

## Vision

By Daniel Audet

Once lost among the masses in shadow canyons of flawless illusion,  
my only company, now, haunting echoes of weary footsteps.  
Once a citizen, a sightless spirit numbered among the warped and roving hoards, fleeing the  
known into the void, truth lost in the wreckage of our wake, truth never our destination.  
Vacant, barren souls, but for fruit born of an afflicted will.  
Readers of the book of lies.  
Breathless, shattered, clinging to pillars of fear, forever scarred from collision in the depths of dry  
places, I, a broken warrior, cried out to be in the land of living light!  
How did my brother pass? How was his way found?  
By what compass might this anguished spirit take flight?  
Might I too find the realm of mercy? Of grace? Of sight?  
I will surrender, but only to truth.  
Blackest storms cover the ancient, raging land of the lost, now and forever behind me.  
Casting off this mask of mere humanity I plunge into darkness, across an unknown abyss, toward  
the glimmering frontier of my horizon.  
One last trembling journey to the core of infinity, to truth, to vision.

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