

A man's life

Lisa Marie

Can a man's life be his allegory?
There is etched
A journey
Hanging down from heaven, waiting him to be led in.
When is awe shining more brightly?
Sweet falling
Air twirls
The enchanting full moon, humming him a witty tube.
Does his smile bring hope to trembling chins?
Illuminating
Via shadows... .
Crisp angles abound... casting light all around
Do his sea-blue eyes spin dreams ever true?
Drowsing in bliss
(Wistful we blush)
Turquoise and lapis coiled coral of what he is.
Should he go deeper into the soul's dark pool?
Footsteps swirl
Then disappear
He sees where to go with no path to follow.
Are his dusty corridors wonders from within?
Trough the might
Turn to I
So much more to see, in the corridors of he.