

Dream To Sleep

A sheet of snow on a malleable land.
The night begins with accepted cohesion.

Drifting in circles of self-conscious yearning,
Where night follows day but the date will not change.
Intense eyes look down through the self-fashioned structure,
The sought-out comfort of idealised dreams.

Eternal love, familiar face,
Truth immersed, devoted embrace.

Slipping away from the grasp of perception,
Unknown creeping in with a grand procession.
The hamsters breed and the witches dance,
A million faces appear from the past.

The clouds drift away like familiar songs.
Strange grasp of truth, you were there all along.