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Dead End

Mario Suško

you should have known all along things are not as they appear, though once they do they are what they are -

sheer luck got you across the open space, creating the illusion the mind's eye was to be parallel to the line of sight:

but a straight path, whether there or not, is just a manifestation, to be negotiated when one has negotiated with its circumference:

you do not see that far, and no compass could help you circumscribe four cardinal points of forgiveness from the forgotten intersection -

besides there's one thing always remains unanswered, how much one is willing to remember to survive what one has lost -

you'll move on: that's what those gone leave you with, yet you have to perceive memory's nothing but an endless dead end road:

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