

The Barrier

Textures

Concrete blocks the horizon.
Dark clouds ascend.
Shadows all around.
All sight is lost .
This thick obstruction, yet limitless is the gaze.
Grey stares, watching while climbed, collapse!

Faces tell stories.
It won't be long now.
Rebirth close to grips.

Upon realising the state of self-
being, primitive reactions converge in perfect unison.
This long lost shelter built.
Deserted, it`s functions obsolete.

The travelling commences, horizon expands.
Dragging all trails towards itself by a thread.
Velocity increasing, cornerstones embrace.
A foreign reality of complex entity.

Disarranged thoughts.
A soul not to define .
But this soul`s not lost when connections decline.

Prevalent thoughts of rejection.
Life can't be the way it was.
Struggle for perfection.
Moving onwards, but this pursuit is the cause .

Passing through the horizon.
Barriers broken, facing forward.
A breach formed within.
Focussed on what's more to come.
Drawn towards lands unknown.
Experience gained intensely, from various perspectives, of what
`s done and left behind.