

## Struggle with a Dream

With the master of intuitive contemplation on everyone's side  
but yours

That leaves you hanging by an insignificant dark cord  
A cord spiraling down to a locked window with thick panes of  
glass

That has never been opened before

But the cord smells like the sweetened flowers of a certain  
honey suckle

Causing you to carry the extra belongings you don't need  
To move on and distance yourself with incredible odds from  
everyone's insightful marker

That kept pushing you further and further back

In that complex delusion of unreal fantasies

That surrounds and isolates you and your psyche

No one seems to know where you go

When you hide out from all the vivid lights that cross your  
path

In all the illumination that comes from every imaginable  
corner

It makes you feel sorry for yourself and what you have done  
For everything that you started

There is nothing that has been concluded

Your privileges in the face of all the rivalry are now gone

Put away in a rusty old locker that hasn't been opened in  
decades

And it rests on top of a pile of dusty faded newspaper  
clippings

That were past down from a generation ago

And there you try to bend back the instant

To face it all over again

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