

Of Blindness and Subsequent Seers

Emperor

Ever behind me.
Rise a shadow taller than I.
Yet, with a certain resemblance.
How many times do I have to contemplate my own reflection.
And say: I have been blind?
I have been blind.
Yet, I saw the search and dreams of my rejection.
Walking behind me.
Every time, I am bound to have been granted the gift of better sight.
But my anxiety, built one more brick.
Fearing again to choose the wrong step.
Vaguely I remember the blurred eyes of someone small.
These strangers often come as blind.
A troubled mind I left behind.
Yet, was it I of my shadow walking in the past?

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