

Shrouded In Courage

Going from places, unseen,
And courageous. You
move through corridors
to witness power in the making,
and see only snake-like people
dancing to the same tune.
From this you understand
everything, feeling even less
for these places.

The streets you walk
Are grey: dead or dying.
Like the people you meet, who try to survive
from something, striving to prove, their existence.
You imagine utopia, its' reality,
and gathering of new ideas, and old faces:
cognition forms and actively cares.
But you know utopia is a dream
of innocence, and with that you cry.

In your realms of power
forces divide and conquer,
the peoples' faces reflect the hurt,
and still do nothing.
Under a shroud of courage
you raise a hand; gesture to stop,
and nobody sees' your tears,
for the power they wield
is the intellect of man.

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