

Confessions of a Dreamer

My life is on these pages

written on every line

My blood is in the ink

where you search for reason in the rhyme.

I am simple, I am kind.

Everyone has a story, this is one of mine.

Of all the things I am or have yet to become,

being a dreamer is my ultimate conundrum.

Have you ever had a dream so perfect that waking up,

facing the real world was like falling into hell?

That's how I live my life every day,

I know the feeling all too well.

I hope for peace and white clouds in a clear blue sky.

I dream of rain and of her voice whispering my name.

I want to go, I want to fly.

I long for a million things without ever asking why.

All my life, all I've done is dream when the day's work is through.

Somewhere, written in a song, my dreams will come true.

Until the day comes when total beauty surrounds me,

I will work, I will love, I will write and above all,

I will dream.

Whispers

I hear those whispers in my brain,

there are so many of them now, too many to contain.

They say I'm wrong, all this could never be right.

How can they understand when their opinions have been less than polite?

They say I've gone mad, something's been put in my head.

Oh, how I long for the days when you would hold me,

while we were just lying in your bed.

I stay here with these sounds,

my body being only yours,

two tones of flesh crashing together.

I'm pressed so closely to you,

I know every beat that your heart pounds.

Now, with my eyes open and looking at the sky,

I am finally able to remember all those reasons why...

Why I hear the whispers as I turn to walk away.

Why they think I lose my mind, each and every day.

Here I sit on this fresh mound of dirt.

I weep and weep but my soul continues to hurt.

Through the tears I make out your name on a concrete stone

and visions haunt my mind.

Of your soft flesh, rotting to bone.

Oh, God how I wish you were still mine.

I think of you all the time.

Hopefully, I shall join you soon,

those pictures of us are ever so clear.

Maybe I shall die while lying on this soft soil here.

Us

I spend my days and nights with you

speaking of things we hope to do.

It's the life I love to live,

an almost perfect relationship,

where we both equally take and give.

Sometimes these situations are hard to accept,

making secrets which only between us shall be kept.

I'm amazed by how completely you fill me,

not only my body, but also my soul. This I've grown to see.

As you plunge further into me, I know what can and cannot be.

My heart is with yours all the time,

I can still see how I make you shine.

We say I love you before we go to sleep,

this is the part that makes me weep.

This love's enough to make me rhyme but

when I wake you will not be mine.

For when I arise it's all these visions of you I have to shake.

You've never slept here next to me

because we're just too far apart to be.

Oh, I do love you and always will.

I know to be with me,

you would absolutely kill.

For now we must live apart

and try to mend the pieces of our one, broken, but still beating heart.

The Girl in White

She arrived at the show in her prettiest white gown.

Even the pessimists couldn't bring her spirit down.

Her date was the best guy around.

Adoration filled his eyes as the music began to sound.

The ushers at the hall knew why she was there.

They let her leave her seat and stand at the foot of the stage, which was rare.

We all began to swoon when the Lady entered the room.

She danced and pranced – the audience was amazed.

With her eyes locked on the girl in the white dress,

the Lady had no choice but to digress.

I felt bad watching the scene from afar.

The girl in the white dress now walking away from the star.

Back to her chair to become one of us,

secret lovers of the Lady, plagued by the lust.

Months have gone by, I can't forget that night,

how the Lady ignored the girl in her sight.

I stumbled across a photograph today,
what I should've seen after the show, after the play.

A picture of a girl in her prettiest white dress
standing next to the glorious lady, the best.

Now I live with jealousy and spite,
because the girl met my Queen that night.

My Desire

I passed you on the street today
you stopped to shake my hand.
My reaction, my love for you could not have been planned.

I kissed the air you left behind
and lost all sanity left in my mind.

Now I don't know if I'm coming or going
signs of my instability are showing.

Why is it that I think of you at night?

Wrap my blanket around me while I hug my pillow tight.

I've always been a little psychotic when it comes to you,
maybe it's that hypnotic thing you do.

Yes, I know you are not to blame.

I can't help but love you and it's not due to your fame.

That first day when I met you, I was entranced by your flair.

Was in love with your beauty, your body, the smell of your hair.

Now you are the only one I can see,

I don't know if your scent is on or in me.

You are my perfect dream.

Like a gem in the spotlight I love to see you gleam.

The light inside you shines and shines

your eyes like pools of liquid honey,

I only wish you were mine.

I know I could never been good enough,

Not in a million years.

I'm just a blue collar worker, no beauty, not even a diamond in the rough.

I could possibly convince you otherwise

but have not the courage to deceive you with lies.

If the truth could be fully known

You'd see how full of sadness I am and all alone.