

One Eye Open

Do we dream with one eye open?
Or live with one eye shut?

Dare we risk to dream of what might be?
While we cling to what we think is?

To truly dream,
Is to abandon the rock of reason;
And allow that the impossible...
Is not.

And,

If, perchance we might awaken,
Are we afraid of what we see?

Do we cling to the delusions
We created?
And in that comfort,
Do we then dream tepid dreams?
And let them go
As fancies of the night?

And when we live in daylight,
Is it really light?
Or are we really half asleep
Afraid to truly wake.

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