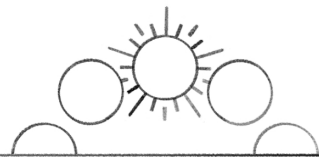




Reaching

Shona Hunter

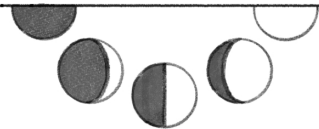
James T Washburn



REACHING

Shona Hunter

Script by James T. Washburn

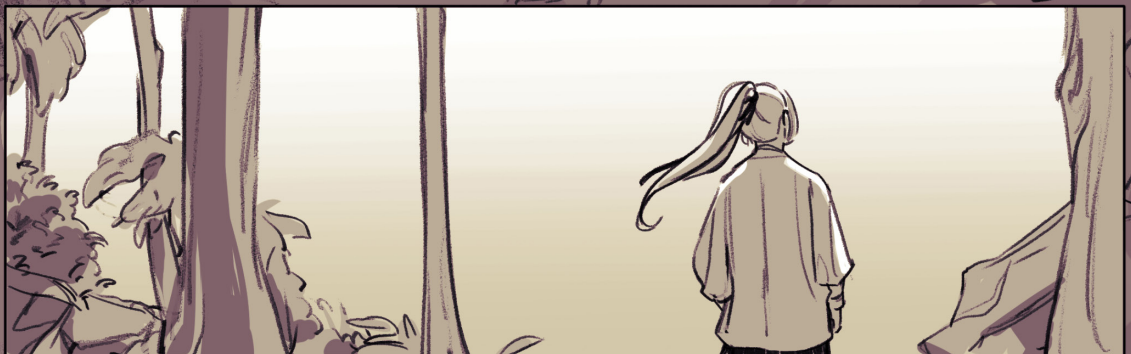


nomoshobia.com

jamestwashburn.com



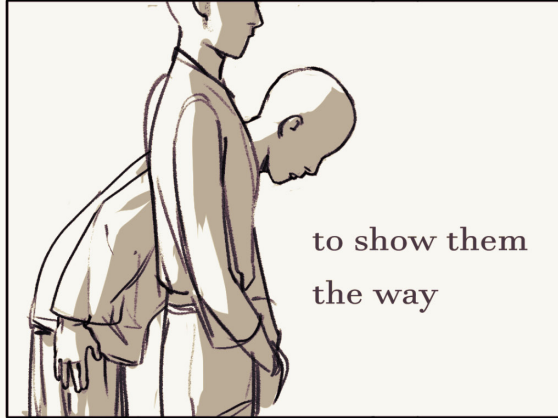
here and now,
i am alone



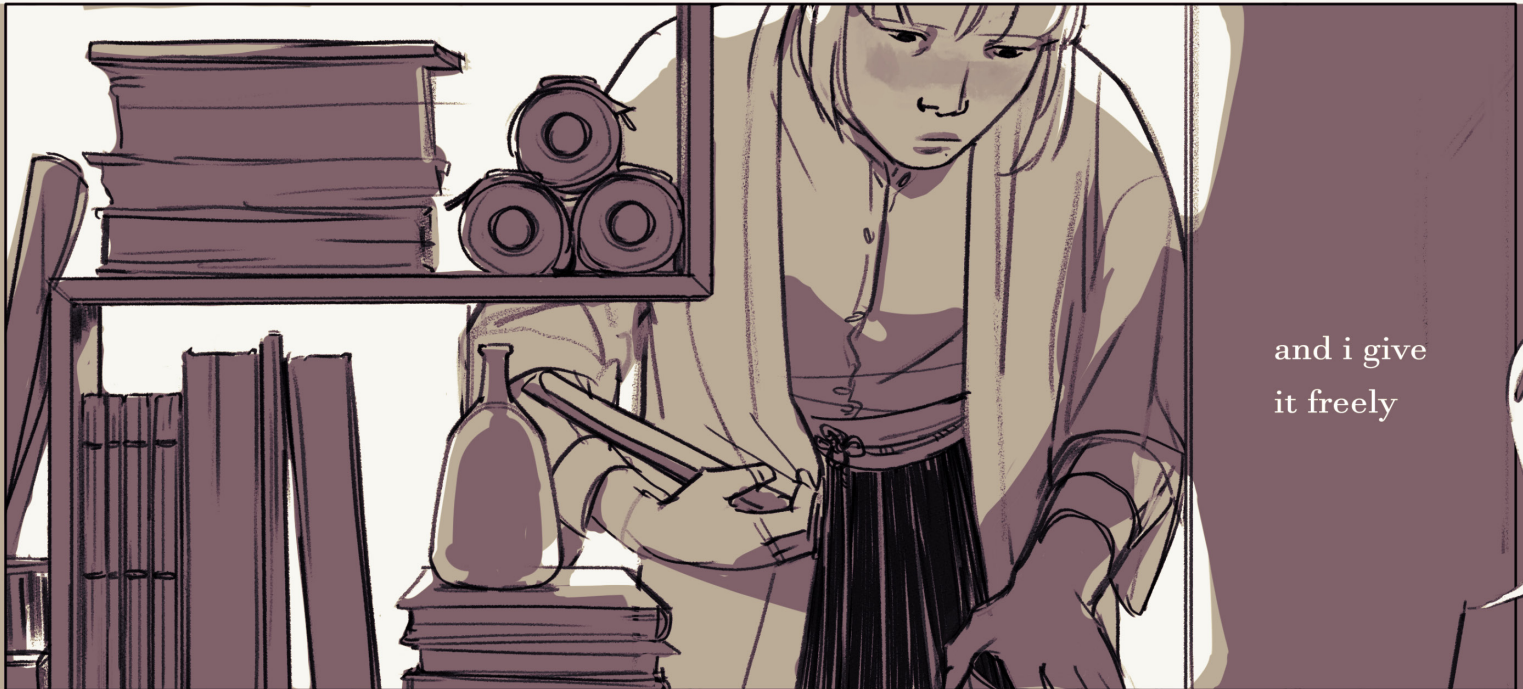
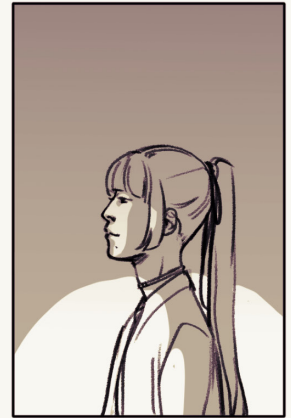


