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The Light

Shane Hipps *College of DuPage*

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The Light

There is an ease that comes with turning away from the light. Especially, when all your dearest stars loom above casting a ten-foot tall silhouette. Blowing you up with delusions of shimmering accomplishments not earned in sweat. There is comfort sinking into the dark.

A reclusive retreat from the warriors they bestow glitter upon and raise to become mascots of light. Exhausting. Instead, mimic the cattle, feed from the trough that many lay out just for you, and find bliss wallowing in your past. A quaint life.

However, if you are stricken with discontent, and the seductions from the mistresses of darkness cease to hold sway, double back. For those who stay in the resort are those soon stricken by the prod and slammed on the skull with the hammer of regret.

Stray too far from the light and you must face the darkness that so falsely lifted you. Always face the opposition head first. Not to give in to the juvenile fantasy, and appease the façade that blocks maturation.

Deflate into the true size of your shadow. Cast away those familiar stars. Split from the reluctant self to embark on an enlightened path. The past view now inarguably false. Ascend.

SHANE HIPPS

