

In the Dark

by Tim G. Young

In the dark I rode naked
feeling quite exposed
a blanket on my horse
a spoon up my nose
the lights were attractive
colors and bright
the night held its stars
like an arrow in flight
how many miles
I never really knew
but the journey was long
and the rivers were blue
The hunger in my heart
couldn't help but grow
as I slid in my saddle
reaching for the unknown

With morning finally broken
I reached for my shirt
I fumbled with buttons
zipped up my skirt
for now in the daylight
I needed to hide
when once what was naked
revealed nothing inside
But the trip somehow mattered
even with destinations unclear
I suppose it was my intention
to escape but not here

As my heart cried for mercy
the demons began to laugh

they knew a part of the story
that I ripped in half
And it wasn't that it was pretty
or ugly at all
it just wrapped itself around me
and memorized my call
My call into the wilderness
shattering the silence everywhere
until the night fell another time
when I remove the clothes I wear.

