

Darkness like a warm blanket, subdues your emotions and cradles
your form.

It's uncertainty, brings a sense of tranquility to your racing mind,
that's now stopped in it's tracks.

The lovely emptiness, the transparent nothingness, the long soli-
tude, it is.

Until light finds it's way back after a game of hide and seek, it
seems.

It's crazy to think we choose to function most, in the light.

The racing, tracing and bracing we choose.

Maybe we should stay in the darkness for a little while longer.

Would this make life's complications easier?

After awhile we will say, 'I was late today, couldn't see what time it
was', and 'I can't enjoy the brilliant colors of my flowers.'

Yes!

We'll begin to blame the darkness, like we once blamed the light.

We always look to place blames on those things that help us more
than hurt us.

We always add extra shelves, never once, do we look at ourselves.



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