

Sweet dreams

Falling asleep
is a privilege so deep
peace suddenly inside
but your mind cannot hide.

Mind keeps on the light,
makes order, holds you tight
in the grip of phantasy
at times an unwanted ecstasy.

Surrealistic scenes unfold
mixed up is what you are told
falling and rising, noise and silence,
all the odd and crazy things at once.

Forbidden stuff, stories not to tell,
the senses all amass, even the smell,
an image of chaos and apocalypse,
awkward faces, blood that drips.

Sweet the dreams of emotion
great and peaceful like a windless ocean,

but they clean up nothing, these dreams
stir
the desire, the loneliness, unable to peer.

Sweet dreams, nice if the chance,
the distance, is more than a glance,
loved ones reunite just like the dream
moving gently through the fancy scene.

Hug me, carry me, don't let me fall
forget terrestrial, matters, all,
Hold me, give me your soul,
the heart like glowing coal.

Dream, don't extinguish, remain,
remain to keep the fire of mine,
dream, don't stop, keep being sweet
no, no, don't send me out in the street!

Over the dream, the eyes still closed,
heart trembling, fists fiercely closed,
I try to come back to darkness and peace,
putting myself together, piece by piece.

A sweet dream is history,
taking the shape of a story,
lining up between reality,
God, what happened to my memory?

Dreams, sweet or painful,
it's our life, our acts so sinful,
dreams, touching and twisting reality,
begging you not to torture me.

Dreams render what we cannot touch,
treasures, paradise, eternal love,
warmth, no more daily pain,
happiness, health and even fame.

F Sz 18 Aug 2006 Chevy