

SHADOW LAND

John Vieczorek

Welcome to the shadow land
nothing lingers here
everything is made of mist
even when held dear

Time controls all destiny
in this broken place
shadows cast then disappear
gone without a trace

Form and color tempt the eye
touch exposes mass
images perceived as real
in the looking glass

Entropy proclaims its vow
lauding bitter truth
singing of a sad return
from the days of youth

All that lives and all that dies
share one common theme
shadows rule in shadow land
life is but a dream

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