

## **Mind Games**

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Dreams come and go with twists  
and turns, surf frothy wakes of  
sticks and stones and nap at  
dawn's twilight in stagnant  
swirls and spongy logs.

Dreams can be soft  
Or like horny toads,  
replaying old loses  
of yesteryear.

And I look forward to  
Dreams chained to my past  
set free .