

The Renewing of Time

© 2006 by Jackie R. Kays

Broken shafts of amber sunlight sift
softy through the dark blue haze of
the evening twilight.

The edge of another hectic day is softened
by the entrance of night's slumbering
purple curtain call.

A moment of peace and tranquility for
the human mind to quietly unwind.
With anticipation of drifting in dark velvet
sleep throughout the night, minus the recoils
of yesterday's harsh light.

Deep, deep...sleep, without counting sheep.
No bumps in the night, no silent shadows on the
wall, no ghosts dancing in the hall, just mind
rejuvenating sleep for us all.
Sleep-zzzzzz

Then bright shafts of amber sunlight sift through the
gossamer curtains, on to the bed they fall. Morning
is here, and the aroma of fresh coffee beckons to all!