



Endless Night
By Christine Stromberg

Written during a time of deep depression.

For nigh on twenty years now
I've watched this awful thing
whittling my life away,
draining me of zing.
I lie, limp and languishing,
upon my bed each day
as time, once abundant,
slips seamlessly away.
Perhaps I should capitulate
with a modicum of grace,
give up this pointless struggle,
take up my allotted place.
Dreams will be unfulfilled,
fears realised
but, cursed from the very first,
I can't say I'm surprised.
Grey skies glower down,
bare trees brood,
all is dark and sombre,
echoing my mood.
Fate, have your way with me,
I've no more strength to fight;
I'll follow unresisting
into endless night.