

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 26

Number 1 *So-called immortal moments*

Article 61

Fall 12-1-2005

Coming With the Dark of Night

David M. Dinsmore

College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Dinsmore, David M. (2005) "Coming With the Dark of Night," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 26 : No. 1 , Article 61.

Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol26/iss1/61>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

Coming With the Dark of Night

David M. Dinsmore

Coming with the dark of night,
The rider on his dreaded steed
Across the land maintains his flight
With pounding hoofs and matchless speed.

Lying in this charger's path
Where lapping sea meets sandy shore
The village sleeps unused to wrath
Or conquering Tyrant's cruel lore.

Only one was sleepless there
Who toiled through the empty hours
When only darkness met his stare,
And others rested in their bowers.

Ghostlike stood he in the dark
And shivered 'gainst the frigid thought
As time and time again he'd mark
The mem'ry of the deeds he'd wrought.

Shadow that he's came to be,
He had been born to noble race
And reared up in high right degree
That famous lineage long could trace.

Son of monarchs, soon this prince
With golden scepter gained control
Of mighty kingdoms to evince
That he'd become all-powerful.

Wars were waged and campaigns long
Were plied to hold this realm secure.
His exploits where rehearsed in song
And carved in stone to long endure.

Many works he did begin
Of civil pride there to sustain.
So governed he, the hearts to win
Of all subjected to his reign.

Oft' he looked over all his work,
This matchless empire vast and bright,
Yet in his inmost mind did lurk
A subtle fear like darkest night.

People paid him scant regard
For dust, he knew, was all he had
So futile all this dust to guard.
And so these thoughts soon drove him mad.

Leaving then, this marble hall
He ran in panic to the sea
And as the waves did rise and fall
Along the sandy beach did flee.

To the boundaries of his land
At last he came with weary steps
The village here did take its stand
Beside the ocean's briny depths

Nearer came the dismal shape,
As that fell rider came in view
Its gloomy presence seemed to drape
The night with yet more somber hue.

Stopping when the king was near
The spectral rider left its seat
And trembling with overpowering fear
The king advanced this shade to meet.

Wrapped in lengths of heavy cloth
The rider 'gan himself to free,
Unwrapping turns of linen soft
Uncovering for the king to see.

Horror stood before his eyes
As that late sovereign watched aghast;
And so the whole of that disguise
Was lying on the turf at last.

Filling all that dreadful space
Were rags upon which rested cold
An ancient crown of unknown race;
A long forgotten ring of gold.

Mounting then that stomping horse
The king, beside the foaming sea,
Began his wild uncharted course
Forever lost in memory.