

INTO THE DARK

BY LYN EISEN

Light as air in your absence,
Full of faith
 Floating
 Fantastic
 Free

Like a sinister fog you approach
Noting your nearness
 Nervous
 Nightmare
 Nauseous

You begin taking root,
Burrowing beneath
 Bleak
 Bound
 Bitter

I am you; you are me
Consumed completely
 Cynical
 Crushed
 Cadaver