

Torment Of A Sleepless Night

It is 2:00 A.M. and I am worked up like a soldier in a combat
Or a fish that has been just netted,
The night has bared my wounds,
Which lay hidden under the covers of day's distractions and inhibitions.

The layers of my sleep lie disheveled,
The axis of mind perturbed,
Memories of her have drilled through my armor,
The torture of sleeplessness is close to putting me to sleep forever.

Night has laid a premeditated siege on my sleep,
I have tossed and turned to the utter misery of my bed,
The glass of water beckons me to take its succor,
The lights in the room want to come on to help.

In frustration I jump out of the bed,
Out of the house, onto the lawn,
Where I see deer sleeping in graceful tranquility -
A scene of mesmerizing beauty.

I curse my fate that I have to bleed,
While nature at large is celebrating its bliss,
Why is human love fraught with so much pain? -
Albeit a beautiful pain.

I return to my bed,
Snuggle the pillow, cover myself with the sheets,
Asking for God's mercy,
hoping for the relief of a natural sleep,
And wondering if she is awake too in the pain of our love.

Suffern, New York, 9.25.10