

# Shadow Ink

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

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## A Stillbeat Heart

Iron bars  
an endless cage  
hides a soul away.

In confines  
it moans and cries  
led horribly astray.

Its chains were bound  
it can't leave now  
the key was tossed aside.

In the dark  
a stillbeat heart  
imprisoned by the lie.

## The Walker

I won't be saved, here in my grave  
For the dead man walks upright.

In a town, by fog surround  
he laughs and caws all night.

The Tall Man to some  
The Walker he's known.

Under moonlight shadows  
he roams and roams.

The doors are locked, the windows barred  
His eyes a piercing white.

Taller than the tallest man  
none surpass in height.

A cloak hides his ragged chest  
carried by spindly limbs.

He prowls the streets on cold dark nights  
to speak to you his hymns.

So I will stay here in my grave  
for I've heard his words before.

And I can tell you my dear pest  
I'd rather hear no more.

## Cinder Shrouds

Under tall trees and cinder shrouds  
A brave man walks, prideful and loud.

He knows these paths, knows it well  
the path he walks, where dark things dwell.

An eternal vow, to use his might  
to drive back the beasts, to be the knight.

His weathered sword, his gleaming bride  
the creature's foul touch it will not abide.

It shines like fire, cuts with pride  
to defend the man, who knows he'll die.

Beast after beast, they swarm like rats  
with teeth and eyes, so sharp so fast.

All while a cloaked man laughs  
watching the man breath his last.

With long gaunt arms, he pulls him near  
so his new toy can hear him clear.

Whispered words, a soulless cry  
the felled man's eyes are opened wide.

He stumbles and writhes  
to the tall man now bound.

Under tall trees and cinder shrouds  
A restless spirit makes no sound.

## Buried Deep

The door the door  
buried deep.

Under Horcroft Manor  
where the foundations weep.

Into its bowels  
we dug and dived.

Hoping for treasures  
our fortunes to find.

Our words failed us  
we had stumbled upon.

In a grand cave  
hidden from dawn.

An immense stone door  
adorned from beyond

With glyphs and carvings  
questions with no response.

We were all drawn in  
by its hypnotic sight.

The door felt our presence  
almost ebbing with delight.

I can't recall  
who touched it first.

Only the feeling  
of the door's breaking curse.

The ground shook  
the walls cracked.

We stumbled and ran  
only I made it back.

I heard the moving  
and shrieking of things.

Of claws and steps  
and flapping of wings.

The doors opened wide  
I regret watching the sight.

My vision was filled  
with an inhuman fright.

Back to the manor  
I ran, I fled.

The rest of my friends  
must surely be dead.

I'm hidden in the bedroom  
windows barred and doors locked.

Through cracks in the boards  
I listened and watched.

They know I'm here  
they're scratching through the walls.



My pistol is loaded, a single shot  
for when the bars fall.

I curse our greed  
through maddening laughter.

And the horrors we unlocked  
below Horcroft Manor.

## Dear Mary Beth

Is that you Mary Beth,  
Moving around outside my bedroom door?

What are you mumbling dear wife?  
I can't hear so good no more.

Can't see so good anymore either.  
Though I don't suppose you mind

Remember back when we were young?  
How we'd dance, how we'd wind.

Course that was back then  
before you got sick.

And that funny lookin man came asking about you,  
all cloaked and thin as a stick.

Kept asking where you were buried,  
I didn't know what to say.

Said I see something amazing,  
so I told him and he went away.

When you came back,  
I couldn't believe the sight.

Though real quick I could tell  
something wasn't quite right.

You'd mumble and scratch  
you'd cry and bite.

With those cold white eye's you'd stand dead still  
just watching me all night.

Oh quit scratching dear,  
in a bit I'll be right out.

Then we can be together again.  
of that, they'll be no doubt.

We'll dance and sing into the night,  
maybe see that strange man again.

Now let's see, ah there you are.  
my dear dead wife, let's be together then.

## The Window Man

Knock Knock Knock!  
The man outside the window.

Please don't let him see me,  
hiding under my pillow.

Every night  
he knocks and stares.

He knows I'm there,  
he knows I swear!

He has no eyes,  
yet I feel his gaze.

