

Dreams of an Insomniac

Watching the shadows, dancing on the walls,
Indulging me in their mystery of reflection.
I remain quietly lying in this tomb,
The thin black veil that covers me.
This boudoir of dreams, in a waking state,
Vague memories, in half conscious pity.
This disagreeable asylum of thought,
The walls close in on impatient eyelids.
The moonlight glows, the blackest ingratitude,
Unearthly souls, a slave of my creature.
A thousand images to haunt and torment,
Illuminated darkness, the chill of the air.
The incoherent ramblings, night creatures below,
Innumerable sounds, threats and curses.
At Dawn I fall into unconsciousness,
On the edge of the bed, as though in a stupor.

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