



Dustin Pickering

The Shadow and the Other

Look at the moon. Why do the people accept fascism? Moral integrity through a strongarm...policing the foreign darkness.

We only know two lights. Within is a terrible dread. Existing is fragile and unassuming. Within me is hideous darkness, a shadow. I don't know it but I hide. It digs deeper into me. I am a question with no answer.

Force me to believe. I cannot see my body. The space between my thoughts and my actions is like water, flowing in immensity. Against the night, a backdrop.

A man from another country. He is identified with the weakest spot. The night hovers, an imperturbable wreck. The moon is a ship. Thought is a circle. No one understands.

I am shamed. My eagles will not return. Archeology strains the past, lets the air sink into a cave. Holes are dreams. Made for remnants of loss.

Terror is the historical fragment buried within. We gaze into it, stranded fishermen with hooks rusted like nails. Dreams. The darkness is made for me. I am a falsehood approaching psychosis. Sleep. The heart knows its own failings. We don't know what makes us eagles.

I am not a victim. I will tolerate my worst humanity. I am a hunchback. Proud but vacant eyed, I lift the stem of night as only a fiction could. There is nothing of me. I desire tyranny. It denies me.

Does the shadow eat the dark? I want to control it so I project its fear. The fear it arouses. Distance. I become an angel and tilt the world. A place of rest. What I call Otherness is me truly—my heart shaping the mirror, intertwined with intelligence. The sage will know why I hide from myself. The darkness is difficult to tame. Hideous beast. A frog that will be prince. You must expect your nightmare. Live within it for light is shallow. When you confront the dim force deepening, you will see what is truly foreign.

I can't control it. I am inseparable from it. That is why I am afraid. The sun is peeking through but it doesn't know me well.

I can't face who I am or the accidents I contain because there is no control here. But someone must be accountable. It is a myth I create—I become an animal, naked: a violent masochist. If I assume responsibility I must face the shadow again.

This is why love is difficult.

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