

Dead of Night

by lynx *Sunday, Apr 28 2019, 2:05am*

international / poetry / post

stark day drops into night almost imperceptibly
seared senses are balmed and soothed in its visually quiet softness
in night only does imagination assist with perception
as its screen allows for amorphous, unconscious shapes,
real projections entwined with corporeality

in this mix where artists and magicians dwell
walking comfortably in deserted streets,
dimly lit lanes and tracks in foreboding forests,
phantoms also dwell but those phantoms
are not objective tho they appear so

they are created on occasion when moonlight
plays with shadows and shapes to produce
spirits, the essence of something, and when engaged
and given some vitality they are able to converse
and become familiars

imbued with more vitality they are able to perform
simple tasks like affect the dreams of others in sleep
too easy, and if given more precious vitality
they are able to kill
tho no doctor is able to determine the cause of death

it is quite the art in the night,
moonlit forest clearings offer theatres
were naked sylphs dance and engage
those able to see

other spirits not of one's making
also populate these places but
should be watched as they do not issue from
the seer's imagination their corporeality is of another's making
so cannot be trusted, they seduce and suck vitality
for transfer and harm tho they are easily recognised
by incongruity in the harmony which has been created

if fear is strong then the victim succumbs
if no fear exists then invisible shields protect,
it is the art of the magicians of old
that disguised their art with all manner of complexities
to dumbfound the uninitiated

beware of what u see in the night
as only fools tempt the moon
and its fantastic creations

tonight another drama wraps its spell
around me and itself

only the day-deluded imagine the night is dead

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-592.html>