

Who calls me in this darkness? The voice is cold but not fierce. Distant yet distinct to my years Gripping my senses from so many years Who calls me in this darkness? Guessed rightly the voice was maiden Full of love stately laden Methinks is it from doors of heaven Who calls me in this darkness? Such words to brighten the heart Guiding spirit to enrich the heart Piercing the soul by its golden dart Who calls me in this darkness? Made my pen to write this history Dwindling my psyche with thy mastery Remained always a question, a mystery Who calls me in this darkness? Following this enigma I entered a place Walking on the clouds I found it I space Then I realized the caller is not of my race Who calls me in this darkness? The voice comes from breeze of no direction With the tales of human perfection Strolling the world in nature's protection Who calls me in this darkness?