

## The Stealthy Siblings

Dreams strip away reality,  
Pointing to a place that seems like a friend.  
But then the world comes crashing down,  
All around, on every side, and leaves the questions  
Why? What's the meaning of life?  
And the scavenging for answers under shattered glass  
Only leads to broken, sharp edges and dead ends.

Distraction is the king of limiting.  
He prevents all from focusing,  
Leaving no trace on any trail.  
He departs but returns to derail  
Exposing himself for a slight second only to cast a new dessert.  
One thought after another used to reel consciences into captivity  
All perfectly pleasing to the eye and savory to the tongue  
Meant to sneakily deceive those without hindsight.

Worry adds stress, takes away people's best, puts emotions on edge.  
He invades, overtakes, blockades lives,  
Unleashes monsters into the night  
Creating victims left and right.  
Multiple minds running through forests on fire  
All seek something unknown.  
A treasure to leave them at peace,  
Yet aware of the sensation of searing heat  
Their scared hearts forcedly skip, skip a beat.

Will the lesson yet be learned?  
Nobody deserves real dessert  
Delicious surprises are not fitting for oblivion.  
Will there be a time where there is no price or fine?  
When will traffic lights forever pause on green?  
Inviting everyone to go, not to stop or slow  
Are the truths of life ignored or purposely forgotten?  
The reason-they are depressing,  
As it is sure upsetting to those  
Waiting forever for a perfect rose to be bestowed to them

Who created the three siblings: distraction, worry, and dreams?  
Separately they are seemingly sweet, but as a team can quickly turn ugly.  
Sweet or sour, hot or cold, spit them out, or grab a hold?  
Reality is sometimes hard to reach,  
So what will the final decision be?  
Pick a path, and let the three lead to their favorite friend: illusory  
Steal a peek, snatch a bite, see if illusory accommodates all good life.

Be aware that some who leave never return to tell their story.  
It is not known whether the fury of dreams trapped them  
Under the world-weighting broken glass of shattered aspirations.  
It is not known whether they are seated at an empty table  
With their conscience captivated by distraction.  
It is not known whether worry's monsters seized them  
Or if they are still aimlessly wandering in the fiery forest with pattering hearts.  
For all anyone knows, they could be enveloped and engrossed  
By the sight of each siblings' "specialty" dessert  
Eyes wide, mouth watering, and fingers twitching for the rest of eternity.