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In the Quiet of Night

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IN THE QUIET OF NIGHT

MALCOLM GINGRAS

Please come down.
Please just lie on the silken sheets with me.
I can't fight now,
not when we spill each other's blood in the name of
love every night.
I left my sword on the kitchen counter
and my armor in the bathroom sink.
I am defenseless.
Lying here amongst the blankets and pillows
I can't fight you anymore.
Please come to bed, where I can hold and love you,
safe in the shadows.
I can't fight again tonight,
not if I could lose you with the rising sun.
Come back to the cool night air,

look into my eyes as they gleam with the radiant moonlight.
Let me trace the constellations on your back
and listen to the beat of my heart in tandem with yours.
But please, Oh God,
if you can truly stand me no longer,
please cut me down while I love you
so that I may never know a moment without you in my heart.