Just staring and watching  
till the sun's first rays.

Knock Knock, Knock Knock  
oh no, there's two!

A third at the door  
what do I do?

They're all around  
my house surround.

They're moving now,  
why do they flock?

OH NO, I FORGOT  
THE KITCHEN WINDOW WAS UNLOCKED!

## We Only Are

A moonlight city  
drowns in blood  
the beasts are on the prowl.

In the distance  
a woman sings  
somber melodies above the howls.

This is the street  
we all must walk  
stray not from the path.

For if you do  
in the dark you'll face  
many a beast's wrath.

Better yet  
to stay inside  
for it is surely safe.

After all  
we only are  
the monsters of our estate.

## From the Corner

It's in the corner again,  
the thing from my dreams.

Why does it stand there,  
what does it mean?

I ask what it wants,  
it gives no reply.

Just standing and staring,  
with its cold white eyes.

It lifts its arms,  
reaching for me.

Impossibly long,  
I try to flee.

But it grabs my legs  
from across the room.

It pulls me close,  
its figure looms.

I think its speaking,  
its whispering strange words.

Closer and closer,  
trying to be heard.

I shut my eyes,  
clasped my ears.

When I opened them,  
it had disappeared.

The sun had risen,  
its rays peaked through my window.

Only the marks of its hands,  
did my skin show.

I had survived another night,  
had escaped from the horror.

Of the latest visit,  
from the thing in the corner.

## Where Crossroads Meet

Over roads unknown  
on wings of air  
a crimson butterfly marks my death.

In a sleepy town  
the cold night air  
dances to every breath.

It knows I'm here  
and I know it's there  
its followed me from birth.

I walk this street  
till the crossroads meet  
it's home upon this earth.

When a body dies  
its soul goes on  
but what if it dies too?

Where does it go  
when fate decides  
it's done, its time is due.

So I walk on  
this unlit road  
towards distant lands obscure.

What will I say  
when I meet it there  
I'm oh so very unsure.



## The Witching Hour

The Crypt Keeper's gaze chilled my bones,  
he dug the graves I passed.

"Run dear child run," he said,  
you must flee now fast.

For when the bell tolls, the time will come,  
the witching hour is nigh.

From these graves, the dead will rise,  
spirits not on high.

These haunting ghosts hate warm life,  
though some are more benign.

Every night they escape their tombs,  
to which they were confined.

You must flee now, you don't understand,  
that to which I imply.

For in this crypt of restless dead,  
I was the first to die.

## Eyes in the Dark

Deep below dark calm waves  
it coils in its zeal.

Its length unknown, it sleeps alone  
the sight of it unreal.

Our sub approached cautiously,  
best not to disturb.

"Please turn back" the crewman asked  
they pleaded, they begged, they urged.

But we went on, we had traveled far  
beneath the ocean waves.

I can't turn back, It called us here  
to meet with its embrace.

So on we went, further down  
its size now dwarfed our own.

A coiled serpent, a horrible eel,  
so far overgrown.

It knows we're here, I saw it stir  
it sings a voiceless song.

It's in my head, we can't turn back  
no please we must go on.

Look its head! it moves, it knows  
its mouth now opens wide.

In this darkness, all I see  
are the glow of its white eyes.

## Marked

A witches brew, this morning drew  
my eyes of ill repute.

All alone, my mind is blown  
its siren song takes root.

The shadow lady, in her form hazy  
beckons me from light.

In the dark, our souls are marked  
stifled by the fright

## The Hanged Man

The Hanged Man's eyes opened wide,  
he smiled through black teeth.

He beckoned me close,  
swinging so slight,  
from his crooked tree.

He tried to talk,  
but only gaged,  
his ropes were bound too tight.

From the sky, ravens cried,  
spying easy meat.

They swarmed and cawed,  
yet the man still stared,  
still smiled right at me.

And then he reached up,  
and started to climb,  
he climbed enough to speak.

His voice was that of knives,  
tipped with poison ice.

"COME DEAR BOY, SWING WITH ME!  
LET'S GIVE THESE BIRDS A FEAST"

## Click Clack Clink

Walk this line  
my time with mine  
down this lonely road.

