

The Fury of Shadows

Lurking behind doors
Hiding in shelves
Dwelling in alleys
Where do they come from?
Those black-winged followers
What could they tell you?
Those faceless beings
What will they see?
Only the shadows will know
The shadows
Black as the night
Mysterious as a locked room
Seeming to taunt you
As you try to catch them
Your hands closing on empty air.

Rebecca Schwarty