

The Waking Hours

Sieges Even

I search the missing link
that interlinks the tattered ends of a chain undone
I watch the faceless shades passing by in lethargic
state,
dreaming of something to occur.
I walk through canyons of concrete where the poet gets
lost
and a walking eye weeps, where no visionary dares to
reside.
And I sense Sisyphus climbing the hill with panting
steps
for this sad time weighs his run.

In every waking hour
In any kind of golden light
In every moment of conception
In every hour you try to feel

always lies a sense of change

I feel the sense of change as Sisyphus clutches at life
but the lifeless shades of monotony obscure his
brightest day
Is all that's left a plain choice, to last or to fall
on the edge of collective drab?

Must we find fortune in constant revolt?

In every waking hour
In any kind of golden light
In every moment of conception
In every hour you try to awake