voices call to me
in the darkness

they beg for my light to sustain them,
to shield them from harm



to show them
the way



and i give
it freely



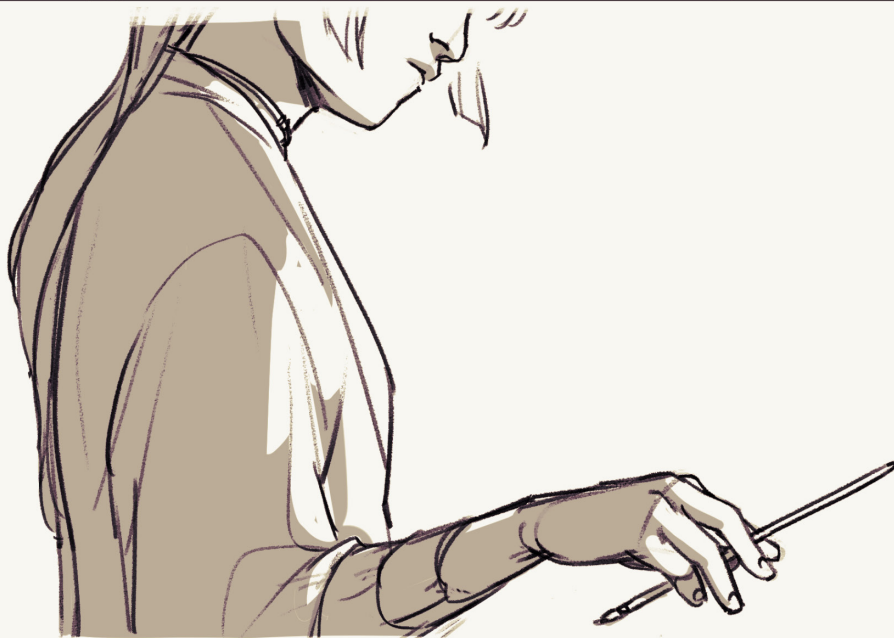
they love me for it

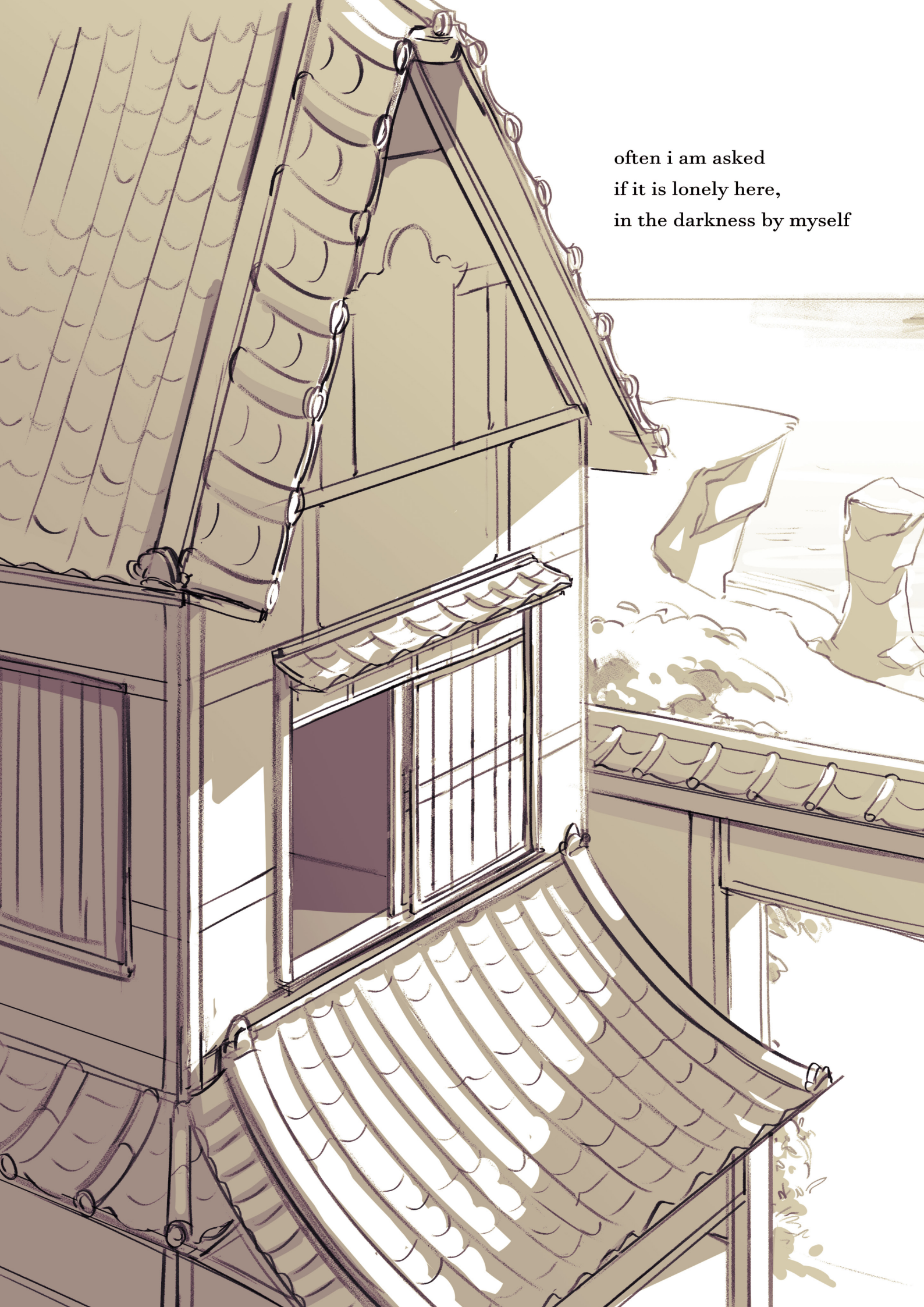




i give of myself
until i burn out.

