



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

439

Topic : The shadow often seems
More real than the body

ON TRUSTING SHADOWS...

"The shadow often seems

More real than the body"

This line, in passing did somebody tell me

But now, I am left to ponder

In the last hours of sunlight, the fading beam,

Is this the solid truth? I wonder...

I think back on my yesterdays

Yesterdays, I reigned high and mighty

Now, a shadow of myself, I withered away

Fell so low, there was nothing beneath me.



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What led to my fall? I think
'Twas those lies masquerading
As the truth. None the wiser, I sink
And feel the darkness invading.

A fear of shadows; a fear of the unknown
What could cast these shadows?
Not knowing, I felt so forlorn
Afraid of the impending doom; an almighty foe.

At the time, I had my foolish belief
Belief in what my eyes could see
Ignorance! What these eyes could keep
To themselves, they used it to blind me.

Guided by these shadows, I traversed
A path that led me astray
Too late to realise, what was worse
Was that I was tricked by shadows at play.



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Shadows can make reality seem
Blown out of proportion, under the light
Just like your fingers can seem
To be a fluttering butterfly.

I let these shadows misguide
Me and lost the prime of my time, complete
To brave these fears, I should have tried
But I simply gave up in defeat...

"The shadow often seems
More real than the body
This line, in passing did somebody tell me
But now, I am left to ponder
In the last hours of my life, fading beam,
Have I found my solid truth? I wonder..."