

Reflections

by emica *Sunday, Aug 15 2010, 8:57pm*

international / poetry / post



remember when we were young;
pure minds, hearts unbroken.

we used to sit staring at the clouds
in genuine wonderment.

we were ready for life to sweep us off our feet.
and Life was ready for us ...

unrestrained and unguarded
we ran towards the end of the rainbow,
searching

but no pot of gold to be found.

nobody told us it was all lies.

some continue to search,
refusing to face life as it is.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2068.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-113.html>