

Ethereal Chambers by James C. (5ths)

Too long have I lived behind my own eyes,
Oppressed by the sanctuary of mind.
I pace the corridors of perfectly
Untidy rooms, scattered with remnants of
Wistful gaiety from bygone days.

Through each door I can still see;
Battles and wars on the bedroom floor,
Empires built out of void and imagination alone,
And great warriors to dodge my false reality.

A time where no script commanded my future,
Nor was there a sense of emptiness and forsaken empathy.
The unripened facade of bliss has shrivelled,
So the raw breath of truth scorches my senses.

I see a time when I was free to roam in golden fields,
Those which carried a potent odour of vitality and radiance.
But I had mistook the crops for permanence,
That alongside my youth was dissolved by destiny.

I fear that the path of instinct has gone extinct,
Leaving all but the shell of human purpose.
We stumble in the shackles of society,
Enslaving our souls without resistance.

Now I can look back on my performance,
Foolishly rejecting the state of the actor,

For my leisure taught me that play can rule the world,
Even when its ghost wanders through the hallways of memory.