

Duality

Morning, where the foul dust of dread lingers upon the sun's early rays.

Preying on the minds of the restless and weary.

Eager thoughts of ambition are replaced by doubt and despair.

Woe to thee who revels in thoughts such as these, for only death does he bring to him
and whom he loves.

Pools of fear stretch as far as the eye can see, does fool or prodigy swim in such
waters?

The limitless sky of the future is the firmament, out of reach for the insufferable fools.

Yet one trudges on, till Night comes again.

Night, when the shadows of death grow long and frightful.

The knowledge of the new morning springs from the mind and so dilatory the body is to
enter the Sandman's realm.

And so unfortunate souls are stuck between the two realms, cursed to wander in both
and neither at once.

Anxiety prowls at the seams of their thoughts, ready to mercilessly devour any glimmer
of hope.

So only to cower can the woeful subjects do to survive, yet this is not living, for how is it
different from death?

Yet one trudges on, till Morning comes again.