

Illusion

I've come to the conclusion
The world is an Illusion.
This script written in our minds,
All the wonders you will find,
Perhaps none of it's real,
But it feels truly alive.

The ground, the sky, the whole world,
It all seems a massive swirl.
The trees, sun, rivers, and grass,
The gleaming, glittering stream,
It was only a sweet dream,
Even that bird you saw pass.

People, bustling about streets,
Only in dreams can you meet.
This person, that you call "friend?"
They, too, are nonexistent.
Imagination, the psyche,
I ask if it has an end.

Before you is the landscape,
But only in our heads does
It actually take shape.
The world, just a mere figment
of our imagination,
Neurologic creation.

Through the mist, we seek the truth,
Finding wisdom in our youth.
Wonders hide in every turn,
Endless paths for us to learn.
Though it's all a fleeting dream,
Life is more than it may seem.

Illusion, the world may be,
But that does not mean you have
To stop the discovery.