Night Socket

LeRoy Dier*
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Abstract

In the maddened darkness of my room light is an alien nightmare; only shadows drip from the lone lamp-light and drape their phantom shapes across the floor...
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by LeRoy Dier

In the maddened darkness of my room
light is an alien nightmare; only shadows
drip from the lone lamp-light and drape
their phantom shapes across the floor.

I dream of tears and touch them as they fall
and wonder if my life is but a pattern
of painted shadows pasted on the wall
in the darkened madness of my room.