

Midnight Sun

Peter Sterling

What went down on the side of the road?
What I saw at the edge of the see.
Only those elements time cannot wear,
and they follow.

What seeped out through the cracks in time,
what sucks out the color in me?
What awaits beyond infinity?
Beyond and to all time I stand.
What blew in with the great gale?
What weighed down the falling leaves?
What came forth from the remains?
What has always lived and gone unseen?
What has caused the night to fall?
Who speaks of eternity?
Who awakes to night eternally?
Beyond and to all time I stand.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI (Baudelaire)

O my sole love, I pray thee pity me
From out this dark gulf where my poor heart lies,
A baren world hemmed in by leaden skies
Where horror flies at night, and blasphemy.
For half the year the sickly sun is seen,
The other half thick night lies on the land,
A country bleaker than the polar strand;
No beasts, no brooks, nor any shred of green.
There never was a horror which surpassed
This icy sun's cold cruelty, and this vast
Night like primeval Chaos; would I were
Like the dumb brutes, who in a secret lair
Lie wrapt in stupid slumber for a space...
Time creeps at so burdensome a pace.

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