

DREAMS AND REALITY

When I Sleep I Am A Child

Deep wrapped within the folds of sleep,
Sweet Morpheus, your date I keep;
I float in dreams out through a door
Which 'opes unto a mystic shore—
There air is pure and life serene,
With fields of flowers flowing clean;
No famine, war or discontent
Defiles this world with harsh lament;
Nor baby screams, nor widow wails
But only happy love prevails.

O think!, what joy is there to hold,
When reached at last this blessed abode
Is placed within my outstretched palms;
And I with some adoring psalms
Reverberate my praises high
Against the tabernackled sky.

Now let my mirthful spirit sing—
My revelry will surely bring
Forth the Fairy populace
And they will join me in my dance.
O hear the music, beat and throb,
Which animates this merry mob;
O see them promenade and spin,
(and hold your ears against their din)
As they their elfen voices blend
With mine, as I songs upward send—
Again in thanks to him who lent
My journey to this firmament.

Eight hours will last this gala spree
I'll find the magic, fairy pace.
Till, stooped at last on bended knee,
Too much for earthly men to face,

Then ragged, worn and drunk for sleep,
 Into a pixie bed I'll creep;
 And home on morning's wings I'll fly,
 As tiny hands wave fond goodbye—
 Until that time when once again
 Dreams bid me dance with elfin men.

But Then I Wake. . .

But when I wake I am a man
 And feel once more the joy and pain
 Of life. I feel the sultry breezes fan
 My sweating brow, and hear my name
 Recalled by one who's called in vain
 Before. "Arise and live! Hear you me?"
 Arise? And live? These words in me remain
 Like Echo's sad refrain for he
 Who doomed her unto eternity.

I feel with pain my body stir,
 Again the world to face as best it may
 Since I (myself) am but a blur
 Which flits on earth from day to day.
 With body and spirit divided I but play
 At existence. For the pain of life to be requited
 I must find means to guarantee
 That flesh and soul will be united—
 For only by their union is Truth incited.

Truth, the salve which cleanses daily hurts,
 Is also that which makes life real;
 For he who misses Truth merely flirts
 With life. Often is this elusive Grail
 Sought by Man, yet many are they who fail
 Through sloth, or fear of Truth's intent.
 My fears are great, yet still my soul for life does wail,
 And though I have fear I can yet repent,
 And still may I live before my life is spent.

In absence of Truth, Man finds reality
 Within a child's world, or so it seems.
 But armed with Truth He can bear adversity;
 Then can he endure life, and have no need of dreams.

Larry Gilbert

bonni lowry

EXORCISM

blue black shadow song
 bird song
 but not being sung for me
 And where have you gone
 And where will you be
 And when will I again hear your voice
 Ah but the bird knows
 the dead birds always know
 their glassy eyes are wise
 And they alone dare
 answer infinity

Elessa High

What of rain that does not fall down,
 But sideways?
 Though just swirling mist,
 Tiny slivers of aimlessness,
 Freezing splinters of hopelessness,
 Still water but lost.

What of rain that falls up?