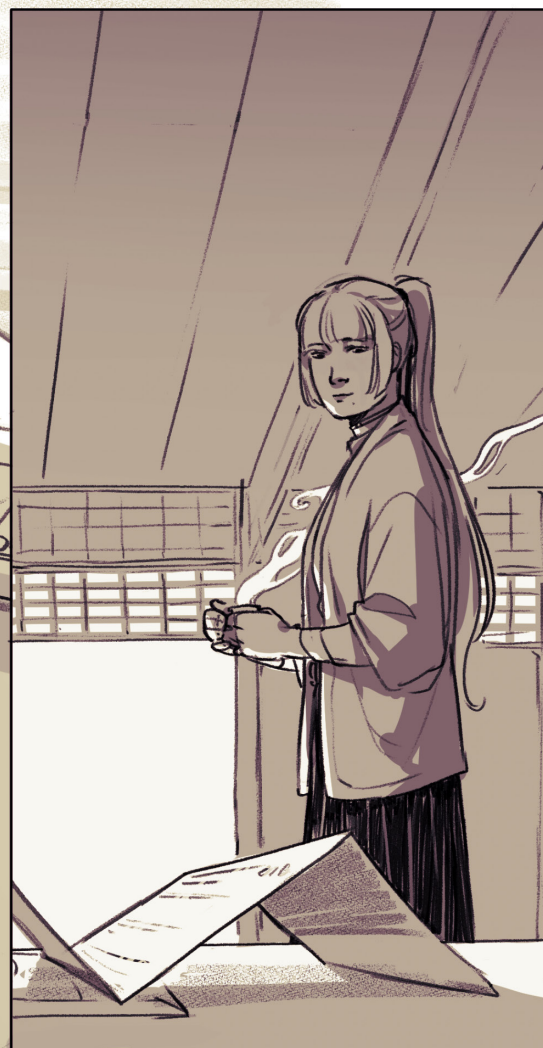
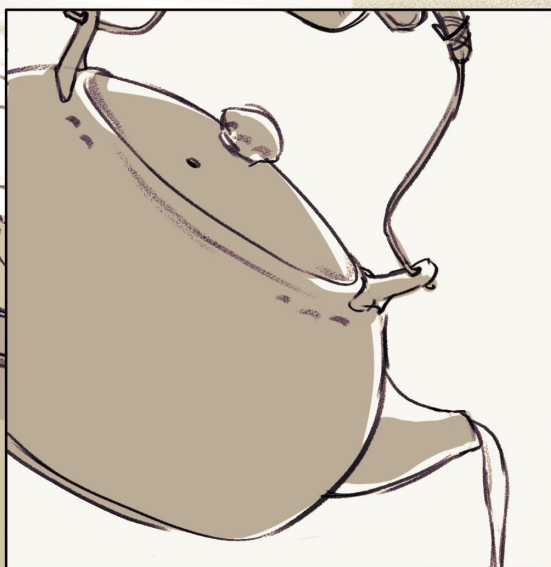
i can't help it;
this is my nature

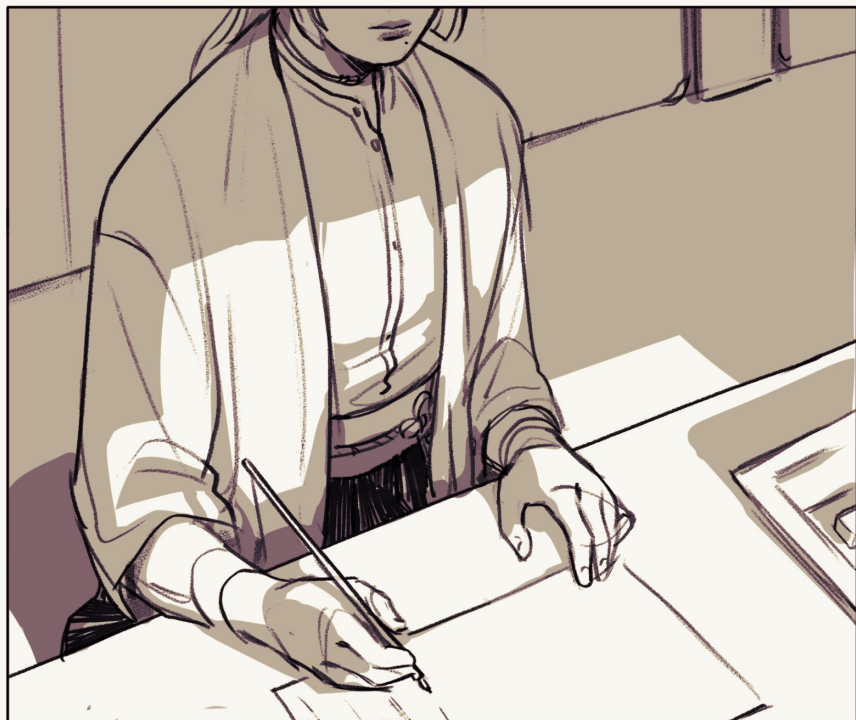




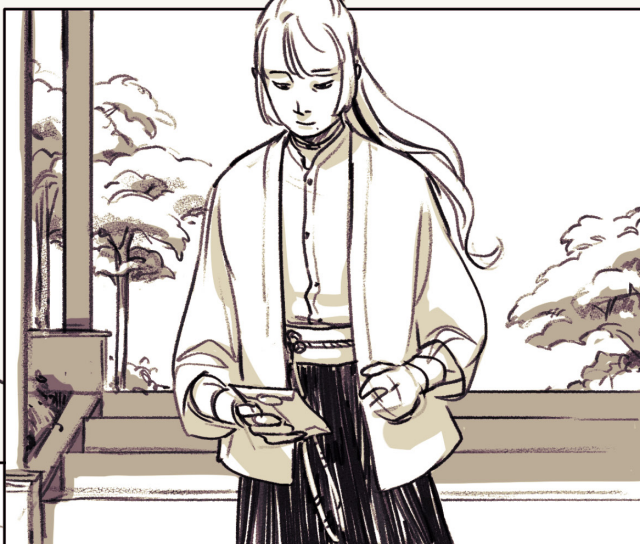
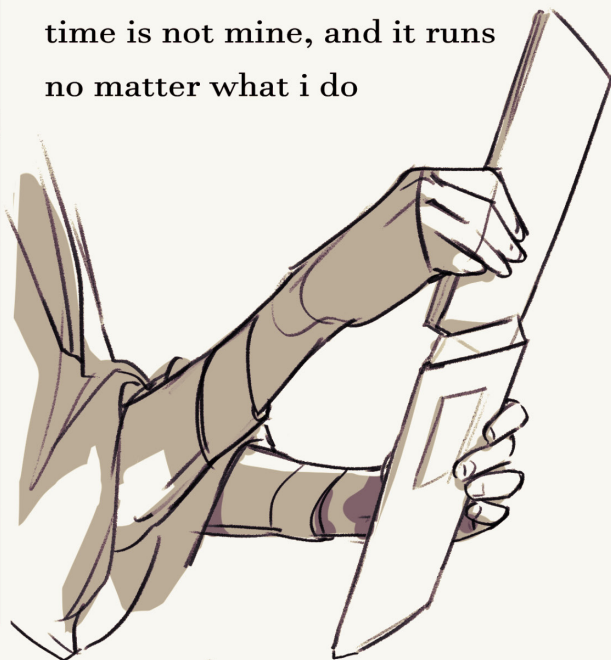
often i am asked
if it is lonely here,
in the darkness by myself

what do i do with my time?





