

The Shadow Spirit

By Christopher J. Patton
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He flash felt it fall as he passed by,
A shadow that turned his face once set to die.

A breath of air,

A healing puff –

Now his life would not be rough.
The shadow stealth he felt with health.

A spirit shadow quiet, real
Darkened fullness that can heal;
Life force channeled, theirs to steal.

Yet, shadow only, darkened reflection
Of Life's brilliance – unseen, unknown, but true.

How can it be, that man can see
The shadow spirit as if it's light,
Yet behind the shadow of blackened brilliance glows God's glory, light divine -
To flesh so blindly beyond the blackened outline of incarnate Spirit foretold.

Black light so violently violent, full of the empty might promised,
Faux puissant power, fleeting, tempting, fulfilling selfish dreaming...
Demons lurking and deceiving.

Many demons come a feeding -
Merciless mayhem, emptied identity
A soul sucked dry, bled darkly void empty
Baited by a pride-willed healing absent humility.

Why?

Why choose an empty fullness - the spirit shadow life force lie?
Embrace the reality unseen but grasped in faith.