

Shadow eater

The Site

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I'm a big glutton

I eat shadows

I feed on the shadows of others

From time to time I also crunch my own

But it's not that good

Less juicy and without so much mystery

I know it by heart

I like the shadows of others

Try stepping on someone's shadow

You will see it won't allow you to do it

She's the one that will trample on you

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I like them all

The shadows of midday full of their black sap

The elongated shadows of the evening

The fleeting ones of the dawn

The invisible and perverted ones

Of the night

Merging with my body

The ones of my dreams

Which quench my thirst by burning up my brains

But what I crave most of all are the shadows

Which I will never

Ever

See

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