the answer, of course, is that
time is not mine, and it runs
no matter what i do

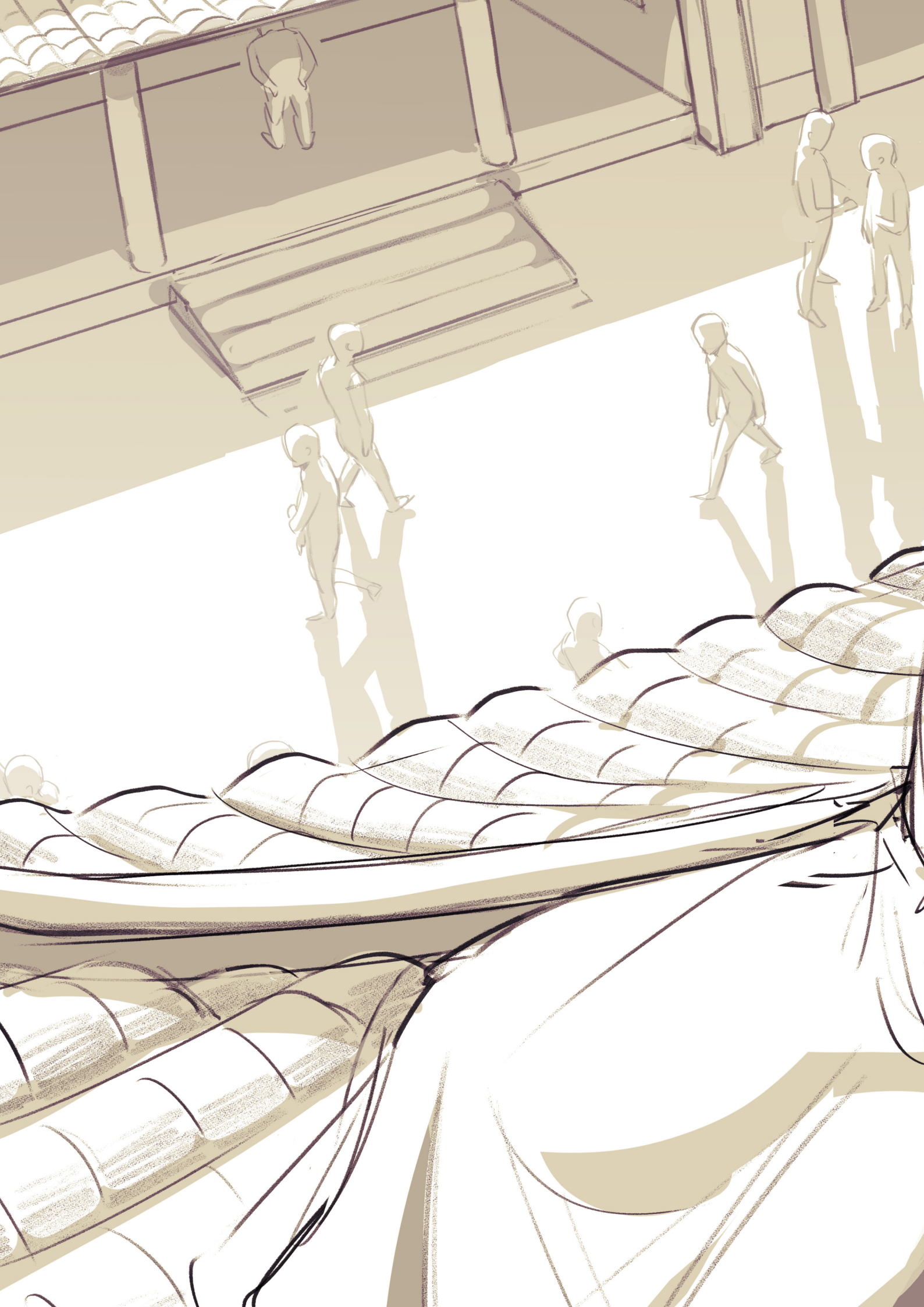


but the truer