The ghosts of all  
shall crawl and bawl  
down this way right after.

The moon is young,  
its time begun,  
it rises with pale light.

Far beyond,  
hidden in fog,  
They search and roam at night.

Click clack clink  
click clack clink  
spindly legs timed like dancers.

All that's left is dead ghost metal,  
searching for ones with answers.

Lay still now dear child of mine  
and pray they see you not...

For this new world is for the dead,  
let sleeping giants rot.

## This Town of Mine

The call, the call  
of night made small,

Can you hear it ring?

The pale rose wains  
of poisoned veins,

In the dark, the beasties sing.

This town is cursed  
our sins now nursed,

Laid bare in eternal pale light.

The hunters roam  
so far from home,

Beware, lest you be caught in sight.

And underneath  
the things with teeth,

Lay the old catacombs.

Where ghosts of old  
who died alone,

Wail and cry and beg and roam.

So pass fast by  
this town of mine,

Let its mysteries remain just that.

For if you visit  
you'll learn what is it,

That made none of us come back.



## Safe Harbor

We'd been at sea for many weeks  
the toll bell sang our woes.

When at last, our eyes did spy  
safe harbor from seaward throes.

Through the fog, the lighthouse rose  
pale light sat upon its peak.

Then a blinding flash of light  
and all of our sights went weak.

Day 1

When we awoke we rose to find  
events of both wonder and dread.

Me and my crew, three dozen strong  
stood wondering where we were led.

A vast misty island  
spanned before us

We saw hills and rivers  
Valleys and forests.

And all the while  
we cried in our exile

We were trapped here  
in this land out of reach.

For in the night  
the tide felt fright.

It fled,  
leaving our ship beached.

That day we sent out parties  
to search for water and wood.

We weren't prepared,  
when they spoke to us scared

Hearing noises they wouldn't describe if they could.

Day 2

On day two, my first mate Drew  
spoke to me most concerned.

He felt a gaze beyond the haze,  
I worried when one party didn't return.

Day 3

On third nightfall,  
I thought I saw

In my weariness through lack of sleep.

There seemed to be,  
near the forest of trees

Something lurking where the dark woods creep.

The sight of it standing there,  
chilled my bones

The figure suddenly arched

When it screamed,  
we all knew

The lot of us had been marked

I'll never forget that horrid sound  
nor the reply that soon after was heard,

The thought that we are here alone,  
now seems quite absurd.

Day 4

I didn't sleep that night of course,  
Just sat in the ship with my gun.

Of the search parties we send out,  
we're now only down to one.

Day 8

They're getting closer to the ship,  
I think the fog's returning.

Every night I hear their cries,  
We must keep the fires burning!

Day .....

They're all gone now,  
my crew, my friends

Into the night they went.

And on this ship,  
gun in hand

Went the days that I have spent.

This wood soaked tomb,  
this smelly bog

Is where I'll surely die

I hear the screams

they know I'm near

Oh god! Don't let them hear my cries!

## Dark Tides

My springtime thoughts on darker days  
are gone, now wrong  
my mind astray.

Looking now  
through these eyes,  
These eyes of mine  
where dark tides lay.

There comes a breeze  
that chills my soul,  
The breeze that comes  
when the dark tides roll.

A ghost of hope  
a specter of air,  
Curses my mind  
with memories despair.

Standing there  
on that shore,  
With hope now gone  
and dark thoughts galore.

I look to my sides  
and in horror, rejoice,  
My isolation was shed  
now in the company of the dead.

Littering the beach  
was friends and foes,  
Not one alive  
just dust and bones.

Harsh lightning flashes  
and in the light,  
I see staring at me  
eyes so bright.

So filled with fury  
to describe to sight,  
Would leave me mad  
raving in the night.

Another flash  
Did that one stir?  
In this graveyard of the past  
of things that once were.

A voiceless whisper  
fills my ears,  
Drills into my mind  
and instills dead fear.

Another flash  
more draw near,  
They claw and crawl  
towards me here.

I turn to run  
to escape this plight,  
But the dead surround me  
trapping me this night.

I can hear their whisper  
now a scream,  
A scream so loud  
my ears now bleed.

