

Quitter

"On The Shores Of Ithaka"

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In our minds eye...
Certainty
All powerful
Beyond blindness and fear
Confident fused with vanity
Arrogant
Propelled by scorn
Foresight
Relegated to beg in the streets with despair,
Caution
Forever
Lagging behind (the horizon)
As we sail from day
Into night's web
Tich with deceit of a tender embrace
And a knife to the heart!
Blurry eyed we strain
Seeing a different reality
Each visions
At odds with the truth
Never again in reach
So obvious to the ones
Less myopic
Each vision
As our minds
Blind to The impending doom
Guided by our misguided way
We plow on
Sight hollowed out
Visions blunted by
Web of deceit
Thick with contempt with most vocal burn blessed
With scorn
Others hope it goes away
And...
Let it happen
Word collide, worlds shatter
Opinions are cheap
Fed by ignorance
And there is the paradox
How do we reach utopia

Our shores of ithaka
If we move in the opposite direction
While trying.
On the shore, of ithaka

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