Struggle with a Dream

With the master of intuitive contemplation on everyone’s side
but yours
That leaves you hanging by an insignificant dark cord
A cord spiraling down to a locked window with thick panes of glass
That has never been opened before
But the cord smells like the sweetened flowers of a certain honey suckle
Causing you to carry the extra belongings you don’t need
To move on and distance yourself with incredible odds from everyone’s insightful marker
That kept pushing you further and further back
In that complex delusion of unreal fantasies
That surrounds and isolates you and your psyche
No one seems to know where you go
When you hide out from all the vivid lights that cross your path
In all the illumination that comes from every imaginable corner
It makes you feel sorry for yourself and what you have done
For everything that you started
There is nothing that has been concluded
Your privileges in the face of all the rivalry are now gone
Put away in a rusty old locker that hasn’t been opened in decades
And it rests on top of a pile of dusty faded newspaper clippings
That were past down from a generation ago
And there you try to bend back the instant
To face it all over again

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