

# Patterns

Beth Fowler

The night sets softly  
With the hush of falling leaves,  
Casting shivering shadows  
On the houses through the trees,

And the light from a street lamp  
Paints a pattern on my wall,  
Like the pieces of a puzzle  
Or a child's uneven scrawl

Up a narrow flight of stairs  
In a narrow Little room,  
As I lie upon my bed  
In the early evening gloom.

Impaled on my wall  
My eyes can dimly see  
The pattern of my life  
And the puzzle that is me.

From the moment of my birth  
To the instant of my death,  
There are Patterns I must follow  
Just as I must breathe each breath.

Like a rat in a maze  
The path before me lies,  
And the pattern never alters  
Until the rat dies.

And the pattern still remains  
On the wall where darkness fell,  
And it's fitting that it should,  
For in darkness I must dwell.

Like the color of my skin,  
Or the day that I grow old,  
My life is made of Patterns  
That can scarcely be controlled

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