

Imagined Bliss

My imagination is powered by
You. Your name's up in lights, your face steals the
Show, but your soul is what I hold in high
Estimation. I look beautiful, the

Heroine of my own fantasy. We
Play out scenes every night, where our souls are
Connected by the basic need to be
Where we are happiest. We've come so far

In terms of pure love and devotion that
We're almost cliché. We gaze into each
Others' eyes so evocatively that
I'm almost deceived that it's real. I reach

In the morning to hold on to this bliss,
But fall bitterly into my life. Well,
I call it life, but I feel like there is
No way it could match my mind's theatre. Tell

Me how I can make my dreams come true, for
Logic is against me. The many roads
I've taken define who I am, and more,
My future, for whatever my fate bodes

Is a result of my situation.
There must therefore be a limit on the
Actions you could take to put in motion
My idyllic life. But what is it? The

Chance of my life depicting one of my
Fantasies exactly is very small,
So the limit decreases every time
I dream. Though I will not stop. I will call

Out to you, 'til you defy reason by
Giving me your heart. I hold on to this
Ideal. It gives me strength, as romance died
With my peers, leaving manufactured bliss.