

TUNNEL VISION

Here I sit...

At the back of a long, dark, deadend tunnel.
Cut off from everyone and everything I hold dear.

There's not a speck of light.

No one can see me.

No one can hear my cries for help.

The loneliness and isolation are deafening.

There has to be a way out.

I have a choice of companions.

I can choose despair, negativity and self-destruction.

Or, I can choose hope, tenacity and progress.

Groping in the dark, I search for something familiar.

What I find is strange, cold and distant.

Without warning, a tiny ray of light appears.

I stand and walk towards it.

I wonder if it's just an illusion.

The light grows in size as I get closer.

I'm enveloped in its warm, gentle glow.

I start to gain confidence and strength.

The source of light is a mystery.

My walk turns into a determined trot.

I look up and see an encouraging smile.

I start running.

I gaze into a pair of soothing, passionate eyes.

My pace intensifies.

I hear a comforting whisper, then collapse.

I'm now being held by a pair of soft, loving arms.

Suddenly, I realize...

You're the light at the end of the tunnel.

Bill Clark

P.O. Box K-80703

Tamal, CA 94974

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