

# Chalice, An Illusion To The Temporary Real

Chagrined, I lie ensconced between the dreaming and the dead  
Let my eyes perceive degrees and not directions  
For the sanguine expectations that embellished prior years  
Are the fervent hopes now lost in imperfections

The emaciated soul seeks to conceptualize itself  
In an illusion to the temporary real  
Within, thus beyond, we segregate our spirits  
From the probing hands that touch but cannot feel

Through cognitive dysfunction aspirations stay utopian  
Like dying leaves that to their branch still hold  
Unaware their will may yet delineate futility  
They agitate a flame already cold

Plagued with trepidation through the volatile states  
Foreordination links me to the now  
For even if I sought escape I'd only leave despair  
And my death would be one final awkward bow