Walking Past Midnight

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WALKING PAST MIDNIGHT

Robert Chasteen

I went walking past midnight
On streets without sound
Hoping to get lost,
Wanting never to be found.

The moon was Heaven’s eye
In the face of the night,
The wind - Heaven’s ear,
Carrying my confessions.
   I had entered
Nightfall’s cathedral
To seek my soul’s redemption.

The sanctity was soon shattered,
The roar of Heartbreak all I could hear
As the evening embraced me,
Her music singing in my ear.

Darkness screamed
The evensong of Love’s dispossessed,
A serenade for dark and troubled souls.
   In their symphony of pain
   I heard her sole refrain

“You are not, and have never been, alone.”

Last evening begets next morning,
Chasing the shadows home without choice.
I go walking past midnight most every night
Because I need to hear her voice.