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Written at Four A.M.

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Written at Four A.M.

Joshua Phillip Karch

How can I be straight and serious
Writing in this jumbled form?
How unwise it is, these summer nights
To sit awake and write till morn.

What convictions wake my heart to feeling
On such an early summer day?
How painfully my eyes are straining
Struggling to keep the sleep away!

When shall those struggling eyes
Command their lids to close?
When shall my pondering mind
Give in silently to thoughtless repose?

What secret power within my breast
Would hinder my mind from senseless rest?
What inborn thought keeps me writing
This fragmented mess?

So searched I deeply within my inflexible mind
Hoping the answer would unveil
And suddenly, after endless time
Located a thought that did prevail!

An urge deep within my spirit's center
Compelled my muscles to write.

And yet, for I, in such a lazy season
Scarcely ever could I hold a pencil
Especially in the depths of night!

And now I have detected
Why my eyelids shall not close
Fascinating to me how one ponderous desire
Can detain my mind from drowsy repose!