

Dreams

i dream of the moon
 and i dream of the earth;
 i dream of death
 and i dream of birth
 i dream of you
 and i dream of me
 i dream of things
 that cannot be
 i dream a lot
 and maybe that's bad
 but dreaming makes me happy
 when i feel sad
 to dream is to live
 and to live is to be
 so without my dreams
 i wouldn't be me

--Tawnee Shallenberger

Time

I had a dream last night,
 There was my silver spoon.
 Mom was thinner; Grandma was taller;
 My brother and I, we shared a room.
 I swept the floor to Carol King,
 And cried as I listened to her voice.
 I kicked the can and ran and sweat,
 I smelled the night of youth and choice.

I know now but didn't then,
 And it stays that way until the end.
 Then can't change and won't pretend,
 We learn, we learn--again, again.

I had a dream last night,
 And there was my in-grown stone.
 My sons looked down--daughters cried,
 But the truth of it they hadn't known.
 Black was in and so were tears,
 And many moved to see me there.
 It wasn't me--I had flown.
 I could carry anywhere.

I'll know then but don't know now,
 and it stays that way somehow.
 Now can't change when then comes 'round,
 Again, again we learn I found.

I had a dream last night,
 And there was my pencil and pad.
 I was writing of love I suppose.
 The thought of now was all I had.
 Do you ever dream of life?
 And lose yourself in the here?
 Nothing else exists in your mind,
 Caught by joy, trapped in fear.

So here I am I am I am,
 And it will stay that way I learn again.
 Dreams took me back, then to the end,
 Yet now is all I know, when?

--Stacia Mellinger