

Dreams Can't Hurt Me

My World of Dreams

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True... Dreams are mostly shadows of long ago stuff. So why does it mattered if they're ugly and rough?

Yes, I saw the bodies then and since have touched their names in stone.
What vision does my iD seek and paints so living and painful each night? I
hear Blackie bark and know he is trying to warn-me-awake. Too late.

I rewrite dream's ending, and tell myself it was only a B movie,
And *lie the lies* my heart knows are denial.
If dreams are only dreams then why have I awakened and set upright drenched in
sweat? Why do I try, or want to, recall dream's dance still fading upon the lenses
to my soul?

Dreams can't hurt me... I reassure my reeling mind, flip damp pillow to rest my head on something dry,
and pray there are no series to this night's dream that is not real, cannot hurt my bod, but can break my soul.