



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

422

### The puppet of my shadow

The gloomy ether arrives bathed alone in the dark,  
The wool of cotton chokes else in a heavenly war,  
The turmoil of clouds reflects my soul like a mirror,  
as my tears are caressed by the footsteps in the dark.

The closed door of home lets me breathe so free,  
The absense of gazes help me sight my hated dear,  
I hear the vicious smiles and feel the sins on me,  
I see the torment that made my shadow so clear.

The shadow of mine floats near to my dazed steps,  
It laughs so vile as I smile to please my life,  
It pricks my heart to unveil the cause of my strife,  
and the shadow of mine bright even in daunting depths.



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As I walked with my shadow behind on that eve,  
My tiny eyes failed to see the hidden shadow of else,  
My wavering eyes couldn't recognise the home of corpse-  
as it was festooned with fragrance of darling love!

I was embraced safe by my shadow in dark light,  
My fragile body was disguised strong even at night,  
The words of else were weak to my sole soldier,  
But my body stinks of living dead; my shadow lighter!

The shadow of mine breathes death in closed door,  
It whispers of lament flies eating my soul slyly,  
I can't decipher if my soldier yearns my peace  
or if my shadow wishes to replace my dying body!  
<sup>forever.</sup>