

My night traveller

Why wouldn't I dream by night
when the dead man becometh light.
He indeed rage against it,
while becoming the dying light.

Thus I was in the morning,
in the drought that consumed me,
and the cold night was wrapping my eyes,
indeed I hear my heart beat,
when I wished it didn't cry.

Standing in a pillar of fire,
to give me light before thee,
my sight always fooled me,
when I began to see.

Although the cloud abode,
covered the appearance of the night,
my journey had began.
with the inhabitants of my mind.

His rage can't stop mountains,
neither their gaze will scare me,
because I had gone gentle
into that stellar night.

Then, why wouldn't I dream by night,

when the dead man becometh light. Dylan Thomas