

The world is a dark place, full of
Suffering and despair, but rays of light
Can still be found.
In the smile of a child
The bond between a mother and baby
The pride a father feels when his child
First walks, the love between a Bride and Groom
On their wedding day.
Some are blessed with these lights
And will work to defend them.

There is another kind, observing the light from the dark
Never knowing its warmth themselves
Most serve the dark, but some stand on the verge
Feeling the warmth but
Never knowing its full joy
Often these fight to defend the light
Never having it for themselves.

Often I wonder where my feet stand
Not in the dark rage, of the mind
Fog, blinding greed, or poisoning heart.
Nor fully in the light
All that is the light surround me but
Never mine. So does this make me the third,
One fated to watch and defend
But never have the lights joys for my own?