

A Cornered Shadow

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That particular corner seemed a bit darker
Tragedy traced its roots from the corner
Slowly growing outward like a vicious vine
Planted there by a cold clouded mind
Two eyes taking in dark like oil through a drain
The dark swirls outward from that corner
Seeping into the many facets of the room
Staying there and waiting until morning
Light calls out the darkness from its place
Yet the corner still remains steadfast
Light can't seem to cross into that point
Those boards and drywall meet with intentions of folly
A ritual of construction to thief off grief
The sun wasn't built into this picture
No life could ever spring from that corner
It preys upon what participates in life
Knowing full well it will never do so
It will reside in its cavernous corner
Slowly seeping outwards
To be beaten back
One ray at a time

