

With borrowed eyes, blindly I begin to see, through  
the fog of nautical twilight, the shadows of others  
twisting and blending into the growing night.  
They, like me, are separate, broken, disconnected,  
in the ever dim and dark world of the lost.

In the obsidian night, I hold the fractured pieces  
of myself close, like the gravity of a star,  
lonely spheres orbiting and longing to be one.  
The unwanted memories shatter me each day,  
and keep me chained in the onyx black night.

I remember solace and I want to connect with people  
I want to heal, find compassion, and acceptance in  
the arms of others. In the distance I see, something new,  
a spill of light unknown to me. Slowly I move, as I am  
pulled, to a window with an amber glow, a room  
illuminated, with figures moving, dancing inside.

On the outside looking in I see people, individuals  
in communion, sharing themselves, sharing their light,  
undiminished, remaining whole, unlike me, alone,  
a broken puzzle orbiting in the black abyss of night.  
I see what I wish, to be put together, to be whole,  
to have a community, and to not be alone.

A door I never saw opens, pours forth amber light into  
the night, as it beckons me in. Together with the people  
inside, they shine their light, and I begin to heal.  
I blossom, I bloom, I connect and I commune.  
The colorful puzzle pieces of me fill in and  
I become me, I become one, I become whole.

#### **ABOUT BRANDON MOORE**

Bi-polar – influenced by image of Ebenezer Scrooge from A Christmas Carol, looking through the window and seeing all his family members connecting while he is alone and disconnected.