

The Screen of the Mind

Busting open the door, all you've ever dreamed of sits before your eyes

You see people who love the things you love, you see adventures you've longed for

A life that was supposed to be in your skies

You take a step forward but you cannot walk through that door

Try and try again but blocking you is a screen

One that is invisible to the eye and nothing to feel

Hoping maybe they'll let you in when you are seen

Looking over, it's not you they see, not you, but a mad man kicking the air with her heel

Forced to turn around, you cry, you groan, you wonder why

No option left but to start from the ground

You pick up your things and walk away with your hands to the sky

Fists clenched, as if ready to pound

The tears finally dry and no longer do you have time to scowl

There is work to be done, to find where the real you hides

But when the sun is engulfed by the hills over far, you look up with a howl

Will you ever again find that room and that door and live to see all four sides