

2:22am

By Morpheus Shield

Angels watch the poet
And he writes with their hands.
When he wrote a movie about
Talking to Jesus, he almost thought
There was a god.

Demons keep the poet awake,
Doing the devil's work.
He ponders all the things that pump inside him
And wants to break out of it all.

The angels make him work.
Idle hands are the devil's workshop, after all.
And they can't get him to go to bed.
Not when the honey keeps him up.

The poet lets it out from the tap
Every night with good intent.
The demons wait till he's not looking, though,
And top him off again.

So while exhaustion creeps up
With a one ton hammer to
Bash away all sense of adulthood, responsibility
The poet writes with angel hands to wonder why
He's still up at this hour.