

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

By Juanita Sparks

In the still of the night
Insomnia interrupts slumber-
Destroys dreams-
Manufactures monsters
That cause
Calmness to take flight.

While
The wide-eyed insomniac
Lies staring at the ceiling of blackness,
Tossing and turning
On a mattress stuffed with stones.

In the still of the night
Clock hands move perceptively slow
Dawn seems light years away
Realism takes flight.

Without paper or pen
A novel is written
As are poems grocery lists and lyrics

Images, distorted by fatigue
Appear
Uninvited, unwelcome and unchallenged

In the still of the night
The sleepless ones pray
Prayers to a merciful god
For just a few minutes of sleep
Before morning.