

At Midnight

Anne Clark

At midnight
I awoke
and looked up to the heavens;
no star on the teeming firmament
smiled upon me
at midnight.

At midnight
my thoughts stretched out
into the furthest reaches of darkness.
No image of light
brought me consolation
at midnight.

At midnight
I heeded
the beat of my heart;
a single throb of pain
was roused
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle
of humanity, of your suffering;
I could not resolve it
with all my might
at midnight.

At midnight
I yielded all my might
into your hand:
Lord over death and life,
You stand guard
at midnight.