

2. Night

The fever and delight
of weaving words at night,
as the chime of a bell devours
the lateness of the hour.

Until you yield in lack of sleep
to the fullness of the dark and deep.
Then, risen from the fall of slumber
festooned with algae from down under,

distill then from the fruits of light
the moonshine of a thirsty night,
that will never stop to please those
who mould the figurines of ease.