**Shadows**

*February 22, 1980*

Five o'clock, Friday night,

Light, the Day, are done.

Yet why not sit and watch a bit.

See what comes.

Hear it in your Mind and

In your Quiet Space.

Where thoughts replace,

The times and fears of Life's Mad Dreams.

And what your Inner-Eye can see

Or feel

Or know or be

Becomes the Moment's Empathy.

And fills the Tortured Soul with Peace.

As You and I and then and now.

All of Life are one.

What is Pain?

What is Joy?

What is Love?

Why must We seek?

Why must the calm of having been there.

Having done.

Fade as Day and Light wash out?

As Veil slips away with wanning sun.

Night wraps her Cloak round Us quietly.

Runs her Fingers so soft through our Hair.

Whispers Nothings as Shadows of what most we may fear

Drift past with the Note in the Air.

That the Pain and the Joy

And the Love and the Quest are One.

Because We are here.