

Awake

By L.J.Stark

“Awake” shouts a voice that echoes through my mind;
It leaves a purple imprint seen only by my eyes.

My mind, find, I haven’t got the time, to whittle through its rooms;
To search to explore the identity of the voice I heard before.

To uncover all the truths, to wade through the lies;
Yet still a voice echoes, resounding through my mind.

It leaves a now blue imprint seen only by my eyes;
No time to find to endeavour to explore,
For a face to this speaker of a voice I heard before.

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