

The Shadow Man

My heart broke open yesterday.
Like the shell of a seed. Cracked, splintered, unrecognizable.
Somewhere beneath the wreckage, the seed remains.
Its essence untouched- yet naked. Shockingly vulnerable. Tiny.
My heart.
I've never noticed this little seedling before- its shell having always been its mask. Its protector.
But now that I see it- cracked open and bare-
I see it. I see it. I see it, and it's me.

They told a lie; that lie was me.
They told a lie and that lie- was ME.

The shell was their gift to protect me, rename me, define, and hide me.

Don't ever tell me who I am.

He's a nameless faceless shadow.
I can't see him, but I know him.
This shadow lives close by.
My heart pumps his blood.
My mind holds his patterns.
These lungs breath with him.
My genes ring with him.
These eyes can't see him, but they reflect him.
He guides me without knowledge.
He dances with me unaware.

I can't see him. But I feel him.
The pulsing throb of my heart pushes his blood throughout my body,
enlivening every cell, filling every moment with life.

This tiny seedling, broken open- pulsing with this shadow man.

I saw him turn away- this shadow.
He walked away and never looked back.
Before I was, he turned away.
I knew it, I felt it.
Always.
He turned away and my heart turned cold.
Before I was, I was with him.

Without him- I am at sea searching endlessly.
For Him. For Me. For us.

The Shadow Man is always here, and always gone.
I know him well, so intimately.
He's my pulse. my breath, my waltz.
But I can't find him, I can't see him.

My heart cracked open yesterday
When I remembered that I couldn't remember.
The shell and its remains are gone. Dissolved.
This seedling beats on with this strangers blood as its guide.

Like a magnet, I long to know this Shadow Man.

I long to know this Shadow Man and shake his hand and look in his eyes and feel his embrace
and tell him my life and laugh and cry and place my hand on his heart to feel his pulse and learn
his life and hear his voice and know his name and know his past and hear his breath and feel
his warmth and see his face.

I wish I knew
The Shadow Man.

~Raeanne Block