

Society Hates the Night

by Melissa Smither

Holy sunshine hides away
The nightmares of parents emerge to play

Adventure breathes

Only invited parties dare consume
A rendezvous beneath the moon

Shadows suggest but do not convict

No rules proclaim the indiscreet
When steam creeps forth into the street

Beware of starry guidance

When sun appears to cool the burns
Anarchy varnishes, good returns

It is over 'til sundown

Day holds control within our sight
Our praises keep us in the light

But darkness hints our true desires

Society Hates the Night