answer is-

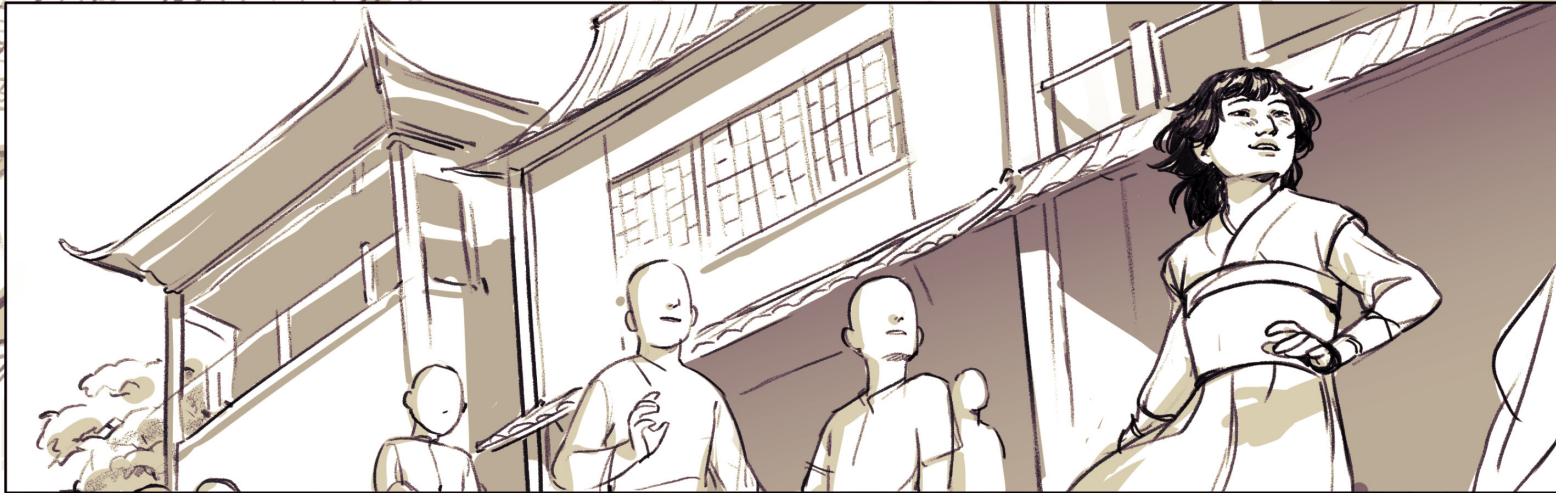
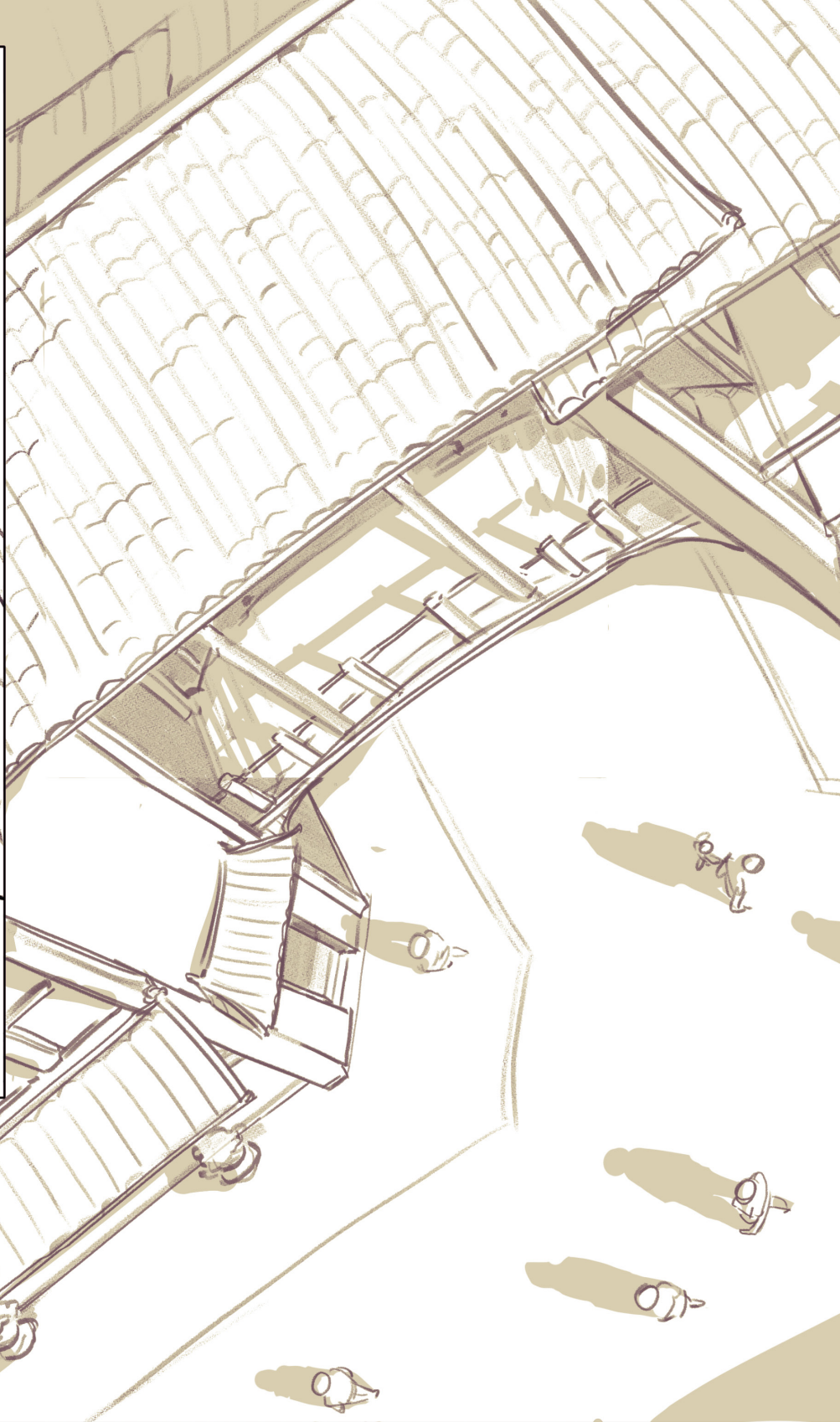
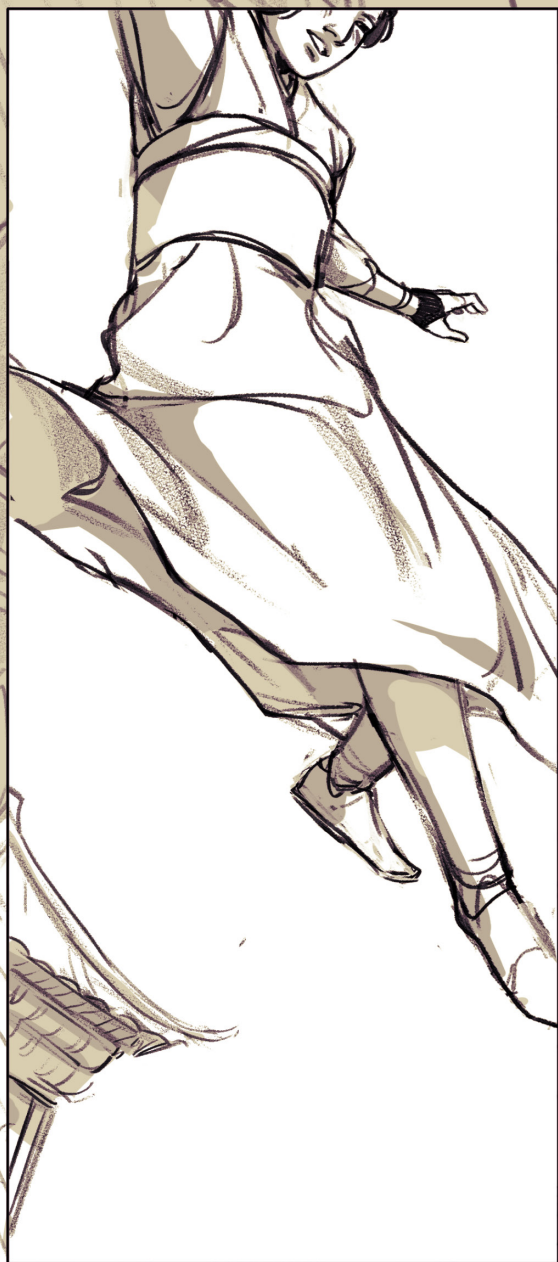
i watch

