

Poetry Series

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- poems -



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Nyctophilia

The day falls apart to reveal the night,
So beautifully coloured and very alive.
The air, sound and light spots adorn the sky,
An opportunity to rest, to forgive and smile.
The thrill of late night talks, snacks and drives,
The excitement in the silence, all if better for hours.
As the night gets darker my worries fade,
With the songs of the dark, my heart drifts away.

Sitting and basking in the glory of the moon,
I realize a fact so irrefutable and very true.
The darkness appeals so much to me,
More than sun's light and the heat it exudes.
The night time is where word echo so loud,
Bringing forth a new and deeper sound.
The solemn glance of a shining moon,
Brings joy to me with an induced repose.

As the sky get painted deeper shades of blue,
I sit back to enjoy artistry so bewitching.
I look around reveling in natures dark beauty,
And gaze at the stars with my mind clear and free.
I love the silent and still hours of the night,
For blissful dreams from them do arise,
Revealing to my calmed sight, short and precise,
What may never bless my waking eyes.

Ezechimere Asimadu