UNTO THINE EYES ALONE

Hands I do not have, yet I grasp so tight.
I love darkness, my enemy is light.
Both the mighty and low know me well,
For in the hearts of men do I dwell!

I wonder as I wander: where am I?
I shed tears, yet I cannot cry,
I trek but cannot walk, swim, or fly,
I am born to die. Say, what am I?

I am, I'm not. I visit young and old,
Some I make timid and some I make bold,
Unwise is the one who pokes fun at me.
Beware, for I am a shadow of thee.