

A DROP OF MIDNIGHT



Michael R. Lane

Prologue

“In dim light and air still thick with the heavy smell of fried beef liver and onions, a quiet man sits in his cozy second hand bean bag chair, at his third hand metal desk. Before him, a black, soft leather journal lies in wait. Between its supple bindings are eggshell white pages ruled with thin azure lines. An ordinary pen rest perpendicular to his sternum, three sacred inches from the unbound edge of his journal, placidly awaiting his defining grip. With reverent eyes this man stares down at the blank face of his hallow book, as if expecting it to part and deliver unto him all answers of mysteries ever conceived . . .”

Also by Michael R. Lane

Poetry

Sandbox

Mortal Thoughts

Fiction

Emancipation

The Gem Connection

UFOs and God (a collection of short stories)

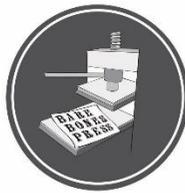
Blue Sun

The Family Stone

The Butcher

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Practice Lady, Practice

My friend and I were sitting on a bus,
and a lady smiled at us.
We were laughing and joking all the way,
she wondered how this could be,
seeing we live in a stone sure 'nough ghetto.
She approached and sat down near,
then asked,
"How can you two, who live in slums,
joke, laugh, and have such fun?"
My friend looked at me and I looked at him
puzzled completely by her revelation.
"Well," I answered after little thought,
"How does an athlete become an outstanding athlete?
How does a musician become a fantastic one?
We laugh instead of crying,
we *live* instead of dying,
we keep on trying and trying and trying."
Now up came our stop, and we stood to get off,
"But before I go, I have to let you know,
like everything else in this world
it takes practice lady, practice."

By and By

In reflection of early life
pilgrim poetry voyages
sail twilight oceans
explore uncharted worlds
thought, by virgin thought.

Hope omniscient as mystery
pervades a skeptical universe
fresh and lavish and thirsting
mischievously intoxicating wonder
paragraph, by insatiable paragraph.

Language helplessly inept
punctuation frustratingly frivolous
rhyming rabidly forced
meter haphazardly timed
sentence, by perplexing sentence.

The inner self exudes declarations
childishly invoking images
determination gracefully surrenders
recording battles in space
word, by delicate word.