

Even Though The Night Falls

by Jé Maverick

How you glow, even though the night falls in my soul.
Even as I grow immersed in the dark, you glow. Your soft
smile breaks even as my clouds gather.
One cloud. Two. A storm. A rainy fortnight -
a flood of Noah.
You await my return: shining; gleaming.
I depart, to climates that you never know
exist in me: fields of precipice; oceans full of caves;
infinite tunnels of bones and decay; wasteland
upon wasteland upon wasteland.
Even so, you set traps for me.
The quicksand of your laughter.
Always, always, the perfect stare you gift
a sunrise with.
The way you leap through each days hatch
expecting treasures, or giants,
or tall adventures.
You are my delicate saviour.
How lucky I am, to know the way that you keep
vigils for me as I sink,
the way you trust and trust in my return,
as a rose remains open for the sun
even though the night falls.

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