They grab my clothes

pulling me down,  
Into this beach  
of dead things drowned.

Before being pulled under  
I see a final sight,  
The dark beach now  
bathed in pale ghost light,  
There stands the specter  
watching in the night.

It smiled a wretched  
corpse-like grin,  
Its eyes the fury  
now infecting my kin.

And above the screams  
I can hear its laugh,  
As sand entombs me  
on its behalf.

I awake with a scream  
in my bed,  
A dream?

The awful event  
was nothing more,  
Then a dark dream  
lost in my mind before.

But if it was a dream  
and nothing more

Why is there blood in my ears  
and sand at my door?



## Bound Beneath

I found the book  
buried beneath,  
That wayward tomb  
where dark things creep.

For the last three years  
my companions and I,  
Hacked through jungles  
crossed deserts dry.

We sailed the oceans  
we fought the beasts,  
We climbed the mountains  
ever onwards,

On our journey into the east.

Till the day when we became  
The luckiest of all fools,  
We stumbled upon  
a temple at dawn,

And thought of nothing but jewels.

Ever down  
we crept and crawled,  
Through the webs and dust  
of the tomb's dark bowels.

This ancient tomb  
of yellow limestone,  
Adorned with glyphs and markings  
known to me alone.

Carried us deep  
into the Earth,  
Daring us thieves  
to find its worth.

Then at last  
we reached the chamber,  
And the prize  
begging us to claim her.

Upon that alter  
bathed in pale light,  
Layed the book  
in all it's horrid might,

A leather-bound book  
cracked and yellowed with age,  
Sat there begging me  
to turn a page.

My companions warned me  
pleaded me not the approach,  
But the call was strong  
and the book had found its host.

As soon as my hand  
touched the cover,  
The ceiling shook  
and before we could recover,  
The great stone monument  
was protecting its prize,  
As it collapsed  
I heard my friends cry.

I don't remember  
how I escaped,

Or of my friends  
their true fate.

The smell of fresh air  
was all I could understand,  
That and the feeling  
of the book in my hand.

Its contents are strange  
I can't understand them,  
Only strange glyphs  
my mind cannot comprehend.

And what's worse  
every night as I sleep,  
I can hear it whispering  
into my mind,

They creep.

But I can't just leave it  
it won't let me go,  
No matter how it's burned  
of how far that I row,  
It's always there  
within arms reach,  
Whispering to me  
this lifelong leech.

It calls and cries  
and scream my name,  
**READ ME CUR**  
**YOU CAN'T BE SAVED!**

It's a demon, a monster,  
It wants me afraid,

It needs me scared

To feed on my pain.

My only escape  
an end to my life,  
To escape this torment  
this unholy strife,

If you find this journal  
LEAVE THE BOOK BE!

Lest you share  
the same fate as me.....

## Winter's Night

A winter night

Under moon so bright,

Led warm dreams to find covers.

And high above

The stars thereof,

Flew twin comets of forgone lovers.

While away

A frost-night came,

Icy rain turned soft snow.

They weaved and glided

Danced their way,

Down to the Earth below.

## Winter Visit

In the nights of winter bloom  
there I sat alone in my room,  
Watching the winter nights unveil  
a landscape of ghostly white,  
Under the moonlight so pale.

When there I spied, with my weary eye  
from across the land, where the woods divide,

A lone form approaching, from this cold night.

Who could this be?  
This stranger of mine,  
Approaching my house  
On a night where most would die.

My first instinct, of course, was clear  
to grab my coat and escort him near  
out of this bitter night, but as my sight cleared,

I observed this man,  
though I dare call it that now.  
Making his way through this cold,  
bitter land somehow.

He staggered and jerked  
like a diseased calf just birthed.  
He wore a dark veil  
obscuring his face and his girth.

Would I have known what I know now  
I'd have killed the lights  
and hid under shroud,

Instead, I waited, watching and abated

As this figure stumbled to my very door.

Through my window, I watched with horrid awe  
as the man reached out  
to knock and call  
out my name,

How he knew, I know not.  
Only that its arm was sinewy, spiderlike, full of rot.

