## Eloy, The Flesh

I am locked up inside a house of solid glass open the every look of ones who pass moments of fantasy trade with those of void images of repose repress worldly toil I can't tell the difference between what's real and dream is this the land of riches the path to our source? is this the only key to unlock all doors? or has my fantasy once again fooled me? will these signs I see next fail to free me? I can't tell the difference between what's real and dream it's as if I awake from the deepest sleep and as if the road to being seems less steep these glassy walls that have surrounded me break and give way for a flow of energy the freedom I sought and for which I have paid strides over my strongly built barricades the self I really am that was once disguised evolves to the fullest starts it's steady rise rids the broken pieces of my shattered past it overcomes the fear weight, I've lost at last now there's just space endlessly new to me the flash of light enables me to see and my view touches horizons as serene as the source of all that I have ever dreamed