

Nightfall

~~~ Kelechi Monica Nnaji

Nightfall, Nightfall,  
Some call thee, mortal enemy,  
Harbinger of misfortune,  
"Accursed!" They say you are.

Your wondrous being,  
A sight to behold.  
In testament, the stars  
Bow to your majesty.

Thou art my peace,  
My mind's resting place.  
Your gentle caress,  
Filling my being with delight!

Like a mother hen,  
Your wings envelope me.  
Unburdening my heart  
Of the day's woes.

Like a loving mother,  
Patiently; you pay heed,  
Yes, you pay heed  
To my every wail and tale.

Nightfall, Nightfall,  
Solace of migrants.  
Succour of the embittered,  
Answer, to every thought.

Not a mortal enemy but friend  
Harbinger, not of misfortune  
But fortunes.

Nightfall, Nightfall,  
In thee I find solace;  
Solace from the day's toil.

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