

My Dream

My dream is made from –
the sweetness of a sleeping slumber
the breath of a twinkling twilight
the sun's warm welcome
Saturn's loving hug
and the cold heart of Pluto.

I found it –
imprisoned by the dream maker
gliding through my sub consciousness
relaxing in the cusp of a daisy's petal.
Balancing at the void's edge
resisting the suction like dust in a vacuum.

This dream can –
disappear like a floating feather
halt my gentle heartbeat.....
suffocate my wailing screams
and shred a soul.

If lost this dream –
a nightmare does.....

By 4F

