



Roaming the Darkness

In the darkness, connections disappear.
The spirits rove unbounded by time or place.
They carry the soul on wind whipped waves
Crashing against the island of dreaded fears.



Amidst dry leaves and shreds of wood,
A spark gives birth to a slender flame.
Against the wind it yields more hope than light
As it feeds on the bones of noble trees.

Shadows cast by a dancing fire
Strike chairs and run through doors,
Inviting visitors to gather round
And spread their stories of the night.

