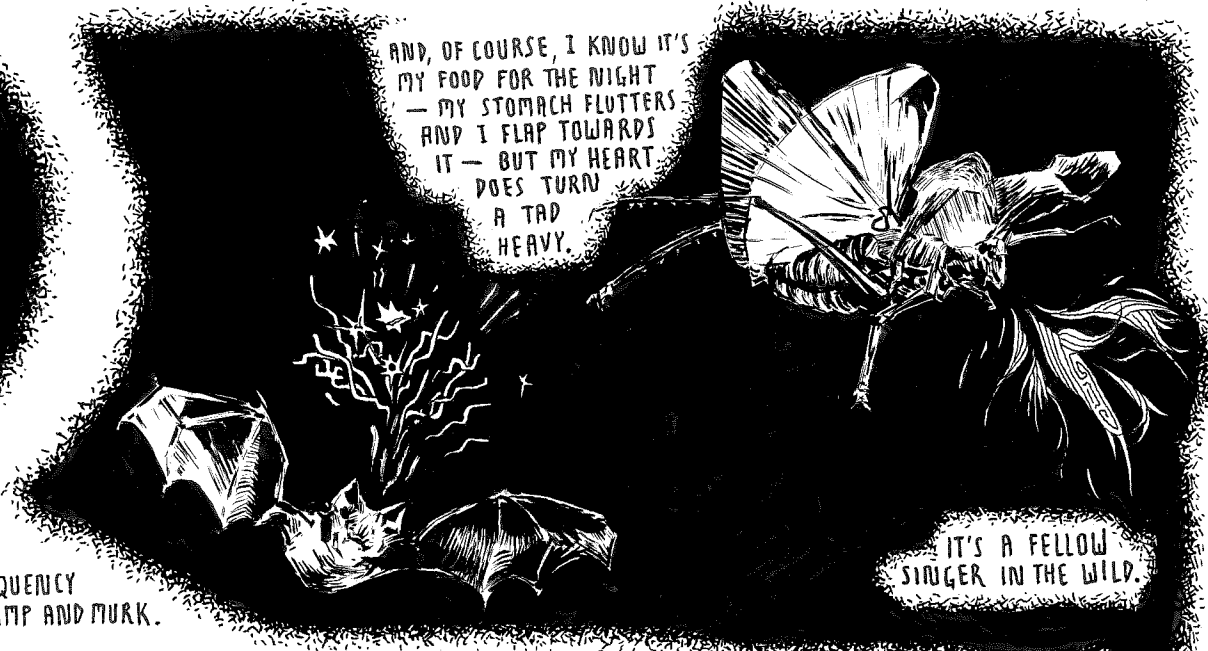


A CLICK IN THE DARK

A V A S A L Z M A N



SOMETIMES,
ON MY NIGHTLY HUNTS,
I CATCH A GLIMPSE OF
ANOTHER VOICE IN THE
BLACKNESS — ANOTHER FREQUENCY
DANCING THROUGH THE DAMP AND MURK.



AND, OF COURSE, I KNOW IT'S
MY FOOD FOR THE NIGHT
— MY STOMACH FLUTTERS
AND I FLAP TOWARDS
IT — BUT MY HEART
DOES TURN
A TAD
HEAVY.

IT'S A FELLOW
SINGER IN THE WILD.

HERE WE ARE, BOTH SOLITARY,
SHROUDED IN THE DARK AND
FORGOTTEN BY ALL.

SINGERS WITHOUT
NAMES OR FACES,
DESTINED TO
BE SOON
SWALLOWED
BY A WALL
OF NOISE.

YET STILL WE SING,
SO WE CAN SEE WHAT WE CAN
BEFORE ALL FALLS SILENT.

OUR THROATS RAGE AGAINST
THE DYING OF THE
LIGHT.



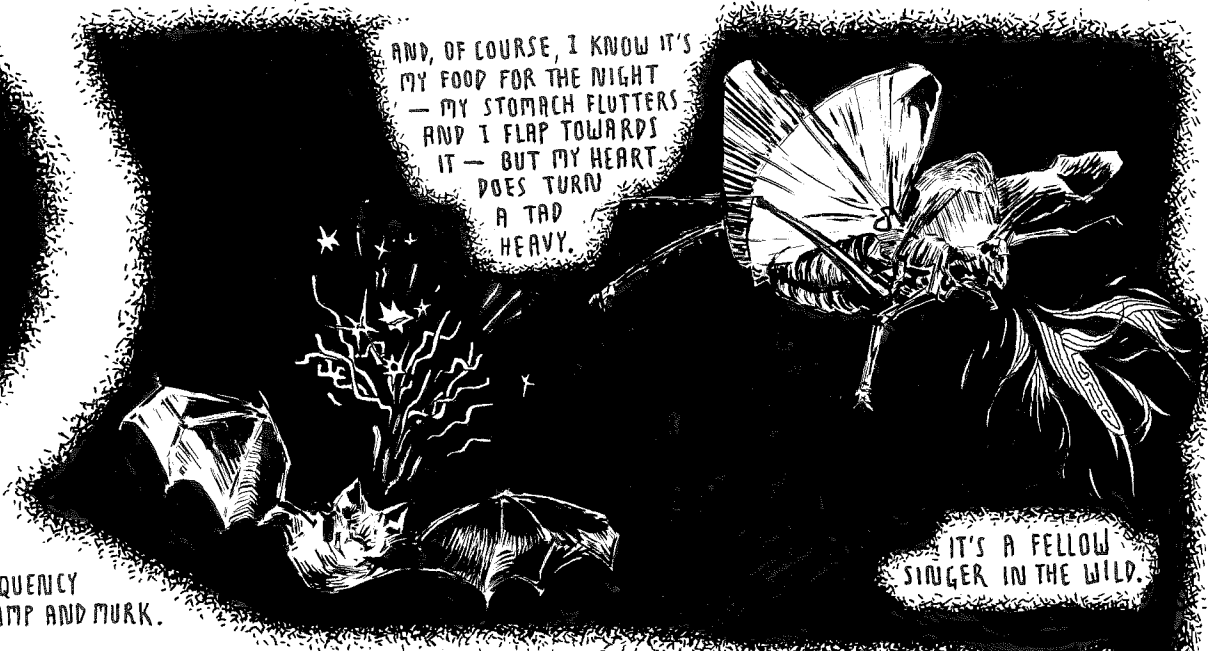
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UNTIL I REALIZED HOW ALONE WE WERE.

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