

THE MOURNING

by

Philip Mazeikas

Awakened by light dancing on the plateau
Of my silent reflection within the window
The dream was a journey, my mind was unleashed,
Violently raging into a beast
Removed from the battle, stripped of my pride
My eyes slowly opened, my hopes slowly died
And into the realm of such pity galore
I reluctantly drift like the morning before
Reflection dismiss my hopes and my dreams
For what lies beyond is not what it seems
The men I call friends, they lie and they thieve,
And no woman I know, would I never leave
The tools they call truth, they hardly believe
And the one known as self is the one they deceive