

Silent Night

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The rickety old porch swing creaks under my weight As I rock myself gently to and fro. The sound comforts me As it rips harshly into the painful silence of the night. So I continue to rock, My feet never leaving the ground, The swing never being allowed to do what it was built to do. The creaking comforts me. The rocking soothes me. No crickets chirping here tonight. No frogs croaking. Only silence. And the sound of a creaking old porch swing. A darkened field stretches endlessly before me. Trees swaying gently on the autumn breeze, Their branches pointing heavenward Like outstretched arms in glorious praise of an unseen deity. All but the weeping willow, Her shoulders slumped in woe. Always mourning the loss of love, Her once erect form now bowed in sorrow As the moon casts her silvery glow across the land. It feels wrong. It feels impure. No light should enter here tonight. Cursed fickle orb of light! Do you not know, you are not welcome here tonight.