

Dreams vs. Nightmares

Peace, love, and blessings, my beloved family and friends.

Life, a delicate dance between dreams and fear,
in the waking world, everything seems clear.
We chase the highs, embrace the fight,
but the irony comes in the dead of night.

For when the Lord comes, the nightmare begins,
the dream of life fades, and judgment spins.
On that fateful day, when the Father calls,
He opens the book, and the truth befalls.

Will your good deeds outweigh the bad?
Or will the balance leave you sad?
A life of luxury, or one of strife,
rich or poor, it's the measure of life.

Every soul, dead or alive,
will stand before Him, to be deprived
or gifted eternity, based on deeds,
in the Father's eyes, who truly succeeds?

We live this life, a fleeting dream,
but the nightmare looms, it's not what it seems.
For judgment waits, and none can flee,
when the Father of all holds the key.

Is your heart pure, your spirit true?
When the book is open, what will it view?
The choices you made, the love you gave,
or the sins you held, the paths you paved?

Dreams of life, nightmares of fate,
the line is thin, and it's never too late.
To live with purpose, to walk in light,
so when the nightmare comes, you've fought the fight.

Is this poetry in motion, or is it poetic justice?
I ask myself, as the balance shifts between dreams and nightmares,
and we all face the reckoning, laid bare in His glare.

Yours truly, Lucky Goldie.