Winter Night

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Daylight is overdue, night impetuous in its dark beauty
Unaware of the trouble it brings, the thoughts which linger.
Summer is a distant memory,
And I can’t live for the moments that will never happen.
Pessimist,
Is the judgement you make,
When really you’ve done more than you realize.
Don’t you get it?
Don’t you see?
The justice is in the hands of the writer.
Breaking in, breaking out
This is not a cry for help
Merely a perception of myself
For you out there to see.
Nostalgia at its best, numbing the world around
And allowing the cold to settle in nicely.
Piety comes but once a year,
To which I avoid it most

Because hymns are songs to be sung
All year round.
Anticipation cools the daydreams,
Vulnerability to its highest degree
But the durability of the soul should consent
To a moment filled with such sentiment.
"What kind of sentiments?"
You ask,
As you try and justify your ephemeral merriment.
Questions are not to be asked,
Now is for letting the aromas carry you
To a place you know, but are not familiar with
Because the words cannot transcribe the explications and feelings and
The overwhelming rush of…
And that’s where I move on,
Because it brings no relief to linger on the troubling thoughts
Which the night brings.