I Am the Night

Betty Bice*
I am the Night . . .
Men fear me.
They lift their little noises
Against my vast stillness.
They stretch out their lights
Toward my Soul.
For I am 'round them, and they know;
They laugh, uneasy,
And they watch for dawn.

By day, they seem to cover all;
Their blades of grass rise up to trees,
Their sand grains cause the boulder's fall.

But let them loop upward to my stars,
Let them gaze into my gloom,
And they are still.
I smile to see their nothingness;
They tremble, are subdued.

For their noise is silent
And their lights are dark,
And they stand and fear.
I am the Night . . .