Momentary

Skepticism

Suddenly I am awake
The smooth grey stripe
The shaded blue mist
In silent pleasant slumber

One sweet the second bitter
Once surfaced now falling deeper
Twice the weight to drag one further

Suddenly I am awake and the mist is gone
Everything pleasant has turned dark
What were clouds are now steel and rock
The grey stripe will point the way
The thin gate will lead you in

Suddenly I am awake and the air is bitter
Everything dark has turned light
What were steel and rock are now gone

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