

In Two Minds

What I love about night

Is the silent certainty of its stars

What I hate about stars

Is the overwhelming swank of their names

What I love about names

Is that every complete stranger has one

What I hate about one

Is the numerical power it holds over its followers

What I love about followers

Is the unseemly jostle to fill the footsteps

What I hate about footsteps

Is the way they gang up in the darkness

What I love about darkness

Is the soft sighing of its secrets

What I hate about secrets

Is the excitement they pack into their short lives

What I love about lives

Is the variety cut from the same pattern

What I hate about pattern

Is its dull insistence on conformity

What I love about conformity

Is the seed of rebelliousness within

What I hate about within

Is the absence of landscape, the feel of the weather

What I love about the weather

Is its refusal to stay in at night

What I hate about night

Is the silver certainty of its stars

From Everyday Eclipses by Roger McGough