From Existing to Living

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Abstract

For a long while I stood in the shadows; The sun shone seldom. When it did, I quickly ran back to the shadows- embarrassed...
The Captain watched him.
"We’re all dying," said the small man quietly, to himself.
The Captain slowly raised his carbine and aimed at the man and the impact of the bullet lifted the soldier off his knees and slammed him into the rough stones of the wall. The big man emptied the magazine and stood up, not even glancing at the two bodies. He walked away.

From Existing To Living

By Peter Proul

For a long while I stood in the shadows;
The sun shone seldom.
When it did,
I quickly ran back to the shadows —
embarrassed.

But the sun somehow felt good;
From the shadows I slowly ventured willingly, but only for a short time.
It began to feel good;
Somehow I was enjoying it.
Towards me the others looked —
ashamed.

Yet, I walked farther into the light,
They turned their backs.
I stood in the sun —
smiling.