

# Vision

Draw your dark curtain  
and show me the gold.  
Show me the life I lost.  
Then reality mixed with illusion  
and sight no longer trusted,  
I wandered helpless and meek,  
sightless and sad -  
Hovering over a dead land.

Show me the gold,  
Show me the dancing lights  
But clouds engulf me now,  
and I see only the dark, dark  
horror of forsaken storms.

Seeking the gold -  
Now hurl myself at the sky,  
and with bleeding hands  
I rend the clouds apart.

David Woolger