Be'Lakor "The Dream And The Waking"

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Silent but distant, Real but not seen Here but not happening, Forever has been

Into this absence, Two had but strayed Retracing in circles, They surrendered, dismayed

Behind them, darkness Ahead, the unknown So they stood, uninvited …But the roots had grown

An error, a tangent A curious mind An instant, a lifetime A secret to find

The dream and the waking Occurring together Realising, then That it mattered not whether

Imagined movements Near shimmering webs The nightfall descended To rest by their heads

Their feet planted firmly â€~Neath four darting eyes With pupils dilated,
They counted the sighs

Their legs fading into A curdling moss Their lungs slowly filling With decades of loss

That scent from the forest, Not taking, not giving

They knew only this - Not buried, not living

Their stagnating veins Now hidden from view In skin for the willow And bone for the dew

The dream and the waking Ending together Understanding then It had not mattered, ever

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