

NAVIGATING SHADOWS

3 Poems

The Jester

I stand a jester before a mighty king.

I make him laugh with ease. Such ease.

In times of need, I'll dance and sing

I live to laugh and please. To Please.

When the soldiers return from battle,

Their armor shattered and worn. So worn.

I start a playful game, to get them rattled.

They laugh, I leave, I'm torn. So torn.

Walking the streets, the people shout for a show.

Upon the stage, I stand amazed. So amazed.

With my jigs and my jabs, they smile I know.

But it's them who should be praised. So praised.

The queen returns off a ship from her trip overseas.

The royals gather and watch me. They're watching.

Acting an aloof chef, making alfredo with no cheese.

The king sits laughing, laughing. Then coughing.

The king, who stood mighty, now buried in a hole.

We laughed and spoke as brothers. Us brothers.

He rested with a smile, reminding me of my role.

Being a fool is the kindest gift for others. To others.

These Oars

My boat floats on an unsafe surface.

I toss and tumble, my head hits the boat.

The water's waves seem so frightening.

How can I fight them with just these oars?

I could be dropping one, in the crashing storm.

It could drift away, lost in boundless wakes.

I would not want an oar to float away,

For these oars in my hands could save us.

By themselves, they cannot row.

I'll grip them hard, these oars rely on me!

I'm a fool! If only I had known it sooner!

I must fight the waves, or I'll be in the sea!

The rowing was hard, my grip growing tight.

My hands bled, looking upon the water's sullen future.

But the waves soon carried me, and the rowing was easier.

These oars remaining, my guide in these waters.

I touched the new land, kissing the sandy shores,

Running off the beach towards fresh beginnings.

Looking back, I see those oars that carried me.

They remain; there's no more need to carry them.

Shaded Halls

Along these shaded halls, a place that's so familiar.

Losing my wandering steps, a place I cannot figure.

The halls grew ever long, a never ending darkness.

Lost within the maze, my self among the shadows.

A lonely light shined, hidden in the the halls.

Soon the walls that had been darkened for so long,

Regained their color and grew ever strong.

The light dims as it flies away, gone for so long.

The light returned, shining ever bright.

Glowing strongly through the shaded halls.

The halls turned and formed their maze.

But the walk became fun, a jaunty game.

New doors became open, new worlds shined through.

The light shined so bright, over all the future's wonders.

And I became it's mirror, for the light to reflect it shine.

So the world could see it's beauty, as it had done to me..

But the dark grows, the light softens.

For light has many places it must glow.

It's quite selfish to hog the light.

I've walked the halls when they were dark.