

# Patterns

## Warrel Dane

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 shadow 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  
The path before me lies  
And the pattern never alters  
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 a rat in a maze  
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  
Like the color of my skin,  
And the day that I grow old  
My life is made of patterns  
That can scarcely be controlled

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