"In a Dark Time"

What's madness but nobility of soul
At odds with circumstance? The day's on fire!
I know the purity of pure despair,
My shadow pinned against a sweating wall.
That place among the rocks—is it a cave,
Or winding path? The edge is what I have.

A steady storm of correspondences!
A night flowing with birds, a ragged moon,
And in broad day the midnight come again!
A man goes far to find out what he is—
Death of the self in a long, tearless night,
All natural shapes blazing unnatural light.

Dark, dark my light, and darker my desire.
My soul, like some heat-maddened summer fly,
Keeps buzzing at the sill. Which is I?
A fallen man, I climb out of my fear,
The mind enters itself, and God the mind.
And one is One, free in the tearing wind.

Speaker

Imagery

Tone: dreary

Theme: just like the environment enters darkness, so does the mind

each stanza ends with a rhyming couplet

Only stanza w/questions

Definition → sill: shelf/slab of stone

Repetition

Simile

Rhyme

Julianne Evans

everything before criticism is in pencil
everything after criticism is in pen