

Testing The Bounds Of Reality

Pieces lying everywhere,
Automated slaves
Nothing is familiar here--
Nothing is the same
So many drones imprisoned;
Drowning in our chains
Who may dare refute the dream
When pure genius is insane?

How do we relate our sight
To make the children see?
How put words to thought so that
The blinded sleepers see?
For ignorance is truly bliss,
And Truth eternal Hell
Then how hope we share the water
That comes from poisoned wells?
Such is Man's eternal plight,
Such his mortal dream--
Nothing we believe is real;
Nothing's as it seems.

Dennis Michael Danielson

Copyright ©2007 Dennis Michael Danielson