

Spinning Minds

By a route clouded and forsaken,
Haunted by one's persona only,
Where an apparition, named CONSCIOUS,
On a conflicted throne lies impatiently,
I have reached the land my mind resides,
From a state of indecision—
From swirling tangled lines that deceive, without remorse,
 Lost of CHOICE—Lost of CLARITY.

Endless indecision and valleys of doubt,
And changes, and outcomes, and a myriad of possibilities,
An enigma for man to eternally ponder
For the uncertainty to flow all over;
Thoughts colliding indefinitely
Into rivers that leave minds spinning;
Rivers that refuse to stop,
Rushing, unto potential outcomes;
Ideas that endlessly corrupt
Their single influence—confusing and essential,—
Their influence—the simple yet chaotic
With the intensity of the blazing sun.