

PAUSE THOUGHT

Francine L. Trevens

When I am perturbed, sleep will elude.
Instead of deep oblivion or dreams
I observe in midnight's loosening seams
Death's timeless, endless, friendless solitude.
Invariably, daytime woes intrude
Till velvet ebony sky no longer gleams—
Hardening first to slate, then careens
To opalescent white which all hope precludes

No exit with unresolved dilemma
Decisions must be made to move me on.
But fear and doubt imprison in gray gauze
Until hint of azure urges me remember
Other problems surmounted and long gone
Sleep comes now as my thoughts take pause.

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