

Sleep

All Angels

Evening hangs beneath the moon
A silver thread on darkened doon
with closing eyes and resting head
I know that sleep is coming soon.

Upon my pillow safe in bed
a thousand pictures fill my head
I cannot sleep my mind's aflight
and yet my limbs seem made of lead.

If there are noises in the night,
a frightening shadow, flickering light,
then I surrender unto sleep
where clouds of dreams give second sight.

What dreams may come both dark and deep,
of flying wings and soaring leap
as I surrender unto sleep
as I surrender unto sleep
as I surrender unto sleep

sleep