

VIGNETTES: THE COLOR OF SLEEP

The color of sleep is the color of DEATH
Soft, quiet, cool and low;
No fear of Judgment, no horror of Hell
But balance, and cycles slow.

The color of sleep is the color of STEEL
Of terrible inheritance;
Which to justice and vengeance calls,
And lives holds in suspense.

The color of sleep is the color of SOUND
Ringing in one's ear;
The deafening silence of a forest glade,
When the Presence of God stands near.

The color of sleep is the color of BLOOD
Rimming hazy vision;
At the dusk of a beating heart,
Nearby, Death's decision

The color of sleep is the color of FEAR
Glazed on a foeman's face;
Black blood on a broken blade,
Wielded with a demon's grace.

The color of sleep is the color of POWER
Victorious this day you stand;
But your soul knows its mortality,
Upon this hither strand.

The color of sleep is the color of a HORSE
Winter-silent, wind-swift;
To a palace, castle on the mount,
Lit with torches, a golden gift.

The color of sleep is the color of the DANCE
Graceful, measured, light;
The heart flies free, the feet fly swift,
The eyes take no heed of the night.

The color of sleep is the color of WINE
Blushing moonrise, twilight sky;
A toast, a laugh, a gentle word,
Sweet glances, and a sigh.

The color of sleep is the color of FIRE
Twining, flame-soaked on a bed;
Two become one, one become all,
In embers, white and red.

The color of sleep is the color of LOVE
In my lady's eye;
Half op'd, half closed, in candle flame,
And the dawn brings it no lie.

The color of sleep is the color of SEA-FOAM
Broken on stony hands;
Raising the ebb and tide of life
Free of the Reaper's hands.

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