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Darkness and Light

Candice Schoenfeld

Deep down, I am falling.
I fall deeper still, never able to stop
This descent into darkness.
Yet is darkness the right term for it?
It is darkness and it is the very light
From heaven above.
It is my prison and it confines me cruelly,
It is my safe haven and welcomes me entirely.
It is madness.
We are all born with seeds of madness;
It is our choice whether or not to let them grow.
I have made my decision.
I fight and embrace my monsters,
My inner demons.
And here I leave my word to the wise
Before my light is snuffed out entirely
And the darkness blankets me completely.
He who struggles against monsters and demons should take care,
Lest he become one.
And if you gaze for a long time into a yawning abyss,
Realize that it will also see into your soul,
And take care
Lest it reach up its mouth and swallow you whole
Restraining and welcoming you in its cold and heated grasp.
I have one last plea for those who watch my plight and redemption:
Whatever you do
Never try to stop the blackness, the never-ending light.