

Night Traveler

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I shall walk the land of dreams
with footprints in the-world,
see the light of day
and wander the dark of night.

Even so, when I slumber,
my spirit travels without free will,
oft against my will—I cannot alter its path.

More and more, the night traveler conquers
the day—grows stronger—and
lingers through the shadows of remorse
dragging my shanghaied soul.

Why, my shadow spirit, do you carry me to that long ago place?