

Fleeting Truth

by sweetflag

Is there a better truth in dreams than can be found in the waking world? Where are we most real? And is it safe to be so true?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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In the arms of Morpheus, I rest my weary mind;
Locked in that embrace as the world slips behind.
So much weighs and crushes in that humdrum,
And it smothers and stifles all that I could become.
His welcoming land can be a duplicitous haven;
A desperate shore for the sea wary craven,
Or a beautiful wasteland for those seeking small worth.
The wise will learn to step lightly on his Fuller's Earth.
His world is a theatre, and upon his stage,
We divulge our delights, despairs, fears and rage.
No secret of our mind can be hidden in logical lies;
Instead, they stand naked, yearning to be seen by our eyes.
They say that he is a mirror to our own spirit,
And what we see in his world is how we wish it.
I have seen horrors in that realm and such splendour
That I doubt nothing real could satiate my ardour.

We dream relentlessly behind our fluttering eyelids;
Lost in lost images from the deepest part of our ids.
Coalescing fantasy and transient hope clashes
In that arena behind locked eyelashes.
And there, we are what we want and need to be,
Being what we are here: forced to hear and see
Those truths that are invisible to our logic,
And that is, to our dreaming mind, most tragic.