

Monolith

You could ask why it stands there
a dark figure casting it's shadow
covers the world in dull shades of grey.
It would simply answer
because it has always been so.

But why can't I asked the prism
with it's multifaceted mind.
Why can't I spread my light
over the grey?
Why can't I dress the world
in all the colors of the rainbow?

Because, said the monolith,
you cannot change that
which have been written.
You can't just change the
rules like that.
How would that be? Just imagine.
A wild wild world spun out of control.

But the prism wasn't listening.
In essence of itself it cascaded
a multitude of tiny shimmering lights
to drench the grey in light and color.
And so the world began to change.

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Författaren Elisabeth H med Poeter.se id #40811 innehar upphovsrätten