## **Dressed In Night Clothes**

Will Haven

gone is the sun eclipsed in the sky where will I run when it's time to hide left barren from the loss of the seed our existence as we know it declines in the shadow of the moon I recede - recede to the dark side on the outskirts of my soul I just hope I can make it back and land on some, some sort of plain and resurrect the balance before I travel the layers are slowly stripped away by celestial heavens and all is glorious it doesn't seem real that a little act of nature can make everything descend from a peak of bliss like a roller coaster ride through the bowels infested with a parasite feeding off your soul, feeding off your will he desecrates till you resemble a bitter shell of a man fasting in contempt of yourself till you resemble a bitter shell of a man festering in contempt... contempt of yourself climb back into the womb and start a new back into the womb and start a new