Longer than any man, twisted and wrong  
He knocked and called  
for what seemed like so long.

The sound I made must have been so soft  
so imperceptible, I can remember it not.

But the figure turned as if it heard.

And I saw its face  
clear and unblurred.

The face of horror  
stared into mine,  
As it approached my window  
and started to climb  
right outside my room where it continued to stare,  
Into my soul, my fears now laid bare.

What was its mouth had started to move,  
whispering words beyond my room.

I fainted then, of that I'm sure  
For when I awoke,

I was gone of the cur.

But even still

I awake in fear,

Of the demon standing

oh so near.

For when it whispered

to me in the gloom,

The only word I could make out was

"soon"



## The Scarecrow

The scarecrow stood  
amongst his field,  
A sea of green  
where good crops yield.

He watched and waited  
as passing by,  
Was the farmer's boy  
who paid him no mind.

No one ever  
heard the boys cry,  
Nor learned quite how  
the farmer had died.

But for many long years  
the farm stood there,  
Decaying and rotten  
while all bewared.

The once green field  
now and old dirt brown,  
Like all the life  
was taken and drowned.

But still the scarecrow  
stood and watched,  
Over it's land  
from his old spot.

Until one day  
a curious sight,  
A fresh-faced man

from the others so unlike.

Had approached the old farmhouse  
luggage in hand,  
A city boy deciding  
to buy this old land.

"Now I know  
why it was so cheap,"  
He said listening,  
While the walls  
of the old house creaked.

For many days  
he worked and washed,  
To repair the house  
yet always felt watched.

But all he saw  
out in the night,  
Was the scarecrow  
waiting in bright moonlight.

One night when city boy  
was going to bed,  
A thought occurred  
that was left unsaid.

"What happened to the scarecrow  
that stood in the field?"  
An answer to which  
the knocking door revealed....

No one heard  
from city boy again,

the farm was left  
as it had began.

The scarecrow stands amongst his field,  
A land of fear where dark deeds yield.

## Breaking Light

Whereupon a windy day, where shadows grow and dark things may,  
take first steps into fresh night,  
to grow and feed and lurk to fright.

Till there comes a smaller mind, one that's able to see behind,  
the fur and nails and fangs and scales.

And see the truth brought by light.

For no matter how big or mean or full of hate,  
the dark things run and hide to take,  
cover against the bright warm rays, that burn and scare and drive them away.

## A will-o'-wisp

A will-o'-wisp  
Enticed my sight

As it swayed and danced  
on the crossing heights

The ember world once sealed away  
Returned this night under moonlit rays

The twilight veil that hides my eyes  
shifts and writhes in shadow lies

But the wisp escaped  
and now shines bright

A reminder of what lies  
Hidden beyond sight

## The Door The Door

The Door The Door  
cracked just so slight,  
On this night of nights  
of fear and frights,

For so long now  
they told us all,  
But none believed  
that in late fall,

The beats would prowl  
on hallowed ground,  
In search of those  
not homeward bound,

They'd check the doors  
windows and locks,  
They'd sit and stare  
and then they'd knock,

To see who took them  
for late guests,  
Before being taken  
to where none could guess,

I followed the rules  
for years and years,  
Checked doors and locks  
when they drew near,

But on this night  
I know not how,  
The locks weren't checked

and when the beasts prowled,

The searched and found

their latest score,

The Door the Door

to my house and home,

Opened slightly more.....

## Songbird

The songbird sings in waning light,  
The moon now shines in waning night,

A warm wind carries the tune across  
A green grass sea of hills and knots,

Through gentle trees that swayed and rocked  
back and forth as fireflies flocked,

Night after night the songbird sang  
song after song of its lifelong refrain,

Yet the song remained a solo tune  
no duet to offset the rising moon,

I wonder now if that bird still sings,  
Some time has passed,  
Does its tune still ring?

I guess time will tell  
if when night falls,

The songbird will sing  
and once again call.



## Sandshores

Let the sand chronicle your journey  
as you imprint joys and sorrows both.  
The south sea wind  
at our backs  
pushing us down warm coasts.  
Salt air takes us back  
to younger, long lost times,  
As waves break and foam, washing away  
the pasts we leave behind.