

re·al·i·ty

What is reality
That we breathe air
That we live and die
Love is fleeting
Friends will lie
What is reality
Are we truly here?
Or a moment in time
Our deepest fear
Just what is, reality
A ring on a hand?
No repercussions
Or that we, be damned.

***Antony King** is a writer/ poet from Eastern Kentucky. Antony spent his formal years in Cleveland Ohio where he underwent private instruction in The Arts, Music, and Literature. His love of the classics guided him to poetry and fueled his passion for writing. After art school, Antony spent 23 years in the world of advertising, and design. He began honing his skills both as a writer, and an artist. Antony has been very fortunate to have his work published in several literature journals.*



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