

Dream

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Dream

Dream dream outside there is
So soft, so white, so light,
A drop of rain so crystallized,
A flake of snow so bright,
Flowing flowing in the wind
Into...out of sight.
Dream dream outside there is
So soft, so white, the light.

Starlit Stream

The dead of night
A star peeks out –
Slight little glimmer,
Twinkle,
And I wonder
what a majestic gem of fire
so high in the firmament,
so glorious, divine,
is doing twinkling down
for our merry own sakes
.....Maybe it likes us...

Listen to the soft sound of silence
the sssshhhhhhhh
delicately wafting
down from the
ceiling.....
and from the midst of the mist of silence
burrows out a hollow tapping -
a tick

tick tock tick tock
and every day I hear the clock
go tick tock tick tock
and with the tock
there's always shock
that time can fly so quick – a clock
goes tick tock tick tock tick tock

clickity clickity click
fingers float swarm over the board
clickity clicking the clickable keys
a rhythm to a poem
a rhythm to a heartbeat
clickity clickity click

the tendrils of the deep night mist
curl around the branches.....
...grey outside, seep inside....
swirls of mist, swirls of thought,
dance, sing, and swirl...

dead of night,
quiet, calm, still,
someone's fingers float over a keyboard,
pressing a key here...there...
haze of sleep floats over a mind
hiding consciousness here...there...
and someone sleeps mid-yawn
and dreams of the morning sun

I Wonder

Wonder what it's like to see,
see a place that kindles dreams,
dreams that fly through the deep night skies,
skies drizzled with honey in the shape of stars.

Star the honeyed skies with a drizzle of dreams,
dream the skies into vivid existence,
existing as mist whispering by the forest roots
rooting you to the spot as you breathe and dream.

Spot your dreams as you breathe in the root's vivid
vivid flavor at the heart of your steaming mug of tea;
tea-time flows by like dreams upon a stream
streaming along with bubbles bouncing on the water.

Bubbling water bounces and streams through the heart,
heartening and refreshing the dreams sprinkled about,
about which I think and smile, and see,
see what it's like to wonder.

Dandelions

A rocky pavement bordering a concrete street,
Cars streaming by, tires rumbling over the smooth black road
Flanked by looming buildings of glass and brick and stone –
Everywhere – grey, grey, black.

A gleam of gold, bright and yellow,
Shoots through the black,
Peppers the garden of green
Carpeting the divider in the midst of the road.

I remember running through a meadow,
Dewy and sunny and ecstatically green,
Breathing in the scent of the sun,
And of the earth just after the rain,
And bending down every few leaps to whisper
And sing and laugh with the bright spots of yellow
Merrily dotting the grassy vale,
Plucking a few – flowers intertwine with my hair –
And running again with sheer delight,
Twirling and laughing in the field of dandelions.

Soon, the divider will be a wispy cloud
Of willowy white waves of fluff,
Whispering and whistling with the whimsical wind,
Whisking words away with the whoosh of a wish.

The glow of gold,
The memories of joy,
The hope of a wish,
Wash over me as I sit in the car streaming by,
Its tires rumbling over the smooth black road –
I am content.

Wisps

And when we dream we dream of something
That floats through our skies
And the skies we wander so freely
Are the ones we paint ourselves

Spray the skies with a mist of dreams
That sift through opened eyes,
The dreams that paint their images
In our memories and sighs,
The dreams that hold us hostage
Amid the music of the day,
The dreams that keep us soaring
Amidst the starlight of the night.

Give these dreams free reign
To cling like dewdrops to the fresh grassy surface of the mind,
Release them in the tear that squeezes
Through constricted heartstrings and out the corner of the eye,
Let your heart beat faster –
Dance to its anxious, excited beat
As it flutters and flies through the sky,
Swirling and whirling to the music of your dreams.

Fiddle with the clouds –
Shape them as you will,
Let the slight wisps curl around your thoughts
And wander into the crevasses
You haven't dared explore...

Follow the wisps,
See where they settle,
Let them fill up the corners
And take on the shape of the caverns.
Gather them, weave them together,
Lay your head amidst them,
Open your eyes
And dream