

On the Shores of Ithaka

Quo Vadis

In our
Minds eye...
Certainty
All powerful
Beyond blindness and fear...
Confident
Fused with vanity,
Arrogant
Propelled by scorn.

Foresight
Relegated
To beg in the streets with despair,
Caution
Forever...
Lagging behind [the horizon]
As we sail from Day
Into nights web
Thick
With deceit of a tender embrace

And a knife through the heart!

Blurry eyed we strain,
Seeing a different reality
Each vision
At odds with the Truth
Never again in reach,
So obvious to the ones
Less Myopic

Each vision
As our minds
Blind to
The impending doom
Guided by
Our misguided ways

We plow on -
Sight hollowed out,
Vision blunted by
Web of deceit

Thick with contempt
The most vocal burn blessed with scorn
Others hope it goes away
And

Let it happen
Words collide, worlds shatter,
Opinions are cheap
Fed by ignorance

And here is the paradox

How do we reach utopia,
Our shores of Ithaka.

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Our shores of Ithaka.

How do we reach utopia,
Our shores of Ithaka.

If we move
In the opposite direction
While trying.

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