



Chasing the Sun Fleeing the Dawn

by Jack Sargent

Through the night we ride, on to unknown lands that stretch out beyond the limits of our fears, trying to chase the setting sun.

Through the night we ride, under starless sky in the pitch of the dark, heading always away from the rising dawn.

We chase the source of the lengthening shadows cast behind our galloping horses, trying in vain to delay the ending of the day; afraid to let the cycle complete.

Stupid with fear and doubt; afraid to surrender to feeling alone, afraid of allowing the day to pass. Not trusting that the light will come again and consume the shadows we cast.

Knowing full well that the night won't last, can't last; is but a shadow of nothing. But too stupid to wait; riding in panic, trying to escape our fears but always catching up to them Again.

We grow mad with the chase. Forever in pursuit of the sun's reassuring presence. Chasing a way to forget ourselves; unable to trust the damned lonely uncertainty of the night and the fear it brings.

We look outside of ourselves for deliverance from our own reflection. Too frightened to look for one second at the truth behind the mirror; to take responsibility for the cage we've locked ourselves in.

Chasing our lost hope, not realising we should let it die, that it was our hanging on that began to kill it. That hope is ever renewing if you let it be free of your fear of losing it.

Instead always chasing; instead running away from the new dawn. Just stop now and allow the sun to set then turn around and wait; face the cold and look toward the horizon from which you were fleeing.

Face what fears may come, they will pass away. They are nothing; just shadows of the mind. Wait now and see that which you so desperately were chasing rising up to meet you again.

Trust that even when all lights are extinguished, the sun is always returning and that maybe the next day will be brighter than the last.