

## Two Dark Nights

rfm

There are two dark nights,  
one brings understanding, the other confusion,  
who positions the fulcrum by which each one pries?

In the first we comprehend  
that this day's challenges are sufficient,  
in sleep heavenly luminaries descend.

We are refreshed with the flow of  
creative designs, the new and the old  
brought from the storehouse  
in unique combinations.

No longer do we fear our own failures,  
or the achievements of others, we all receive  
by gift, not by conquest.

In the second night there are  
never enough hours in the day,  
others sleep, we work, but to what avail?

We hear the ancient whisper of the garden,  
"You shall be like Gods."  
Release from desires becomes impossible.

Our trust is in frail creatures  
who will sooner or later flounder and fail,  
inevitably bringing sadness.

How  
precarious  
the position of the  
fulcrum, its slightest shift  
can tilt us from one night to the other.

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