

When Remembering Details of a Dream

When remembering details of a dream

Consider the reasons why

Is it to see what could be

Or what might be

Instead

When remembering details of a dream

Consider the reasons how

Does it make life sweeter

Or more meaningful

In reality

When remembering details of a dream

Consider the reasons why

A dream means nothing

Unless it brings to fruit

The otherwise impossible

Broken

Broken like a stem

You watched me

The quick blue butterfly

Overdose on freedom

Cubes

Cubes of frozen tears are

Boxed at my studio

To be preserved for brilliant fools

Who will melt and drool

Over distant tragedies

The Spirit

The spirit is mysterious
But not so very serious.
It should be pondered once in a while,
As often as one's personal style.
Is it synonymous with soul?
What is its role?
Did it exist from birth?
To determine one's worth?
Is it part of identity?
The essence of entity?
What survives beyond
Any relational bond?
Is it the ghost?
Or what matters the most?
The spirit is invisible,
Barely even fathomable.
Yes, the spirit can be broken,
But it can also be awoken,
To be made bold and strong
Despite any past hold on wrong.
The spirit can help one stand
Alone on this grand land,
With dignity and grace,
To face a world that can be base.
The spirit is mysterious
But not so very serious.