

Swinging

Mist-clouded mind, grey eyes
Drifting between different realities
Or are they just dreams?
Fly above clouds, hitting solid ground
A thought's trembling wings
Touching lightly a fevered body
All alone in crowded streets
Can't breathe, can't feel
Just exhaustion and tiredness
Drifting between realities
Not real, but feeling true
Is this a dream?

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