**On Insomnia**

*June 9, 2013*

Cruising in the Land of Nod and Private Dreams.

Secure in Pure Peace of Forty Winks and Precious calm respite.

Hit the Wall. Wide awake.

Swept down Worries Stream.

Over the Falls to rocks of woe.

Adrift in dark Ocean of the Night.

What tosses Thy very mind and heart amongst the raging main as one so trundles on.

The endless void of tween us

Dusk at evening star of first sweet nocturnal peace and

Deepest rest of psyches death before the break of sol at dawn.

Goblins and Ghosts of Three AM and then.

Alone.

Cold and gentle agony of waiting for the Light.

Eyes shut tight to no avail.

Mind and Spirit race to silent call and muffled pleas.

Voices of Soul beyond the gift of Slumbers Vale.

Why. Why not. What if.

Remorse. Regret.

Might have been.

Should. Would.

Wishes fraught with Over.

Done. Raw pain. Anxiety.

With Pale Army of long dead comrades of Conscience.

Besieged. Beset.

What in their musings so appear and call to Thee.

Soft Knocking at Ones door of Self. Beings plaintive cry for help.

Such stuff of dread.

Pray what may Thy call for touch of Opiate puff caress of pipe of sleep.

Yield for Thee or One as I so startled by the Siren Song of Hopes gone wrong.

Yet still dance amongst the Glenn.

Gambol in the Moonlight. Sing to Thee of when.

Thy knew the Grace of harmony and comfort Thy path was true.

Perhaps once more Thy glimpse the distant shore Vision of Thy Inner Mirror.

Casts off such Demons Trolls and Fears.

Perchance One still may be so blessed.

Yes. May still embrace.

Taste.

Sanctuary what awaits as one beholds the sight.

Lyes down once more to rest in bed chamber room of empathy Thy sowed.

On couch of Thy Llfe Deeds.

Amongst sombulence bestowed of flowers what from Thy seeds of self so bloom.

Such strength and rest to give.

In warmth and wrap of mantle wove of All what Thy so lived.

As Thy so knew was straight and right.