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Shackles

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Shackles

I know where I am: I'm in the cave
where the dark is really relative,
for I study shadows that would have
us placid, and I know they give
us a sense of security that isn't real.
Well, not quite know, it's more like what I feel.
And from a distance, breezes blow
and whisper of an Elsewhere with a Would
so clearly that all my cellmates' refrains
convince me that there never were chains!
And this becomes the only thing I know:
that all my greasy dreams of rainbows could
be real—or realized—and that I should
have taken off my shackles long ago.

-James B. Nicola
New York, NY