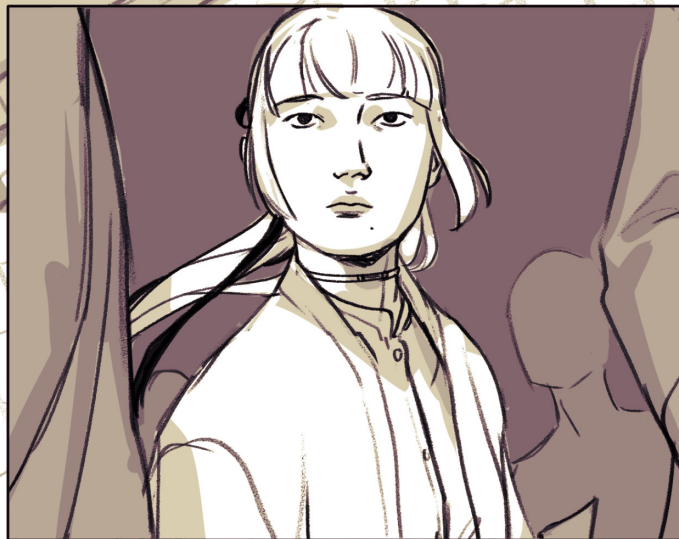
i watch her













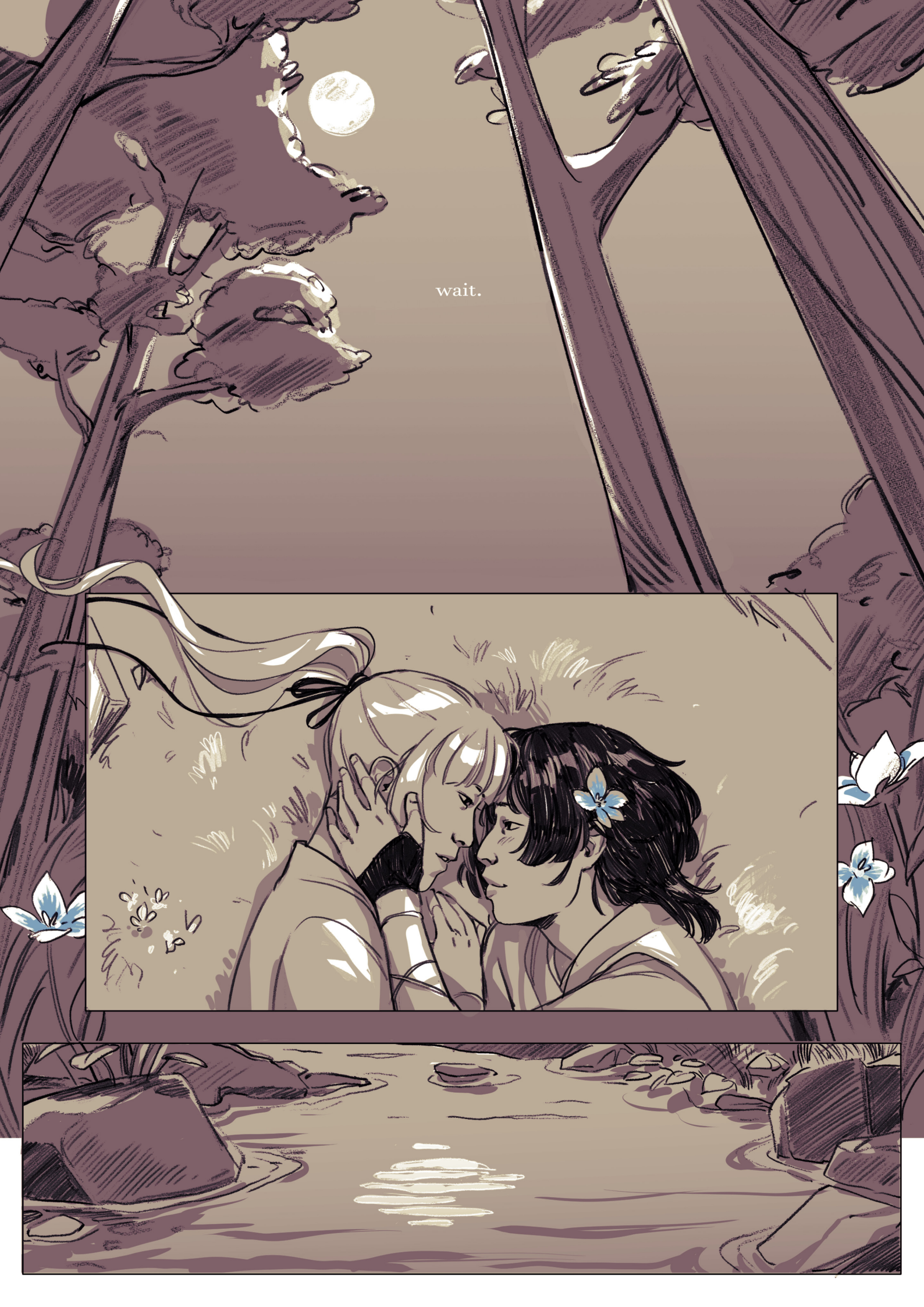
some people burn so hot

so bright

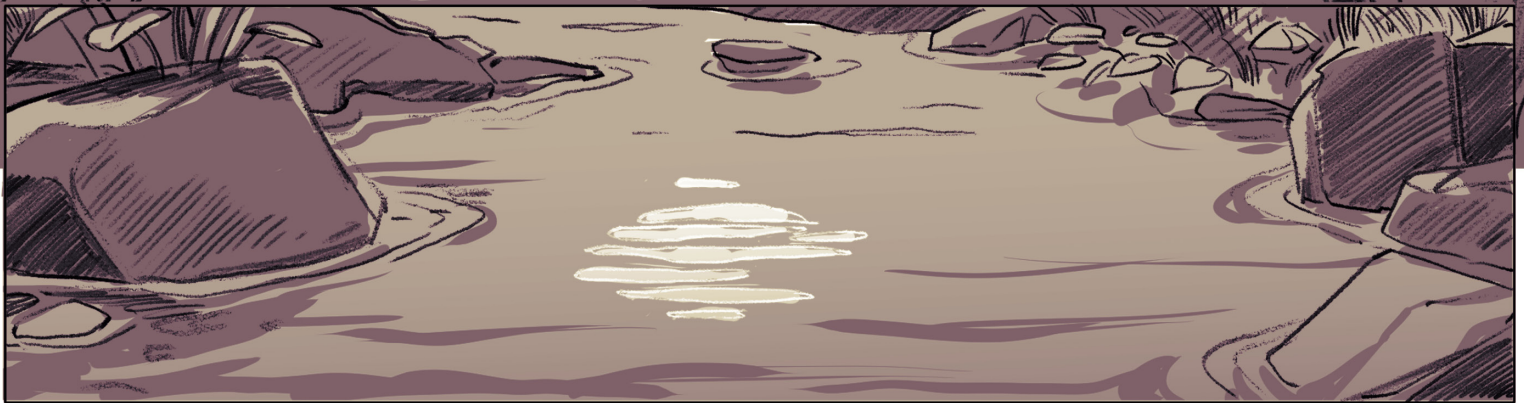
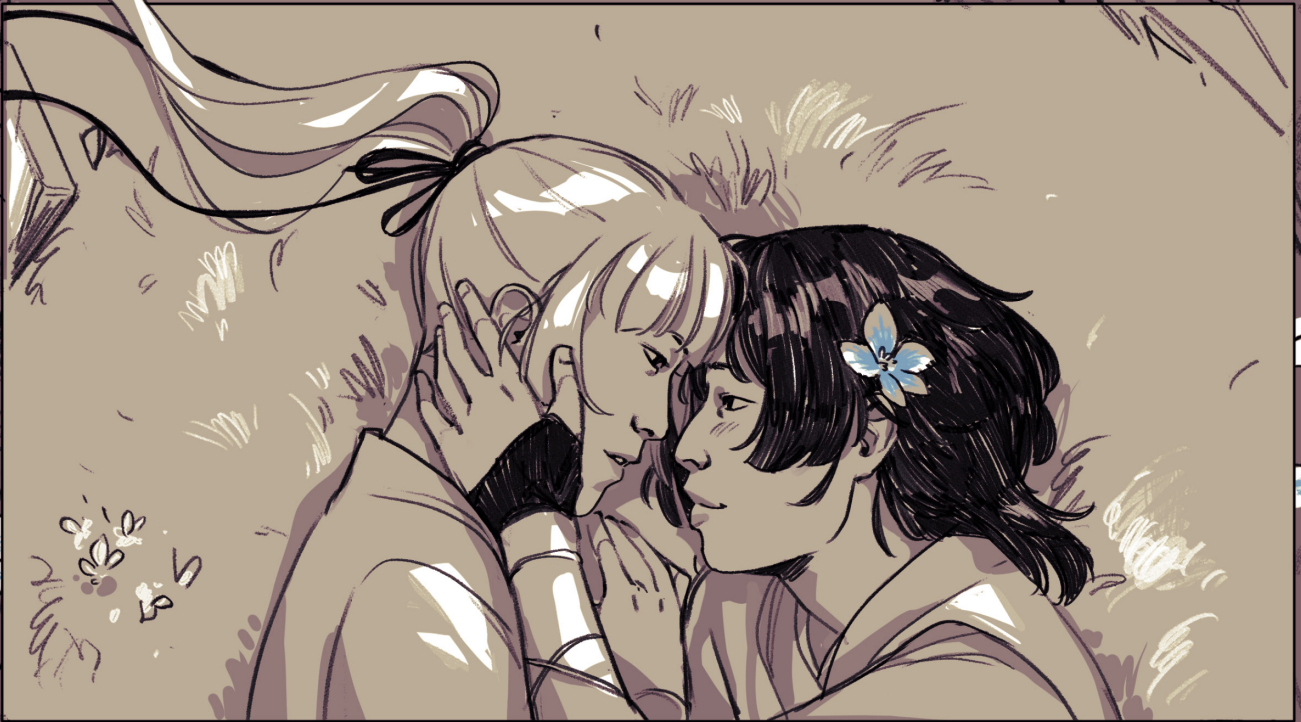
that it frightens you

