

Doppelganger

Visitation
Oft occurred,
Thrice too many times.
Were it not my troubled soul,
Death would make it mine.

Dreamed a dream, but
Not a dream,
Some poor soul's release
Stole the hope within my heart,
Gave it some god's peace.

Wished upon a
Falling star,
Saw it ebb the light.
Turned to hail the rising sun,
Saw it flee the night.

Oft pursued by
Thoughts of loss,
Specters born of strife,
Thoughts that take the shape
Of me,
Shadows of my life.

(November 27, 1983)