

Sample 1 | Alison Rahman

Daydreamer

I looked at clouds, not stars.
They dreamed in spaceships.
I yanked down cotton candy dreams from afar.
While tales of aliens dripped from their lips,
I was content to sip and ignore those stars.

We met in a purple canvas.
Warm night and cold day rested there.
I wonder if there's something I missed.
They grin and clasp my heart tight enough to tear.
"Jagged shards can hold to the right canvas."

They seared hope on balls of fire,
Thousands of miles away.
I set mine on a snow cone spire,
Reaching for another day.
Yet inside of us is the same fire.

We both crave innovation and exploration.
They want to embrace a cold twinkling space.
I seek those stars when doubting my creation.
What we look like matters not in a star's face.
After all, we both crave innovation and exploration.