**What is Real?**

The world goes round,

The questions become known.

The sky turns into a whirlpool

Of dreams from someone no one knows.

The air;

Filled with hopes,

Dreams,

Hopes that can never be reached.

Time wasted,

No one looks at things in the present.

No one looks at things in the past

No one looks at things in the future.

Eyes;

A pigment of the imagination.

Life;

A journey a fairytale

No one ever read.

The thought of love

Has become a dream.

A dream that is left undreamt.

By, Danielle Retterer