

Dreams

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Dreams come and go, and sometimes not at all.

Dreams often linger in Twilight glow of haze and puzzlement.

Dreams of color stark as life melt with morning sun...like roses.

Rain, and sandman departed are as dreams spring soft,

Or like a horny toad,

Or reliving youthful deaths.

Dreams can be hopeful or remorsefully replay old loses.

There are demons in My rear view mirror.

Yet there are dreams of tomorrow...and hope...sometimes. I
look forward to Dreams chained to my past...will I be set free
this night—Will the Dreams finally end?