

The Delirium of Night and Day

***Life is not sweetened by sleeplessness, nor by excessive sleep—
if you demand precision***

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God Almighty created the night, then erased its darkness, and thus the day dawned upon us, bright and radiant. At times, the night stretches longer than the day, and the day, in turn, dominates in cyclical seasons. They align only twice a year: once in autumn and another in verdant spring. In relentless motion, they alternate over a creation of wild instincts.

The Creator ordained the day for human livelihood, equipping them with daylight skills. He bound the night to rest, declaring it a sign for them—a gift for slumber and renewal. If you seek tranquility in life, seize your day and leave your night for rest and rosy dreams. For the night belongs only to the wanderer or the lurking hungry of God's wild creatures.

Yet humans, as You know them, Lord, abandoned Your grace and plunged into reckless living. The day is no longer a field for their toil, nor the night a haven for peaceful sleep. They tore through the night's darkness with glaring lights, leaving no hidden corner untouched. Once the night's silence was a blessing to creation; now they violate it with clamor and industrial clamor. The night is tainted with madness, howling in pain and lamenting to You, Lord, against this rebellious human's deeds.

Whenever I urge Your creation to heed the signs of night and day, they counter with verses from Umm Kulthum's mournful songs. They cling to her words—"Sleep does not prolong life"—as an excuse in every debate. Yet they ignore the full truth: Lifespan lies with the Knower of the Unseen; no creature can alter it. Livelihood, however, is shaped by human will and action. Sleep refines it, and sleeplessness signals its decay—more lethal than venom.

I, Lord, never withheld knowledge or counsel from them. I spoke of the body's decay, poisoned by toxins and drained of daily vitality. I warned of diseases that ravage a body exhausted by endless nights. I told them of minds deprived of rest, denied the chance to replenish, now starved of energy, incapable of sound thought or wise action. Souls crumble under ceaseless wakefulness, their groans echoing as forced whimpers.

The laborer, dazed by his machine's rhythm, thrusts his hand into its iron jaws. The student dozes on a wooden bench, while the teacher battles drowsiness and headaches from yesterday's clamor. The mother, startled by dawn, gazes at piles of laundry, pitying herself for endless chores. Once she conquered fatigue, indifferent to duties sacred or mundane. Now all are bewildered by their frailty, crushed by their own recklessness.

Shall I cease here, or add verses? Two lines: one for Eve, the other for Adam's stubborn race. Let me begin with the latter, for peril now threatens body and soul. Weights swell, bodies buckle under layers of fat. Souls recoil at grotesque forms; organs groan under absurd burdens. Breath gasps, hearts falter, and despair festers, heaping fresh torments.

In a loop of fire and misery, the sleepless wanderer surrenders to night's cravings, gnawing teeth and indulging sweets. Disease lurks, striking stealthily, humiliating the defiant. The end is cruel—I spare you the details.

To Eve, I voice my dread—for she remains my heart's passion, my mind's enduring riddle. I tell her of an old woman in years, yet in spirit and vigor, a girl in her twenties. Her ageless youth bewilders me—how can she defy decay? Why time hastens her daughter's graying, while her own youth rebels stubbornly against the years.

“Our nights were calm,” she replied. “In night's silence, eyes found rest, and sleep was ever sweet. We toiled by day, and at night, we laid our heads—yesterday left behind us, forgotten and gone.”

Once, women's groups forbade night shifts, warning of health risks and hormonal chaos. Then modernity came; women protested patriarchal norms, demanding equal

night labor. They celebrated their victory—until pain followed. Now some mourn lost breasts, longing for bygone days. Too late—the past is gone.

Reflect, O companions of existence! Act before calamity strikes. No affliction wounds like sleeplessness; none imperils body, mind, or soul more. Cast illusions aside: life is not sweetened by sleepless nights, nor by excessive slumber—if you demand precision. A nibble of night harms none if spent in virtue. But I fear the day devouring our nights, leaving us blameworthy, devoid of health or sense.

Let no eloquent challenger doubt me—I've known night since childhood: its stars, its moon in my longing, its demons and guards. I memorized its rituals, often staining it with my folly. I bargained with vice, abandoned piety, until health abandoned me. Now I savor dawn's breeze, watch the sun rise behind drowsy hills. Breath steadies, heart hums mystic tunes. Peace returns after long absence; the Almighty grants me fragments of lost harvests. He saw my sincerity, blessed me abundantly—affirming my faith.

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[*The Hyperreflexia, Innovated Pathophysiology*](#)



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The Hyperreflexia (4), the Pathophysiology of Multi-Response Hyperreflex



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The Clonus, 2nd Hypothesis of Pathophysiology



The Clonus, Two Hypotheses of Pathophysiology



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The Function of Standard Action Potentials & Currents



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Nodes of Ranvier; First Function



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Nodes of Ranvier; Third Function



Node of Ranvier; The Anatomy



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