

Morning's First Light

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Many a night I sit in reflective solitude
Not wanting to wake my wife from her sleep
Yet not wanting to go venture there myself

There are far too many battles still fought
For in this twilight zone those demons live
Who yearn to finally claim another victim

They wait in ambush to strike a fatal blow
If I'd only fall into that very deep sleep
Where the door to that twilight zone opens

Then and only then do I return to that war
To those battles so long ago fought in youth
They want to lay claim to this tired warrior

But I have learned how I can avoid them all
For their door to open I must sleep deeply
Entering into that twilight zone of the past

Where conscience and sub-conscience meet
Where everything comes rushing back to me
Where those battles replay in slow motion

This zone is one to be avoided at all cost
Lack of a deep sleep is a small price to pay
For my peace before morning's first light

So I have learned to sleep so very lightly
For I hold the key that keeps them locked up
Those demons that seek out this old warrior.

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The Fourth of July makes this effort very hard indeed!