

My Own Master - Haiku

Turning the pages
Candle light my only guide
Illumination

Words wrought long ago
Silent, given voice by sight
Screaming to my mind

The scroll, datapad
Holocron, leather bound book
Written by so many

The purest teacher
Laying their secret works bare
Holding nothing back

I began with nought
I walked the hardest of roads
A slave to my will

Many I learn from
In solitude my lessons
Master to myself.

Submitted to CDW: The Fool

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