

DAYDREAMER

Jan Stough

Daydreamer,
the road lay straight before you
but you chose the grassy path
and sat among the flowers
observing all the beauty the forest hath.
Lulled by the songbird's happy chorus
as you gazed into the trees
bathed in the warm sunshine,
rocked by a gentle breeze.

Daydreamer
rides white horse clouds in the sky,
soars with the hawk
where eagles dare not fly.

Daydreamer
saw all, felt everything, heard much
and, before journey's end
did soar to the stars to touch.