



On A Dark Night

George Freek¹

In moments of insecurity,
I ask things of the stars,
but they're buried in the sky
like insects in a tree.
Their powers are faulty.
The moon, their companion,
hangs like a confused question mark,
an upside down clown.
Nothing can tell me why
I'm alive. I ask myself,
when my life is over,
will I be able to enjoy
the rising of the sun,
the way I enjoy daffodils,
as they rise from the earth,
or will my life end
like a shooting star,
and it will be over,
as soon as it appears.

¹ Independent Writer, Douglas St., Belvidere, IL Illinois, United States of America