

Fantasy flips faster in my mind
Than the page, creating
an addicting urge to splurge
through my dreams and leave
behind reality.

Each page brings a moment
of peace from my page,
and when it is over...

My mind searches for its next fix
of fiction filled content to ease
It's pain.

Dragons instead of guards,
Castles instead of prisons,
Riches instead of poverty,
Love instead of hate.

Hoping the pearly gates
are at the end of this chapter,
cause I don't even
know anymore.

Daydreaming of freedom
But afraid to be free.
That is the only thing wrong
With fantasy, it doesn't
Tell you how to truly be.

Unless your a
Wizard, knight, or king.
When it comes to
living in the streets.

It is easier to weap
for a dead prince.
But for a convict
You better hold it in
and stay tense.

Miracles are just stories
And glory can turn into horror
Real quick.