

To Look At

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By : greenglasses

This is about how much a life really has, and how we forget to remember that we are in a surreal world of our own, creating with eachother but on our own.



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Blades of grass glisten as they float in the sky,

passing by the cumulus clouds,

leaving the biodiversity-

swaying back but never forth

Dreams wonder in the pastures youth

picking pixies from the clovers

and only certain things remain in this universe

The things I'll never touch

never have

the things I'll never see

never know

Our lives can only carry so much

leaving our bodies ruthlessly at work

knowing with out end

That in this life,

I will gaze...graze

at some one else's marble world

as I get lost into my own

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