3-1-1993

Mother Night

Anita Chase

Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol1/iss2/12

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
Mother Night

Mother Night crept in and swept the sky with her skirt of shadows black. Its hem of pink and golden lights skimmed from the fading day, caressed and eased out day times light, to make way for dusky night.

Night smiled down on Gabriel, who clung with all his might, to memories of his busy day, fading with the light.

He had watched the autumn leaves of red and gold and brown, tumble down from towering trees, twirling gently to the ground. He'd rolled and tumbled in the leaves and laughed til he was weak and played the games of fox and hound and tag and hide and seek.

Black puddles welled and rippled from his jumping, splashing feats of running, stomping, bright red boots upon the city streets.

A rainbow burst through grey, thick clouds and splashed the dreary sky and Gabriel's sleepy mouth and hushed the noisy daytime sounds from pressing out till dawn.

Tired stinging curious eyes had seen so many sights. Now with daytime's fading light his body settled down.

Through his bedroom window he gazed into her face, and saw a great, dark, gentle sky, Night so full of grace.

A kiss she blew to each new star, to light the clear black sky and bless each sacred (whispered wish as it floated by,)

The moon, a glowing pendant laid, against her deep blue breast and in lunar light he snuggled in for his nightly rest.

The silver glowing moonbeans said, "Mother Night is near."
"Allow sweet dreams and gentle thought to enter your sweet head and know that Night surrounds you in your little bed."

Oh, Night she loved the Quiet and peacefulness of sleep and these her gifts embraced the boy in his slumber deep.

Anita Chase