Chasing The Wind

Yet they appear as a friend .
Right while talking they disappear like the wind.
Arguments compared to a bad car wreck.
Just can't be real with no respect.
Is people scared to be real.
Or people too fake to feel.
No it's not a love thing.
But two people being real is a connection ring.
Being young with an old soul.
In a second flip from HOT to COLD.
What if you were blind and can see.
Life causes you to be real and be free.
Able to change and bend.
What's fake is chasing the wind.
You can't see it, but you can feel it.
People get tired ,they give up ,and they quit.
If you give your soul to a lie.
Wasted time, wasted energy and wasted love
High winds, low winds and all above
Now this poem must come to an end.
Think in life ,how many time have you chased the wind.

By Michael EGGLESTON