

# The Stranger Things I've Learned

## Infinite Spectrum

Silence, without exception  
Not one soul would I tell  
of the disastrous expedition  
to the church on Federal Hill  
I lose myself in research  
at the library downtown  
Through years of old newspaper files,  
for me the printed page recounts  
Lost in daydreams of hide and seek  
It's looking through the crystal,  
staring back at me  
Lost in nightmares and elegies  
Something claims my soul  
and I cannot break free  
Obsession with this cryptogram  
I found within the leather volume  
amidst the dust and mildew  
in the cobwebbed vestry room  
The cipher I discover  
is not a simple one  
A code in language strange, uncommon,  
a puzzle from beyond  
In June I solve the quandary,  
research in matters magic black  
The text is in dark Aklo,  
a language ancient and abstract  
I fear these things uncovered  
from behind the walls of sleep  
I never thought ignorance was bliss,  
but now I'm in too deep  
I see the birds of spring  
avoid the gaunt lone church's spire  
Whispers on the wind  
The darkness closing in  
Every evening, the old impulse  
to gaze westward returns  
The terror grows, as the hours pass  
from the stranger things I've learned  
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staring back at me  
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