

Shadow Ink

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

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At Worlds End

There I stood
at worlds end.

Where the sky divides
and dark seas led.

The wind howled its mournful cry
lamenting as its friend, the fading light, died.

As the darkening corruption ascended the hill
towards a forest of trees, poised for the kill,

The snapping of branches and wilting of leaves
was the final dance to the forest's dying screams.

Yet the last tree stood
resolute in its might.

As its branches guarded its last fruit
so bright.

So there I stood, watching it fight
knowing the tree would never see light
for it chose its purpose, on this darkest of nights.

It would guard its bright fruit
until the day that it falls.

Producing a new forest
so green it entralls.

And when the sun rises
what sights to comprehend.

Yet I'll still be waiting here
At worlds end.

The Dread Beast

In the dark
the dread beast hides
its eyes awash with flames.

A girl afraid
hides herself
and hope it's lost its way.

A soulless scream
its haunting cry
rends a mind to shreds.

A single sound is all it needs
and towards its prey
it heads.

Do not move
do not weep
for it is almost near.

Hold your breath
close your eyes
the dread beast knows you're here.

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.

A Moonlight Dance

In a moonlit grove, they danced and writhe
an indescribable sight.

"The Ones Who Linger", so they're called
this world's greatest blight.

From the fog they spawned and crawled
though no one knows for sure.

Their ghostly presence corrupts the land
their souls leeches and impure.

Their only goal, a horrid drive
as they roam across the land.

To find the ones who still survive
I know their hunt firsthand.

They claw and cry at locked doors
they beg you "LET ME IN".

In familiar voices of the damned
they wail to you their whims.

A dreadful chorus will beg for help
though you should heed them naught.

For if they catch you, it's your voice
they'll add to their lot.

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.

The Strangers

I see the strangers
their faces without features.

They shuffle and roam
like some unknown sleepers.

Who are they,
what is their purpose?

Their minds blinded
to what's below the surface.

Sometimes I think I can see
one of them find meaning.

Only to be brought low
by the hoards unseeing.

So onwards they roam
unknown how to live.

Only others demanding
more of them to give.

I'm no better I suppose after all
under no assumptions of being some great changer.

I look in the mirror to also see
the blank face of a stranger.

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.

What Must I Be?

The shadows grow, on darker days.
What hopes I've had, have fled astray.

I sit alone, a throne unknown,
and wish a world to stay.

But it moves on, and so must I.
With thoughts begone, with pride denied.

What must I be, to live as thee?

What toll to pay?
Why can't I stay?
My soul becomes my fee.

I'm told to laugh, to enjoy the ride.
Of those who suffer, of those who lied.

But in the end, we fall as one.
and in the end, we are all undone.

So I'll sit here, and await the day,
for the ending time, of this lifelong play.

And when the stars melt, now estranged.
My soul will remain here, quite unchanged.

A Wicked Scheme

Rend my mind
with tales of thine
words I dare not speak.

It chases me here
where I hide in fear
this old cabin where I oft retreat.

It first appeared in my dreams.
A land of mine where wild thoughts scream.

It spoke to me there
words none could bare
stories of its kind.

Every night
awoken by fright
feeling me lose my mind.

The final dream
it revealed to me
the reason for my birth.

It's using me
a wicked scheme
to open a door upon the earth.

Now it's out
needs me found
needs the final lines written.

I can hear it knocking
its voice now mocking

"DONT THINK YOU'VE BEEN FORGIVEN"

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!