

POETRY

Shrouded

By Angela Chou

When you look to the edges of
The dreams you've cast aside,
Lain in a barren, desolate wasteland
Once worked towards doggedly,
Now abandoned in their graves,
They make you feel like you lied.

When you look down below,
The dreams you've laid to rest,
Have been undisturbed for so long
Abandoned at whims of fancy and
Obscured under layers of dust,
And at your very own behest.

When you look inside,
The dreams you hold so dear,
Are buried deep within.
Will you be working towards them?
But what do you think will happen,
When your dreams become what you fear?

When you look closer at your fears,
They cover all you used to love—
Shrouded in fear's heavy cloak.
You hope they're as hidden as they seem for you,
Silence your own for the dreams of others.
Will fear be all your dreams are made of?