

A DAWNING OF DREAMS

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*“Always keep dreaming the dreams of your past.
Like a child that plays as the early dawn rises,
they will grow with the shadows the morning sun casts.”*

The fairies that frolic through a little girl's head
gently lead her feet as she slips off to bed.
“Always keep dreaming, for children grow fast...”

Centaurs, mermaids, and unicorns too,
laze in soft flowers that shimmer with dew.
“Freed from the shadows the noon sun casts...”

She rides on dragons that dive through the skies
while Father Time watches with a tear in his eye.
“Always keep dreaming your dreams ‘til the last...”

Paladins fight horned heathens from Hell,
as life slowly slips from Youth's emptying well.
“Whispering in the shadows the evening sun casts...”

I could lay these to rest, with my ebbing age,
but I remember the whispers of a wizardly sage:
*“Never stop dreaming the dreams of your past,
or they will die in the shadows the full moon casts.”*