

## Independent Sheep

### "The Line"

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As I walk down the line  
I look to my left and I see  
The Lady of Mists rising out of the water.  
She has started the Dance of Rain  
With a white cloud billowing around her towards the  
sky.  
The water comes up with a rise of her hand  
The waves crash in an obedient blue surge.  
Foam fizzes as it collects on her feet  
A pure white unaffected by the sun.  
Her sapphire hair flows down her back  
As a waterfall cascading to the ground.  
Shes beckoning all that wish to come  
Her eyes inviting those who see  
Or wish to see.  
In one hand she holds the Truth  
In the other the Lies of Generations.  
From her beauty radiates in an unearthly blue glow  
The smell is sweet and deceptive.  
Choose wisely which hand you pick, I was told  
For truth is often sought but can it be found?  
Still she beckons, but I have made up my mind.  
I look ahead and continue to walk the line.

As I continue, I look to my right.  
Rome rises up out of the darkness  
The leaders are shadows without a voice  
Their mouths open and spew wordless hate.  
They are transparent, stacked on each other  
As they look forward at the wall.  
Made of dust, it flies upward  
Their grand accomplishments flash before their faces.  
Not so grandiose now that they have crumbled  
As all temporary things do.  
Indistinguishable, it is impossible to tell  
One from the other, or whose they are.  
Books and ruins are all that remain  
Of the powerful regime that once was feared.  
Suddenly it begins to transform before me  
Familiar images flood my eyes.  
Garish colors inhabit my thoughts

Corrupt feelings invade my heart.  
Roaring monsters made of steel  
Rumble by paper monstrosities erected on the side.  
Flashing pictures ove

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