pale

Strangely simple paradox
To loathe the means and not the end,
Blind to fantastic scenes
Only roads and crossroads,
Destination becomes destiny;
And departure, dread.
Dreams fade to desires;
And danger, defeat and death.
The shadows in their business suits,
Their uniforms, their bluejeans
Run, pale and substance-less.
A limb of light, even a spark,
They couldn't comprehend-it might
Make shades evaporate
And reveal the barrenness of
False idols and ideals.

-Brandon Bruning