

# In the Dark

*by* Tim 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.

