

# Ruler of the Night

She rises when the world goes still.  
Not in blazing ceremony, but in steady duty.  
She takes a lonely path—pulling at tides no one sees,  
carrying oceans of need in the dark.

She is wrinkled, dimpled—not polished,  
but marked by time and touch.  
Growing and shrinking in a cyclical surrender.

Her light is borrowed, but steady.  
She does not speak, yet everything listens.  
A glowing presence that ministers in silence.

She is the lesser light to rule the night,  
ordained from the beginning.  
Not lesser in power, but in quiet majesty.  
A ruler—not by force—but by loyal presence.

She reflects, not because she must,  
but because she was made to.  
Waning, waxing—she is never quite whole,  
yet always enough.

She keeps watch when all else sleeps,  
holding shadows gently, calming the weary,  
giving light where there was none.

And if you look closely—  
The ruler of the night  
is not the moon at all.

It is a mother,  
rocking her child  
in the dark.

She cradles the stillness and yields to the burden.  
Her body resists but her spirit bows, answering the cry.  
This is worship. This is grace.  
She rises in the dark not for glory, but for love.

She anoints with milk, offering her body,  
laying down her will again and again.  
This is her priesthood—robed in sacrifice.  
Crowned in compassion.

In the dark, the world cannot see her.  
But heaven does.  
Heaven is near in the dark.  
A divine Presence watching over a lineage of mothers,  
whose lullabies have circled the moon.

God rules the night, too.  
He walked Gethsemane beneath the stars.  
He bore sorrow when no one watched.  
He wept alone, cradling a world that did not know.

And so in these shadow hours—  
when love costs sleep, comfort, and even sanity—  
She finds a quiet kinship with Him.  
Pain that deepens her joy. Grief that opens her heart.  
A disciplined reflection that becomes her communion.

Because to rule the night is not to conquer it—  
but to fill it with light that was never hers to begin with.  
She rules in shadows, unseen and often hidden from view.  
Nourishing faithfully, heart outstretched praying,  
while the world sleeps on.

She's broken, still becoming. Lonely, but not alone.  
Enduring it willingly, loving through it endlessly.  
A mother and her baby watched over under the light of  
the Ruler of the Night.