

Midnight Dirge

[NOTE: Elvina struggled with severe depression through much of her adult life. This poem was written during one of her darkest times.]

*I am one with the night, the midnight black,
The howling winds and the driving rain,
The turmoil and wrath of the angry gods,
The terror, the sweat and the endless pain.*

*No sleep, no peace; I toss the night,
Awake with my palpitating heart.
The cold dawn breaks to another day
To tear my aching soul apart.*

*With newer griefs. I live with death
Only a stones through from my door,
While my weak heart fails and trembling limbs
Rise but to stagger on the floor.*

*And no one knows why my empty eyes
Blankly stare at the window's view,
Or why my weakening body shakes --
No one knows but the failing few.*

*Those too soon who have reached the end
Of a rugged and rough-hewn path of life,
And counted all lost at the bitter end
When nothing is left but the memory of strife.*

No help, no lasting home, no peace,
No one to comb my tangle hair,
Or curb their vicious, scathing scorn
And cool my brow just to show they care!

Over and over, I hear again
How I have failed; what I've done wrong.
In their mind's eye, they fail to see
Results of my struggles when I was strong.

That "A for effort" must surely stand
Uppermost in the eyes of Christ,
For he too, weakened when crucified,
Rose past the sight of disciplines eyes.

No one knows why I sleep away
The days, nor can understand.
Only the all compassionate Christ
Can hold me close in His comforting hand.

The night wind howls and the rains beat down
On a tortured soul that is better dead,
Freed from the agonizing nights,
The pounding heart and the aching head.

When the cold clay hides me from the day,
Gone in agony, grief and pain,
I never again will hear them say,
"You're losing your mind; you must be insane."

*And the millions of tears wiped by shaking hands
Will be dried by Him, who has always known
That I was the sane one, while others scoffed
And I carried the heartaches all alone.*

*Seeing the world through an artist's eye,
The muck, the blood and destruction here,
The greed and selfishness wiping out,
The things that were cherished, beloved and dear.*

*Christ said, "I thirst" and I thirst for these,
The ones that I care for with gentle hands,
Who left me alone now to weep in the nights
Through a holocaust no one understand.*

*I sit alone in the midnight black,
Hearing the driving rain beat down,
A deserted soul without hope or rest,
While the night wind howls through the sleeping town.*



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