**Sandman**

*March 17, 2013*

The Sandman sifts his potion with a magic ticket to rare.

World of magic dreams.

A carpet ride to land of what was might be or is.

Replete with woe at what was so,

the loss of over,

or the joy and prize to come of future hopes and schemes.

A gentle world of make believe or portraits of the

Truth of what it means to live.

As I so embrace the Land of Nod and reach for waiting gift of bed.

So touched by recent Dawn and Set of Sol.

There dance before my weary eyes the

Ghosts who in past lives have whispered said.

Life may indeed nere be is or as it so seems to be or so.

Indeed the dreams we long for and pursue once gained may hollow be.

Those Spectors of our waking hours be friends not foes.

Yes even Holy Grails and Idols we seek.

Such raw need of I or thee.

Might indeed have feet of clay and hollow hearts.

Does one suppose.

The Dragons Goblins Ghouls and Demons of the Night.

Be not such foes but rather

Friends who sing and dance of all we have with

Faith grace and good fortune so forgone.

While visions of the Lotus Buds and Charms of such Pure Fountains of Delight.

Be no more than False Mirage and Illusion of the Haunting Sirens song.

What would call us not to our Port and Harbor.

Nor. Guide us to our Destiny.

But rather dash our hopes and being on the cold and rocky shore.