

I am not this hollow shell
hastening every day
to a cage of evanescent gold
I am not this fervent follower
and those presumed shades of gray
conceal in truth all colors imaginable

I am a chameleon of circumstance
an uncontainable rebel
and in the dungeons of my mind
I unrelentingly rattle the bars

I am my own unsung anthem
and only the ripples of my rivers
intone in whispers the praise
of my eternal realm

I am the unsuspected gem in the rock
that falls to dust at the cynic's feet
merely flickers for the tentative seeker
and for the believer blindingly shines