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### The Hidden Threads

A multitude of swift journeys, countless minds ablaze,  
Each pursuing fleeting triumphs, through sun and moonlit haze.  
We erect our imposing structures, of metal, glass, and ego's might,  
While hidden streams gently murmur, where our authentic selves take flight.

We spin an elaborate fantasy, of ambition, might, and profit's call,  
And place a grin upon our faces, to shield a quiet sorrow's thrall.  
The soft murmurs grow louder, as the hurried paces cease,  
And in moments of stillness, we long for profound internal peace.

Through networks immense, by wire and by sight,  
A deeper void entices, with solitary dread in its night.  
We appraise by transient outlines, by labels and outward display,  
Forgetting that beneath it all, a shared essence holds sway.

The unhoused on the pathway, the executive soaring high,  
Both contend with the shadows, both crave the dawn's embrace nigh.  
The facade we so meticulously fashion, to meet scrutinizing eyes,  
Veils the delicate pulse, navigating life's perplexing skies.

Perhaps if we could attend, past the clamorous rush and sound,  
To the unspoken pleas of others, and the whispers from within us found,  
We'd discover the unseen ties that join, this vulnerable humankind,  
And weave a mosaic of compassion, in this chaotic space designed.