

Grimly Goes the Night

by reets67

A poetic ride through the badlands of night terrors.

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Chapter 1 of 1

A poetic ride through the badlands of night terrors.

Thanks to Anna. May our coffee time continue.

Grimly goes the Night,

Fighting the day's challenges again on the darkfield of dreams.

Riding the gaunt steed of Nightmare,

Galloping through subconscious streams.

Grimly goes the Night,

Across the blighted landscape Nightmare steed picks up the pace.

Its hooves thunder, nostrils flare and ears prick,

The wind of fear and the stench of failure causing the heart to race.

Grimly goes the Night,

The Superego and Ego temporarily slain and Id left all alone.

Night rides on, bound by sweat-soaked tangled sheets to the Nightmare steed,

Not noting the chill to the bone.

Grimly goes the Night,

The wan moonlight throws the day's failings into sharp relief.

Against the shadowy, gnarled twigs of thwarted desire,

Night rides onwards towards a morn of egodystonic grief.