

Jess Yim Ka-mei

In the Dark

Standing in the dark,
feeling how the darkness would feel.
It hears every whisper from a distance,
but never any beautiful trusting lies.
Under a veil of darkness,
I'm transparent within the crowd,
can hide amidst the well-masked faces,
and be whatever, whoever, wherever.
Wind whistling, mind twisting,
both are guided by the amazing dark.
If a star's slight grin starts my journey,
I can travel beyond dark-obscured boundaries
Shouting to the dark,
answers resound and follow me.
Talking to the crowd, screaming aloud,
Not a word was ever heard.
Misery, mystery, do they only exist in the dark?
Isn't it that in the dark all eyes are blind?
And isn't it certain that seems are frank but unseens
fake?
If is it, let me be blind.