

# Emperor, Of Blindness And Subsequent Seers

Ever behind me.

Rise a shadow taller than I.

Yet, with a certain resemblance.

How many times do I have to contemplate my own reflection.

And say: I have been blind?

I have been blind.

Yet, I saw the search and dreams of my rejection.

Walking behind me.

Every time, I am bound to have been granted the gift of better sight.

But my anxiety, built one more brick.

Fearing again to choose the wrong step.

Vaguely I remember the blurred eyes of someone small.

These strangers often come as blind.

A troubled mind I left behind.

Yet, was it I of my shadow walking in the past?