

Spectral
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Twilight-
The stars, magnanimous!
Mimic sapphire twinkling,
Planet- Venus.
The sky becomes more blue, and less black,
See I a tide among the Cosmos.
The light lapping in at,
Retreating darkness.
The stars slowly fading,
Giving way to awesomeness,
The Sun!
Although the wind tosses the trees,
Feel I its warmth yet,
And note in ease,
Night is no more-
A brisk dawn, zealous.

Sunrise-
The Sun spectrums,
The flowers begin to stir,
The trees aroused moan.
From seed to sky-
Joyous sounds of candor!
Approaching is
A new day,
A new chance.
Greet I in blessed witness-
The creation of a Morning!
But soft, I hear on the wind,
The Sun is breaking the horizon,
And everything-
To be rallied.

Day-
Anew and fresh with birdsong,
Cricket free and moon gone,
The birds yammer to the Sun.
They chat as if they,
Converse in ages.
Flowers open and clouds high.
Pathways clear to the eye,
To which a force is recognizable,
The Sun in all its glory, undeniable.

Follow I must, in a motion wave,
The path so soon they will pave.
A way less taken, most appreciated,
The sense of comfort easily dictated.

Night-
Why must I endure such Frustration?
What happened to the Sanctity of Bond?
Where is Respect? Realization?
How am I to continue to be Fond?
Darkness brings to me,
These questions to my bedside.
As sleeplessness envelopes by body,
I toil with madness, inside.
Obsession is a weapon- blunt,
To which I bash my heart.
And in those scattered pieces,
I attempt to regain the front
That I have lost- my Sanity.
In thy blackness and cold grip,
Oh Night-
I feel my control begin to slip.