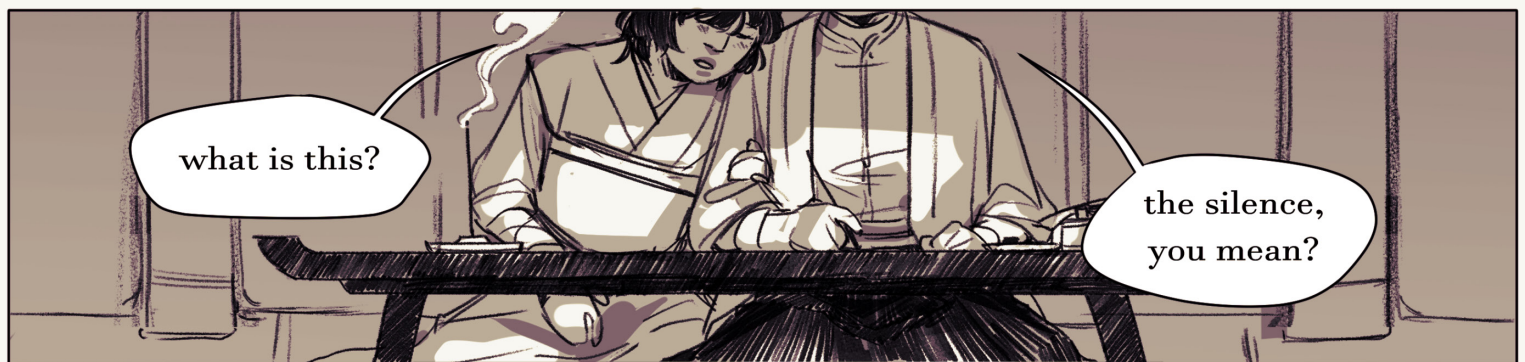
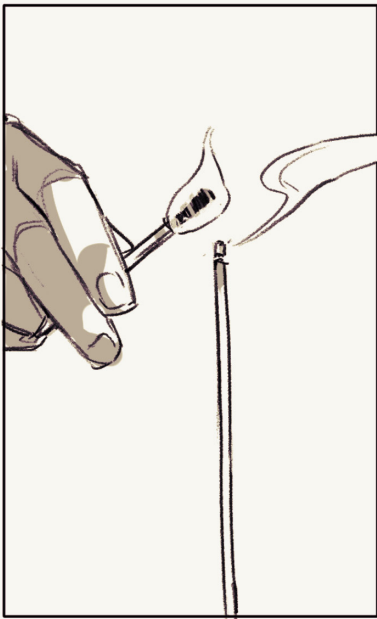
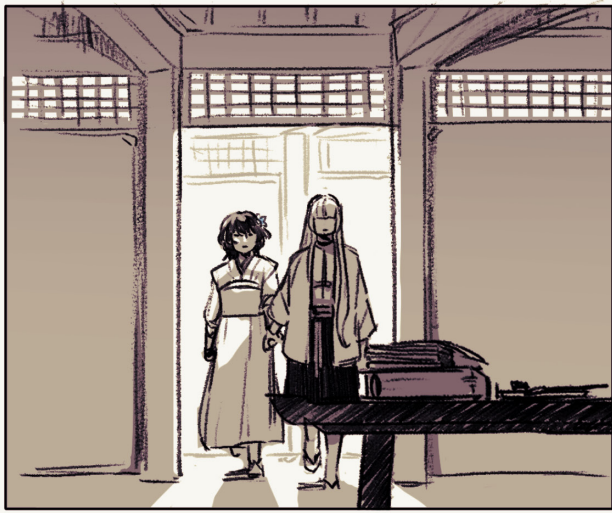


wait!



wait.







