

Dream a Little Sole Dream With Me

Hopscotch and A Wakeup

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I think of you...
dream of you,
back in the world on the opposite side.

Day time where you are...
Night time way down here.

Looking down through 8,000 miles of dream,
not a problem in my mind,
you might think the string of flares
could mean,
I'm in upside down flaming hell...
You would be right.

I 'see' you walking... and plod the steps,
to mirror my soles against yours—the
pressure, most inviting.
Silly...I know, but comforting, nonetheless...
this silly little hopscotch dream with you.

Short-ish—One hundred days and a wake up.