

Darkness

Shapes in the dark, black holes, lack of colour
Come and go, tiny particles of light,
creating pretty pictures, a fright,
Now you see and now you don't, all a blur.

See colours, numbers and sounds in your honour,
There is a phantom waiting to strike,
Then go ahead; play sing it with might
There is a phantom awaiting in fur.

Need light to reflect particles in space,
Off our eyes, surfaces, inside our brain.
When candles are out, curtains closed tight,
Where join the night with moons ablaze
Shapeshifting and baying the werewolf reign
Waiting to pounce, out there in the midnight.