

Dark of Day

Shadow-spirit

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I shall walk the land of dreams with footprints in the-world's light of day
and wander the dark of nightly-another.

Even so, when I slumber, my spirit travels without free will--shanghaied--
I cannot alter its path. More and more, the night traveler conquers the
day--grows stronger ...and lingers through the nocturnal shadows of
remorse dragging my withered soul.

Shadow-spirit, why drag me through that long ago place? Why do you hate
me so?