

The Flash

Eloy

I am locked up inside a house of solid glass;
open to every look of the one's who pass.
moments of fantasy trade with those of void;
images of repose, repress the worldly toil.

I can't tell the difference between what's real and dream.

is this the land of riches,
the path to our source?
is this the only key to unlock all doors?
or has my fantasy once again fooled me?
will the signs I see next fail to free me?

I can't tell the difference between what's real and dream.

as if I awake from the deepest sleep,
and as if the road to being seems less steep.

these glassy walls that have surrounded me
break and give way for a flow of energy.
freedom I sought,
and for which I have paid,
strides over my strongly built barricades.

the self I really am,
that was once disguised,
evolves to the fullest - starts its steady rise.
rids the broken pieces of my shattered past.
it overcomes the fear - weight, I've lost at last.

now there's just space,
endlessly new to me.
the flash of light enables me to see,
and my view touches horizons as serene,
as the source of all that I have ever dreamed.