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I used to wonder what life would be like if there were no darkness around. Imagine life if we all lived only with the light to be found. No Shadow followed or held pain no one knew. If nobody left a trail of tears to soften the earth as we grew. No agony, no valley, and no sorrow needed to be crowned. Just a bright Rainbow Sun that shines down all around.

However, Light cannot be if there is firstly no Dark; this is the eternal dance with the Divine, we walk the narrow Grey line. If we were all good and kind, and there was no hurt to find. Then what would we learn from, if there was no darkness to fight? I used to dream of that world, though, when I'd close my little eyes. I grew and had to acknowledge what's real and what's a guise.

That is in an ideal world, though, and doesn't fit this one's paradigm. One that speaks of heaven, serene and sublime. We are surely not angels circling the sun; around this victim-filled time, the darkness is hell-bound...

It's hard to quite say, with simple words of today, so follow me gently, I'll try to find a way. I love lots of wordplay, rhyming most all the time. Some things are more serious, others have a fun tone, or they chime. Let's get on with it, so watch now, as I spill open my mind.

As a matter of fact, it happens much like a pact, between the reader and the act; there is great tact. It can be quite performative yet with perception, informative. My mind considers all sorts of things. As you can clearly see, words are quite versatile; you can even hear them as you read, or feel them. Take your time, I plead...

You can smell or taste them, but only if you apply imagination. First you must know meaning though, so I try to imply with the utmost dictation. Oftentimes words just fall out, and at times it's fantastic, the mind soft and malleable, rigid yet too, kind of like plastic. If I don't

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hold tight, it'll start to run rampant. So bear with me now, as I dive off on this next tangent. I'll shape it to a dynamic, through figures of speech, you'll swing aloof like a hammock, if loosely you can think.

Metaphor: like an open door, if communication is the key, you might need a dictionary, but try to keep up with me. Comprehension: the lock, as you must understand, for the hole in the knob is like the hands of a clock; you must turn it to get in, but first there's a block. If communication is key, where are Truth and honesty? Likely the teeth, as they can sting, but are so, so necessary. What's the point of this, you may ask. What do I get to, at the end of the task? What's the purpose of trying to breach into said wall, well whats on the other side, maybe a room? Or a hall? Another door beyond them all? Well, to that I'd say it's simply for understanding's sake, perception is simply a slice of the pie, or actually, more like cake. Not one of us can eat and still have it all. With layers and frosting, a sweet treat to delight. First, though, you must start by breaking open into life. Crack a few eggs and mix them with milk. Real hot in the oven and then fluffed up and smooth as silk. Yours may have cream layers and mine with some fruit. You'll never know quite how it tastes, but give it time and let it settle and rest, you can try, if you are sharp enough to cut through and astute enough to digest a piece of mine.

Imagine life like a river and we must go with the flow. People just swim, or float, and some are sucked into the undertow. We suffer and succumb to bask within the atmosphere, some cold and some warm, but all of One kin. Some eyes are open, others closed, some scream and shout, others are mute or plug their nose. All just waiting to be consumed by the Divine. As we swirl and we dance in the rapids, some more on their own and others juxtaposed.

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You are I, and I am you? Is that really the Truth? Well, if that's so, then who is better than whom? What are we if not simply just what we do? What do we create? What do we leave on this side of Void's gate? When we eventually wind up swallowed by Dark, we'll look back and reflect at all of our "art", through the tunnel of Light, at the life we lived. A simple fact, though, we all must address this; along with our Divine spark, we all have the Shadow.

You'll feel it at times, the tug of a whisper in the back of your head, pulling at your brain stem, almost like a grip that slowly oozes up from within your veins. This Shadow wants naught but to perpetrate what it's been taught. To cause us pain, distress, and often it's wrought, with ill-begotten choices or voices we hadn't sought. Forced upon our spirit like demons who haunt, lost words from those whom maybe you once knew. A parent or teacher who had cast doubt, shame, or maybe even tried their best and accidentally inflicted blame in an attempt to teach in vain.

This Shadow comes quietly, but most feel it alone in the dark, when the day's noise is done, and the Sun hath departed. Some Shadows whisper gently just to betray or degrade. You're fat. You're dumb. Your hair's all turning grey. Speaks to individual insecurities; As if age isn't a silver medal we earned anyway, and as if we don't live in a greatly ignorant and morbidly obese society. Yet, as if you've got no control over your whims or your thoughts. If you succumb, then sheer chaos will be wrought. This Shadow feeds from pride and crawls into the cracks from inside. So be steady and act well because then the Shadow will not swell, for the Light too comes through the cracks within you.

The Light provides all that you need. Peace, empathy, Grace, and mercy too; to any who might heed. This is the caveat, which I revel in sharing indeed. Any Shadow that may come your

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way, all you have to do is call upon the Light inside and say “Hey! Help? I can’t take care of this alone, I don’t know where it came from, why it’s here, but I need it to be gone!” The Light can override any reprogrammed or instilled Darkness from inside. No reason to scream or to shout. Just whisper, ask gently, open your hands, and have no doubt. This is now where it becomes tricky, enter the Second Shadow; it’s meant to deceive. Have you ever walked down a hall with lights on both sides, and you see two shadows walking behind you, side by side?

Imagine a Light from within, then picture the Divine, like a majestic Sun up above that shines down. Then, when sat or stood next to one of your kin, there’s another light source, some bright and others dim. This creates quite a conundrum. For some, look only out, and others tend to hide, or some just chase clout ; but those are not from the Divine. Surely it can be scary ; they deny the power of an omnipotent “God”, for it can be near blinding and overwhelming, only really revered with awe.

Yet when there is doubt, it casts a Second Shadow that only some live without. For they wonder who, what, why, or how could “they” allow? Like if my young child has been compromised with cancer, what kind of Divine would steal what they gave me, with hardly any time? I can’t blame any with this thought, but from all things the Divine has begot, and what is gained will be lost. Only one of few Truths to be sought. Tread carefully, though, for this Second Shadow is nothing to scoff at, and once seen, it cannot be forgot. It will consume and corrupt even the brightest of Light. It’ll snuff it right out, with a quick breath of delight. So if you’ve any questions, just look inside, at your own Light, and ask, it’ll answer, and it’ll tell you, I’m quite right.