

Michael McGuire

"The Night Is Awake"

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THE NIGHT IS AWAKE

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The horseman rides thru the blackest of nights,
darkness visible thru
the stars pointed lights, the hangman winces at the
cock's early crow,
the lonely drifter has no place left to go, the
troubadour sings a
melody for us all, the soul searching saint has finally
heard his call, use
this light as a beacon for your lover, use this
illumination as your
nakedness or your cover.
In these fields there are ancient ways, against these
heirlooms there are
endless days, the horseman rides on thru solitude, the
lady is waiting
but not for Jude, her hands reaching out to caress this
dirt, everything
is lost in what it's worth, the doctor watches as she
changes shape, she
says she can be cured with oil and tape.
The overture has left him thunderstruck, she has
blessed your
determination and cursed your luck, it's the season of
the beggar's
moon, don't stay away too long or leave too soon, the
poet has
developed writers cramp, the armies have vacated
their winter camp,
thru it all the horseman rides so bold, awakes the
young reminds the
old.
Runs so silent thru the whispering wind, as if seeking a
long lost
friend, slipping thru these black forests of rain, falling
thru these
broken memories of pain, and up on this lonely tower,
she lies awake
thru this forbidden hour, as a lonely ghost moans for
relief, after
trading in his life for belief.

Judas slides by on ice, the hit man has lowered his
price, the light
divides to see the shadow dance, the audience
watches the mirror in a
trance, no time for love so motherless children hate,
this new world
faith they call it fate, a blade cuts thru the tender skin,
the time has
come now is when.
The princess cries tears of regret, she cant remember
but she cant
forget, in creeps the servant of whispers voice, says
you have a
decision but you have no choice, Diana un-robcs to
bath in the stream,
a vision of a seduction scheme, the perpetual motion in
the void, mind
over matter we are toyed.
The raven slips by on silent wings, the nightingale
plays heart and
softly sings, sleepwalkers caught solid in an act of
perversion,
insomniacs sleep to this diversion, as the horseman
stops to water his
horse, and to plot his new born corse, the streets are
alive with her
grace, this is our fact her secret place.
The ceremony ends with the sacrificed saved,
darkness visible as the
fires do fade, the seasons change around her shape,
the winds rest
easy behind her cape, she is yours and yours but never
mine, as she
draws the water from the wine, her prisoners obey her
lovers moan,
from the womb of every seed she's sown.
Captured by this forbidden fruit, your spirit flies and
your step takes
root, your voice it stutters as your tongue does speak,
your breath
perfume it's your words that reek, there is another
side she has not yet
shown, where the ones in debt receive the loan, a place
where she
caresses even the ugliest sins, and turns her back on
the ghost written
amen'.

Thru your eyes she has seen it all, braved the ascent
and suffered the
fall, the horseman rides over her grave, her bones still
rattle rant and

rave, from this veil of darkness she cast forth light, to
the blind and
groping dreamer she fills his sight, yes the night is
awake with a
million dreams, and the day is not really as it seems.
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