

My Dreams: Forever Intact, Never Broken

The far-reaching, deep, alluring sea,

Its dazzling, magnificent, blue waves,

The calm, peaceful, pure breeze it lets off.

The ocean appears perfect, genuine, wholesome,

Free of conflict, and free of pain.

Never assume truth in outside appearances.

Underneath, constant chaos proves the falsehood of the sublime,

The truth behind the mask of lies.

Overpowering perplexity, affliction, confusion,

Never-ending belligerent battles unknown to the outside.

Yet still, areas of widespread emptiness, darkness,

Impossible to fill, impossible to illuminate.

The immensely populated and vast earth,

Everyday stomped upon by shallow inconsiderate fools,

Destroyed by these so-called "elevating on-goers."

The beauty of the rich abundant land,

Continually used, abused, tarnished,

Always left ravaged, forever havocked.

Of course, these cheap disregarding idiots,
All of them, unaware of the mutilation they create,
Never understanding the devastating impact.

Hearing about the destruction of the sky,
But who cares, right?

No personal effect, no reason to worry.

This extravagant, striking, baby blue sky,
Much larger, more immense than the sea and earth.

The array of beauty continuing,
Farther than any man can see,
Full of hope, of dreams, of imagination, of passion and love.
There is nothing to hide, there is only truth.

The awe-inspiring vastness,
Reminding me to forget the cruel selfishness of the world,
To continue on with virtue, charity, compassion,
And continue to reach, to make my dreams come true.

No matter the pain, the hurt,
I continue to look up, the sky, the motivation, it's always there.

I am in ruins, though I appear to be stable.

I am continually walked on, hurt, broken down.

But still, I believe, I have faith, I am carried by my dreams.