

# The Maiden of The Night

By : **BloodiedBlossom**

Probably my favourite of all my poems. I love fantasy, and the theme of this poem is very imaginative. The things our minds are capable of, huh?

Published on  
**Booksie**

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# The Maiden of The Night

## The Maiden of the Night

A silhouette swirling in the silence of the night  
under the glistening Moon beyond the whirly clouds  
up so high, so high upon the light's presence so shy  
where the reality is non-existent, up in the dreamy sky

Jumping from cotton swirl to cotton twirl  
Seldom flabbergasted by the millennium distance  
On a starry bright, and beautiful diamond night  
Almost flying, through the slightest breeze, through the near morning essence

The Moon had managed just a smile, as it slowly swayed away  
Of to some distant other world, away from paradise and sanity  
An unknown void of nothing, beyond the minds of many  
Unexplored and forgotten, a bright heart's darkest fantasy

Songs of birds had filled the morning air, as if magically conjured  
the morning star had risen, bestowing brightest light upon the chilly world  
A silhouette once high had disappeared, now just a shape of sadness  
Sitting on a cotton bud, frowning at the Sun's reverent heat and its heavenly madness

Lying there, restlessly awaiting the upcoming darkness of the far away night  
A dark thorn in the Sun's Kingdom of the puffy white swirls  
The Sun unleashes a booming laughter, as it sets eye upon the saddened figure with a grin  
Morning by morning, and day by day, until the elegant black curtain of the night is revealed again

With all energy withdrawn from the Darkling Maiden, she resides on the clouds  
Looking upon the brightened day, pondering and wondering, not seeing  
How the world can live by day, and sleep and rest by night  
Ignoring the possibilities of the dream-filled world of darkness, looked upon as an evil being

There she lies, her silvery golden hair is swaying in the sunshine breeze  
Her black blue eyes, blue as the sky at night, are staring hopelessly into nothing  
Whilst her skin of velvet, smooth like silk, is glowing in the rays of misery  
She cries tears, tears that fill with sunshine, and then disperse into the wide, wide universe

And like tears, she shall weaken, weaken with the rays of destiny  
As she lies, weak and dying under the hateful heat, the Sun shall shine on, only brighter  
Until it is silenced, and like a flame blown away by a frosty gale, it shall diminish  
And the Darkling Maiden, destined to be reborn again in the moonlight, is stripped of all her apathy

Singing and humming, reverent as the stars beyond, graceful is her presence, now in the sky  
Gently playing with the puffs of cloud, her gracious voice is like a lullaby  
Eventhough she dreads, every hour drags her closer, closer to her death  
Happily she smiles, singing and chanting, even with her dying breath

## The Maiden of The Night

Dark and Darkness, beauty true  
winds and Gales of Freedom softly blew  
In this kingdom of Forever Night  
Free are Angels of the Moonlight

On it rages, war between the Moon and Sun  
Lasting an eternity, Evil deeds were done  
No memory of time, we live on in the Night  
Vanquished by the morning star, and spawned by the Moonlight

The Darkling Maiden breathes no more, as the Sun is shining  
Rays of misery are reflecting of her velvet skin, now glowing less and less  
Yet destiny foretold, suffering upon death, every single sun filled day, and the Sun is sadly frowning  
Frowning upon the youngling oh so dark and cold and lifeless, but innocent and just and timeless

So it bestows upon the Maiden, what is seldom seen, The Mark of Light  
a truce between the Sun and Moon, and the Maiden awakens from her lifeless slumber  
The Sun now smiles, and the Maiden's eyes burn bright, with colours of the brightest day  
Astounded by the Sun's gift of kindness, the return of her life once taken, she dances with delight

Upon the clouds so puffy, jumping from twirl to swirl  
Seldom flabbergasted by the millennium distance  
In the Rays of Destiny or the Moonlight Shadows, it matters not  
For the Darkling Maiden, a silhouette no longer, is dancing without fear of the Sun's existence

The Moon, now astounded by the Sun's spontaneous generosity  
Is smiling, in that distant land of the unknown, beyond both light and darkness  
In the Nocturnal Kingdom of the Darkling Angels  
Where it resides, watching upon the Darkling Maiden's reverant divinity

The Moon chants, as once sang to the Maiden, in the frosty gales in the darkness  
With no memory of time, in the dreamy sky oh so high, and oh so shy  
The Moon chants, in the Void of Nothing and the Void of All  
Once the beautiful blackened curtain of the night is spawned, in the starry sky

Dark and Darkness, beauty true  
winds and Gales of Freedom softly blew  
In this kingdom of Forever Night  
Free are Angels of the Moonlight

It calms and settles, conflicts between the Dark and Light  
Lasting an eternity, it ends with the kindest gesture  
No memory of time, they now live on in the Night and Day  
Strengthened by the morning star, and loved and guarded by the Moonlight

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