

In the Light of Darkness

by Mark Edgemon

Dancing to the rhythm of my heartbeat,
Celebrating the fool hearted years that devoured me not,
'In times spent in wasteful vanity, pursuing nothing,
The state of beingness is less than being alive.

The spark of recognition is the only light of hope,
To light my way out of desperate self pity,
Into a world that is still, emotionless; parched;
In need of moisture; color and audacious gracious me.

The End