

Sleep

The cock crows heralding a new day
Life is stirring as God's creatures awaken
Awakened from their peaceful slumber
To scatter forth in search of sustenance

The dawn sky is turning pink over the horizon
Yet still, man sleeps
Sleeping the sleep of the dead
Uncaring of the beauty of life's awakening

Midday, midday be the time
When God's creatures seek His Bounty
Birds soaring high in the sky
While the lizards sun of the stones below

The bees are buzzing from flower to flower
Man too buzzes from place to place
In the city or the countryside
Eking out a living by whatever means possible

Trucks and cars moving about the land
Ships in the ocean and planes in the sky
The sounds of horns, drilling and pounding
Blaring across the land

Noise loud enough to wake any sleeping soul
Yet still, man sleeps
Sleeping the sleep of the dead
Unmindful of the effects of his activities

Wasteland stood where lush forests used to reign
Oil slicks cover what once were clear blue waters
Grey smog dims the bright sunshine
Sea, air, land, is there none untouched?

The sun is setting, dusk settling over the earth
Birds coming home to roost
Their outlines clearly marked by the sun
As it lights up the horizon with hues of pink and violet

So too man arrives home after a long day's work
Sitting back in his lounge chair,
Turning on the television,
As he savours the food before him

Yet for all that motion, he is sleeping
Undisturbed in his slumber
Blind to the flight of time
Another day is gone, another night has arrived

When oh when will he be awakened
The day will come when his awakening will be too late
The day of rude awakening

The day when none can help himself, much less his family and friends

Awaken, oh sleeper

Arise, oh slumberer

Awaken! Arise! For the day of reckoning is near

In the darkness of the night when all the creatures slumber

Awaken and arise, to meet your Creator.