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Shedding the Myth

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Shedding the Myth

koty zelinka

Luscious dream, essential to sleep,
Aches to manipulate part of me,
It's mad trip a sordid whisper

Images of passing day
Become one with night,
A mosaic of truth and fiction

Greek god with slick black hair,
Finger outreached, beckoning me to believe,
His apparition a sensual sleep-aide.

I fight the impulse to submit, and although the dark weighs me down,
Lethargic notions of casting of my comforter remain,
The resulting cold a remnant of my tattered self.

Fitful sleep, eyes rapidly scanning though trapped in their shades,
I at last surrender to my summoner,
To the facade of a life lived for the light.

The night becomes a subjection of senses,
Soul oozing out through lids shut in a land
Not understood, yet cherished and loathed, imagining
The emperor, fully unclothed.