

Reflections

Reflections...

Are only mere imagery,
our brains telling our eyes just what they see,
our hearts showing our souls just where they long to be.

Reflections...

Are intimate times spent dwelling,
times at which ideas and dreams begin swelling,
a time that is, in most cases, seemingly overwhelming.

Reflections...

Are times we constantly seek familiarity and the "norm",
when we secretly wish only to behold one close to our "form",
moments of longing to gaze upon the one destined to us since we were born.

Reflections...

Comprised by our destiny this term is built,
woven tightly by joyful memories adjoined with guilt,
we seek and find comfort beneath this life-laden quilt.

Reflections...

Are beheld standing agaze before a mirror,
or kneeling over a pool longing to see the image clearer,
our salvation we grasp at as we beckon our souls nearer.

Reflections...

Prismatic displays of light shining through,
discarding the distorted "world" imposed view,
freed from the darkness able to be you!

Reflections...

Will we achieve not loathing what we find in our past,
truly finding peace in a future that looms so vast,
to see the real you looking back at last.

Reflections...