**Open**

With darkness set upon this city’s crown

A man doth sleep in subsequntial rest

Though silence of the night seeks all to drown

The beings of the city leave their nest

Amoung the things that soon the night be with

A feline purr doth bid the man adieu

Into the street the cat may be admist

The beings of the city hid by hue

The breeze of night bestoweth to thee and kin

A waking man succumbed with troubled fright

For lost is man’s accompany within

The fortitude of living thing in night

And yet the man that sulk must apprehend

A fated journey with no certain end

My friend since childhood has gone astray

I must embark to bring my friend to home

Through night I’ll find him ‘fore the break of day

A race againt a cat who yearns to roam

With paint I find myself to be at rest

The strokes and splotes produce a grateful song

A journey of the mind will be at best

A chance to find beloved friend ‘fore long