**Leviathan**

Emerging, I,

from the depths once more,

I seek out my prey--

those whose hearts

fester with contempt

for the joy of others,

who scowl with disdain

for the merge of souls

of which they are not one,

yet also mourn

for years long past and

opportunities wasted.

Their selfish yearning,

their misplaced determination,

is what sustains me.

Such is the case

with one repeat offender--

she reappears

in these volatile waters,

aboard her dismal vessel

of past regret, with

winds of desperation

blowing into its sails,

driving it forward

with no planned destination.

She sails for opportunity, for

what she assumes is lost.

Along the sea's horizon,

beyond the storms of chaos,

where daylight has cut through,

she spots a couple

coming of age--one stands in light;

his partner, his shadow.

They travel the world--

he illuminates, while she filters,

lest his own light blind him.

Such juxtaposition appears

to bring its witness to despair,

for she cannot partake.

For years, she has longed

for such a love,

for such a light; yet

she always reached for it

with cold, wet hands,

exploding the bulbs in her face.

This made her a risk.

Alone and afraid,

she keeps a distance,

watching, waiting, wishing,

dreaming, coveting,

hoping against hope----

I lie in wait, ready to strike,

ready to feed, as I have

many a time before,

when this desperate soul

has respawned, reemerged,

to make the same mistake.

Yet this time around,

I hesitate, then resign,

unwilling to attack.

It seems she is changing--

still grappling, yet willing

to abandon her voyage,

to sail into the sun

and bask in its warmth,

out of the darkness,

out of my reach.

Her inspiration comes

from the lovers--

the light's radiating glow,

touching all who see it,

is inviting and warm;

its contagion spreads

across a great distance,

even reaching me.

His shadow absorbs it, too,

her own obscure light

enhanced manyfold----

and the witness,

the lonely traveler

reappearing all these years,

begins herself to beam,

standing tall,

holding her head high,

ignited by the same light

which moments before

nearly deepened her misery.

But I know that

this light that radiates

is not merely spreading,

but rather activating--

all who shine it forth

are themselves the source.

This light is love--

the universal kind,

that which created all.

It fills the sails

that carry my sailor,

pushing toward the sun;

she casts regrets and envy aside,

drifting away from despair,

escaping my grasp.

Not often am I denied,

as all humans do err.

Still, there comes a time

for everything--even

to tame this ancient reaper,

this eater of sin.

I retreat into the deep,

deprived, but not bitter--

I know there are others.