

My Real Life

Sometimes I think [this life is just pretend]; that when I am awake, I'm really sleeping.

For I am ever peeking 'round the corner at [whatever] may emerge in this happenstance of oddities and revolving hazard of the dice.

Like any dream, this side is slippery.

It twists on a dime.

Albeit there are spaces on the pages for success, there are steep and winding passages to subdue.

[Dreams often seem to keep us just one step ahead of what it is we dread.]

Still, there is room for my employment and craftsmanship.

Thankfully, communal comfort has been commissioned in this strange facsimile of reality.

[And I will admit to dishing up a wealthy share and going back for more].

Sometimes [Unseen] steps in.

Sometimes not.

[I haven't got a clue to how that works.]

Let it suffice to say, that there is chaos here in the surrogatory purgatory between me and my [real] life.

In actuality, I am as light as lilac in the April air.

Somewhere else, all is resolved.

Time doesn't even dare to pass; it simply sways in place.

For I am caught up in the Eye of the Beholder.

[I saw Him see me in this dream.]