

A Chosen Night

Fair, fair, passing fair
The knife the night wind is
Gently pays this muddled world
With loving pain, a darkling kiss

Slow to rouse but now to sleep
The loud colors sway
Drop down and softly melt
In fields the towns are grey

Where lost in shadow can be found
A sadly wandering man
Uncertain in his resting place he
Looks to where the road began

And seems to raise his hands in prayer
Acquiring though a painful gaze
“I left my true love there,” he says
Then sighs and turns his back again

And shuffles down the road a ways
Around a bend and out of sight
Noticing not tree nor vale
He travels in a chosen night

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