

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?