## Sleep

Evening hangs beneath the moon A silver thread on darkened doon with closing eyes and resting head I know that sleep is coming soon.

Upon my pillow safe in bed a thousand pictures fill my head I cannot sleep my mind's aflight and yet my limbs seem made of lead.

If there are noises in the night, a frightening shadow, flickering light, then I surrender unto sleep where clouds of dreams give second sight.

What dreams may come both dark and deep, of flying wings and soaring leap as I surrender unto sleep as I surrender unto sleep as I surrender unto sleep

sleep

**All Angels**