

Gazing

navel-gazing probes,
searching for precious gems in
mental button-fuzz

star-gazing dreams of
glimpsing cosmic scenes beyond
spacetime's horizon

we live trapped between
quantum and galactic realms
in myopic bliss

from reason's trash bin
of false certainties, fool's gold
may glisten brightly

now, my dimming gaze
sorts through pet pearls of wisdom
among youth's cast-offs



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