

SHADOWS

BY AUSTIN CLARK

I've waded through the liquid sorrow.
It was there, where I was born in the shadows — suspended.
In that place, my eyes grew
accustomed to seeing things that
dare not exist in the light.
In this place, I learned how
to survive, where not to step.
I learned how to discern the
Silhouettes of flowers that
only bloomed on the third midnight.
I gained strength from their beauty
And in their absence, their memory
sustained me through the darkest days
until the next bloom.

ORIGINALLY FROM SOUTHERN OREGON, AUSTIN CLARK IS A MUSICIAN AND VISUAL ARTIST.