

Michael McGuire

"Center Of Illusion"

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CENTER OF ILLUSION

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Light the pervading theme, darkness steals the show,
life the common
dream. the dreamers treasures glow, the day breakers
find fault, with
all that life has wrought.
Centered on illusion, crippled with life's walk.
Self and crucifixion, pain is borne with pride, truth is
spiked with
fiction, death's true killer died, a lovers healing
touch, could never
mean so much.
Blinded with a vision, falling from the ground.
Roses descend from the heavens, and we mortify
ourselves with the
thorns, god's figure lost in our shadow, and we
presume all innocence,
and the world of mirrors designed to please, snake
smooth glass of
midas touch, each planet spinning their moon, the
stars their fertile
pasture, yet desolate winds whistle thru the ruins, of
each stone and
alter like a sacrificial ghost, and around this mirror in
framed
magnificence, the idolater lingers in praise.
Not blood that these hearts bleed, nor light that feeds
this sky, desire
much less than greed, in the mirror of each blind eye,
members of the
grand illusion, players in vulgar delusion.
Centered on the hurt, radiate the pain.
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