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It comes like a shadow
Its silhouette threatening
Its formless form crosses the meadow
Every dark night, my mind remembering
My train of thoughts cripples
My face, taut with countless freckles
Legs underneath me, move in wobbles
Agitation washes through this mind,
'Cos I know not where this feeling comes from
It had struck me across the face the day after my prom
Like I was thrown hard, on the face, a rotten wet plum
Since then
To my skin it had stuck like dried black gum.

With much gratitude
Brooms I'd love to use, sweep far away this tireless shadow
A jury I'd constitute, whisk this spirit to the darkest places
To set my soul free
To let insecurity in my heart flee
To release me
From this spirit of intimidation
Wake me from this sleep of unending depression

'Cos I cannot remain under perpetual oppression

For a victim I will not become

To this dark, faceless apparition.