

Soul's Midnight

*That dark and dreary hour,
When the soul has gone out,
Thoughts wandering to and fro,
Feelings caught seethingly in doubt.*

*Sleep's shallow patch of forgetfulness
Part of death's wallowing high tide,
When slaughtered dripping half-dreams,
Take me upon insanity's vivid ride.*

*Despair imprinted upon my heart,
With today's grief, loss and sorrow,
Left mired within yesterday's loneliness,
Yet seamlessly sewn into my each tomorrow.*

*It's a long way back to the sunset,
A far cry on to the dawn,
Lying pinned between now and then,
Into the future's pain I am drawn.*

*Trapped in that dark void of time,
Where only nightmares tend to be,
Sliding into tomorrow like a ghost ship,
Waiting for death's release to set me free.*

*Jeffrey Price
2010*