

Shadowlands

What is light without darkness?

How would we know what it was?

Our comfort, therefore, shall come understood-

Through parameters of painful good...

With borders and boundaries of shimmer and shade;

Do we not crave illumination?

Yet there are times, where we must tread;

Along, or through, or in –

And pace the space: this threshold: our shadowlands.

Oh, it may seem tumultuous,

Its duration; one unknown.

But history shares a deeper peace-

For our thresholds aren't alone.