

Lost

The setting sun, the fleeing light,
The longest hour of the endless night.

The looming darkness full of fright:
Dancing devil, frolicking sprite.

Up and down and left and right,
The shadow closes; its grip so tight.

Try as you will with all your might,
You can't shake off your eerie plight.

The drooling jaws, the gnashing bite,
The nothingness that none can fight.

And when it takes away your sight,
You're filled with opposite of white.

You feel as if you've lost your height,
You feel as though your soul is slight.

Your thoughts a jungle, your mind a blight,
The moon drains you of your delight.

Is morning come? Not yet, not quite.
This void's becoming rather trite.

For to survive you must invite
The morbid fact that naught's alright.