we hear the clock strike.

Pulsing incessant, we sense our heart beat,
Time creeps by slowly, a steady repeat.

Try though we might we cannot shape our thoughts,
Darkness prevails and will leave us distraught.

Long is the night for one lying awake,
Waiting, awaiting relief at daybreak.

Darker and darker our thoughts become dire,
Demons within us add fuel to the fire.

Doubts and uncertainties haunt us this night,
Images, thought hidden, return to sight.
Banish! Oh banish this terrible fright!

Memories pleasant now come into view,
Easing the grip and our hope springs anew,
Alas!
Destined to last but a moment or two.

Gloom once again now floods into our space,
Leaving no room for good thoughts in its place.

Anguish bedevils the mind downward still,
Drawn down below and against our free will.

Late at night, when dark imaginings loom,
Alone with our thoughts, and our fears resumed.

Sleep, though uneasy, we long to embrace,
Dream, if we can, and our dark thoughts displace.

Ticking incessant the hours linger on,
Long is the night to one waiting for dawn.