

The Castaway Crown

Raunchy

He stepped forward with certainty
And then secured his blindfold tightly

He saw nothing of this world
Free of his own reflection
He heard their voices faintly
So much softer than his own

He sensed their touch rest upon him
But only felt, only felt of stone

His thoughts became an infinite flow
The truths of which he spoke with absolute conviction
And took solace in knowing their words
Were simply competing frequencies

The fate of one who only sees
Truth in his own words
Is the furthest thing from free
A prisoner to an elite
No one will ever know
A castaway lost at sea

He found his voice ringing wall to wall
Answer his thoughts, standing on his own

He learned nothing of this world free of his own reason
He paid no views attention
That he did not find to his liking

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