

## **Darkness**

*by Lorraine Cobcroft*

Fear not the dark, my child,  
'Twas dark where you first laid your head  
Where first your uncompleted form  
Sought refuge from life's storm.  
Do not be driven by your fear  
To seek the bright lights of night's revelries  
For they disguise, corrupt, misuse  
The wisdoms of the soul.  
Stay, rest. Listen to the silent sounds of peace  
That guide you to the lighted world within you.

Listen to the whisperings of the night.  
Feel its stillness, cool and calm.  
Its ever expanding universal greatness  
Brings messages of what you may become  
If you stay to hear the tales the night world has to tell.

Do not fear that shadows playing on your walls  
They are the night men come out now  
From the dark depths in your soul.  
Listen. Heed them. Theirs are precious messages  
Sent from the innermost sanctions of yourself.  
Where conscious thoughts can rarely penetrate.  
They come to inspire, to guide  
To fill your conscious mind with wisdom  
And the knowledge to fulfill your dreams.  
Heed them. Absorb and faithfully record their every word.  
Your feelings, thoughts, responses,  
Every fleeting whim or notion  
Implant them firmly in your mind  
Where you may later draw upon them for your strength.

Let the daytime teach you the greatness of the universe  
The knowledge of great minds of yesteryear  
The intricate perfection of every snowflake,  
Each tiny bud, every golden grain of sand.  
But let the darkness teach you what you are within  
What it made you  
What it implanted where it resides eternally within you  
Permit it to bestow on you its gift of greatness  
The power to dream, and dreaming  
Pursue your dream to its fulfillment  
From this are men made great.