

illusion

lit up in illusion
blinded in this light
but still seeing
reluctantly

rounded silken words
floating back and forth
over and under
in and out
of us

illusion
delusion
unspoken realities
of veiled pasts
and futures checked

lit up by brilliance
swimming in illusionary
pools of wetness
lifeless as the dead sea

spinning tales
strung end to end
a braided line of
illusion

cast into still waters
of a lifeless sea
i float aimlessly
reflecting complicity

alone
with my tales
and illusionary
alphabet letters

in a universe
of connections
we are all fabulists
drifting

~ grace keyser