

Original:

Acquainted with the Night

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;
And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Reverse Engineered:

Leaning to the Right

I was leaning my body to the right
I have glided over the rock gardens—and the smooth sand
I have passed under the big oaks in all their might

I have gazed down the steepest inclined land
I have rolled my tires past the hikers on their climb
And greeted them with a wave of hand

I have stopped for a snack for a time
And listened to the owl's call
As it rang out through the mountain clime

I left them in peace and rode tall

And from my bars into the night
My light illuminated the tree's hall

I flowed to the trail with no aim into the bright
I was leaning my body to the right