

### ***In My Fantasy Dream Land...***

*I dreamed about a boy who could make me feel the storm of butterflies that today I am feeling.  
I dreamed he would have a raging energy that inescapably draw me to his life.  
A gravitational force that would make me forget reality and soar away in the fantasy of his eyes.  
I dreamed of the perfect blend that would brighten my life  
every time I hear his voice, feel his presence, or see him smile.  
I dreamed that his presence in my life would be a balanced mix of joy and drama  
because a drama-less life is a monotonous repetition of algorithms and rhymes.*

*I dreamed unimaginable dreams that made me smile every morning until the day I met you.*

*In all my dreams, I never felt the intensity of every one of our encounters.*

*I never thought that I could get completely lost in your eyes or the sound of your voice.  
I never thought a voice could bring calm and euphoria with a simple change of words,  
or that in the right circumstances, could be as comforting as melting chocolate.  
I never knew I could swim between the colors of the rainbow and disappear inside blue shades,  
intense shades of cyan and indigo that paint the color of your eyes.  
I never imagined that your touch would send thousands of minute explosions through my cells  
or that it would create such an enticing temptation to retry.  
I never dreamed that I would become an addict to the beauty of every encounter  
that turned out the way I wanted.*

*In all my dreams, I never expected you to look at me the way you do.*

*Now that I can see my reflection in your eyes, I keep imagining ways to avoid every goodbye.  
I have imagined how to tell you that I need you.  
I have imagined that my eyes can keep you still while I gather the courage to touch your dazzling face.  
I have imagined my skin on your skin tracing invisible lines between your eyebrows and your lips.  
I have imagined glory and chaos from that everlasting touch.  
I have imagined that my lips confess my sweet addiction without saying a word,  
while you rob the world of beauty with lasting slow blinks,  
the same way you steal my name by warming my eager skin.*

*I've imagined my soul not dying every time I stare at you without telling you to stay.  
I've heard whispers in my dreams promising a memory destined to fade.  
Like I've promised you eternity in my fantasy dream land.  
I have dreamt the last goodbye will not be hardest and I won't be the one who says it.  
That somehow life will have some mercy and let dreams live without me saying...*

*Goodbye my perfect dream, my beautiful shooting star!*