

Emperor, Of Blindness & 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
Or my shadow
Walking in the past?