

Dark

November '97

It is dark now.
The darkness is comforting--
Not frightening,
Like when I was little.
Outside the moon and stars shine.
The world looks...
Like the pictures in a ViewMaster--
Not quite real,
But you know it is real.
Everything is pale and dark
When in the silvery light.
Shadows are solid masses of blackness,
The stillness congealed,
The essence of night.
It is comforting to know
I can weep, and no one sees,
When loneliness comes to me.
It goes away;
It always does.
Still, the memories
Of friends who moved
Can stab like a knife in my side.
I get over it.
I've made new friends.
And the darkness outside is still comforting.