



All of that was a fantasy  
 A fever dream of a frantic mind  
 So why are my eyes damp?



The shadows continue their looping dance  
 Flickering in the flamelight over limestone.  
 I watch them swirl and merge  
 letting the dream diminish.



All these whirling, vibrant colours,  
 that rare and joyous music  
 the sensation of breeze over bare skin  
 as I laid in the summer sun,  
 dizzy, exhilarated, smiling -

by  
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 Lewis

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Dancers