

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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