

## Sinith Hall "Dream Sequence"

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temptations never cease  
our own physical being reflects  
the plastic carved world in which we all reside

and in our last offering  
we set to rest the fallen  
but still no guilt will bleed through

we will never set free  
what we try so hard to hide  
in spending our lives burying  
the wings stripped by our minds

last night within my lucid dreams  
full moon in the beautiful night's sky

as I walk through the field  
the calming breeze brushes against  
the earth beneath me

but as soon as the sun's rays  
reflect the morning's dawn  
the darkness comes and now  
the moonlight gone

forgetting my way I lose my path  
all colors I've known  
a tunnel I pass  
I hold my own my one last breath  
as I approach a garden  
a new world at last

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