it's so -

empty

it's peaceful



you must be
lonely

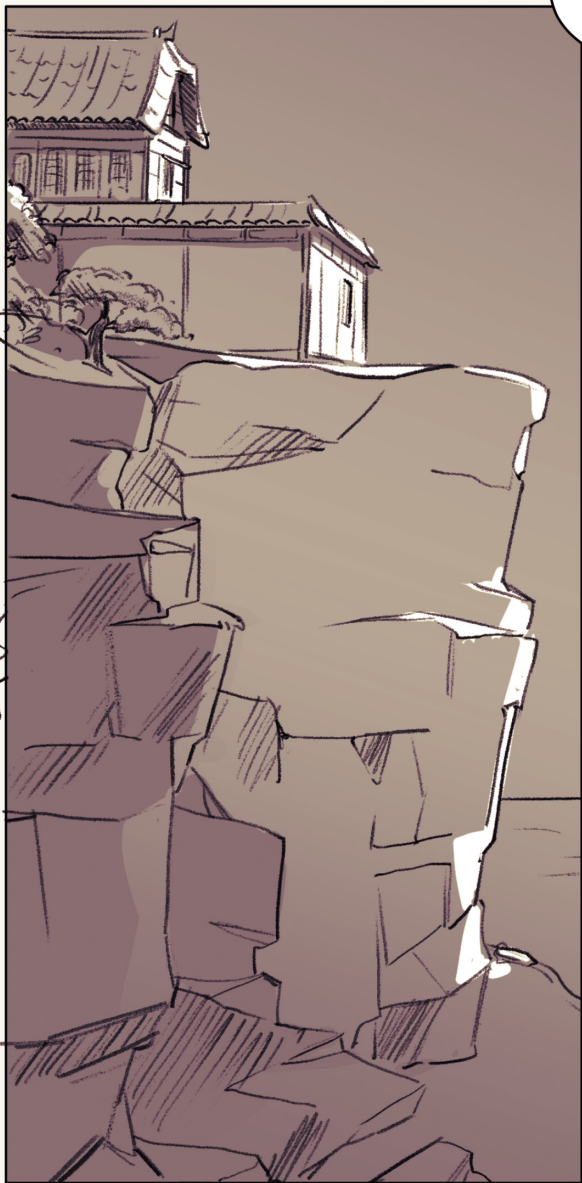
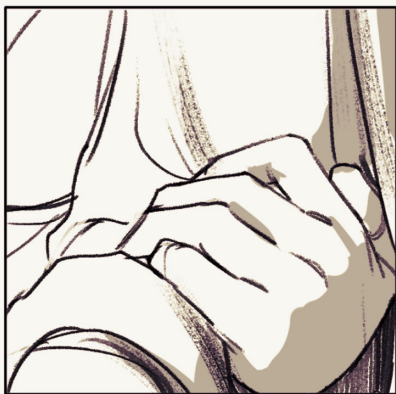


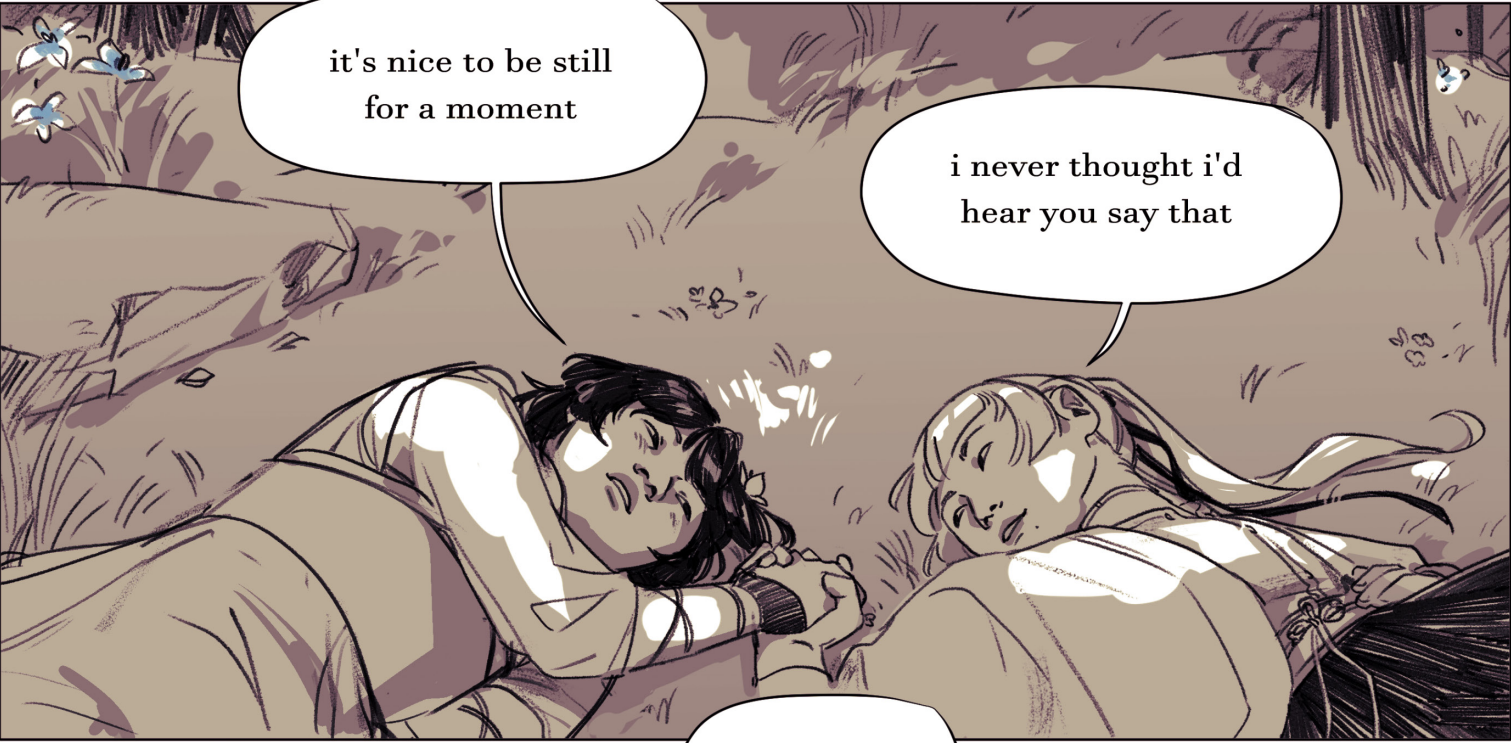


i hear them
through the darkness
sometimes



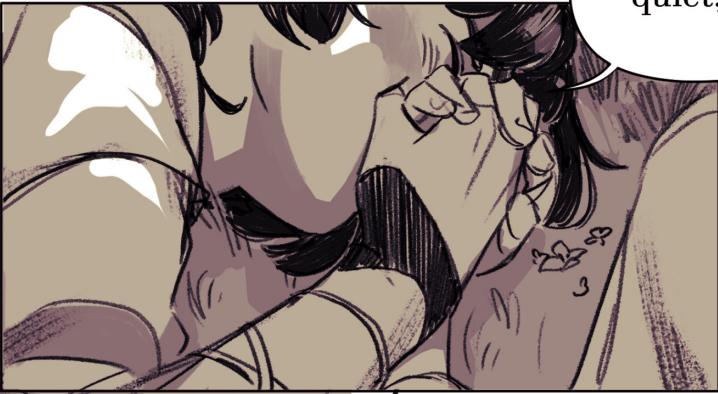
and i watch
you





it's nice to be still
for a moment

i never thought i'd
hear you say that



quiet, you



we'll be together soon



