

## **Chiaroscuro**

When I am all alone, and I have nobody, no one at all,  
There is a dark clarity in wanting to be freed of my shell  
And from knowing everything is ordained to be dismal,  
Can't someone out there hear me when I cry, when I call?  
Is there someone to aid me, comfort me, hold me, free me  
From this melancholy that binds me close, keeps me unfree.  
The world is dim, dark, and I am fearful, seeking release,  
Praying for courage, and for a faith that will not cease.

- *Chiaroscuro*, © Leonard Yarbrough, 1997