

Through the Eyes of the Beholder

To perceive is potent power.

Clipping woolly dreams from shaggy unreal sheep
glimpsed only through the morning mist of hope,
wielding reckless razor shears of prejudice.

Knowledge twisted on the treacherous spindle of personal logic.
Tangle to-gether these strings on the loom of illusion.

The Grand Tapistry - at last - of,,, of what?
Of Life? Consciousness? Being? Love? Truth? Reality?

The faster you shear, spin and weave
your giant Wall-Floor-Ceiling-Window blanket
the sooner you can roll up inside it
(ever so tightly, of course)
and marvel at the all-encompassing beauty
of your vast eternity.

How much closer to Life? Consciousness? etc.
is the unbreak sheep
naked
shivering
in the evening fog of despair
bleeding from a woolly wound?

~~Not much.~~