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Crystal

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Crystal

Your mind was wandering, trying to lead your eyes,
Looking to the horizon for the new sunrise.
You felt too quickly that the time did pass,
And soon your mind's eye discovered glass.

The first you found was a window clear,
And couldn't you see all, both far and near.
Yet, even though this window's clean,
Doesn't it still distort the scene?
You knew this glass was very fine,
But it took some rain to keep the shine.
Though this cover kept you dry and warm,
You really wanted to feel the storm.

So up you rose and all you passed,
And discovered yourself in the looking glass.
It held your stare and held you there,
And you couldn't even see you'd lost all care.
But like the sand in a tight held fist,
You slipped into a foggy mist.
While none are judged and none turned away,
Will you see life's just a way to spend your days?

An ornate decorum grabbed you hold,
Stained glass so warm you ignored the cold.
Surrounding your body with a chilling frost,
Until all your beliefs were erased and lost.
You once thought alone to draw ideas,
But they thought in groups to divide their fears.
You had mistaken control for caring,
And mistook their taking for sharing.

You led yourself to a different shore,
And through your body smoked glass did pour.
In your mind up you rose,
And made your head the show of shows.
But a bright road became a dark avenue,
And you felt all the eyes staring at you.
Finally you decided the memories you'd lost,
Weren't really worth the cost.

continued

And through all this you stand right here,
Shedding a small crystal tear.
You see your life as broken glass
Because you didn't feed your past.
But if you really look behind,
You'll see the search is half the find.
Since all your past has really shown,
Is that any glass can be fresh blown.

Steven Isenburg