

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