

DREAMSCAPES



PRISONER

Sometimes I need to run away from life–
Run far from here
Just to be me.
Everyone thinks of me differently,
But I think of myself
As a
Prisoner
Who wants to be free.

~ John Reed

BOOTS ON GRAVEL

A short journey made hundreds of times.
The October night air, still and calm, stings my lungs.
The only sound, my boots on an old gravel road.
End of my cigarette flirts with the lighter's flame.
The smoke rises to meet the night sky under a full moon.
I stare into the night. The night stares back,
not at me, but deeper, something inside my mind.
I open myself to the night.
It sends me a sign as though it understands;
I look away from the microscope
to see the world as it truly is.
A shooting star burns through the sky
and tells me to struggle on,
the end nowhere in sight.
Nothing is in a hurry.
Nothing matters more than this moment;
I am part of something greater than just me.
Trends, fashion, drama, jealousy, greed—
The trivial day-to-day envies dissolve.
The vast night embraces me and I feel a part of it,
a universe where everyone and everything is temporary.
I become something more than everyday pettiness.
I drift lighter, lifted, elevated.
I will meet my end someday.
Maybe soon, maybe not. Not my call.
I go to my nowhere. I snap back.
Everywhere is somewhere.
I crawl back inside myself and walk home.

~ Joshua Lee Tatman

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET THERE

There is this place
I like to go sometimes
when it is late and
I can't sleep,
a place where the only sound
that can be heard is
the beating of your heart.
I want to take you there
with me
and tell you things
that I've always kept
inside—
The dreams
and hopes
and tears
and scars
(not to mention)
the mistakes I've made

Here, take my hand.
I'll show you how to get there.

~ Amanda DiCapo

THE SAHARA DESERT

Hear the whistling of the hot, humid air as
The sand blows from east to west.
See the white, yellowish dunes,
Moving and ever-changing.
Camels travel in groups and walk for miles,
Never thirsting.
I feel lost and alone,
Scared and disoriented.

~ Amadou Mika Dia

MY ISLAND CRUISE

Mysterious and deep waters
Blue waters that remind me of silk
A seagull singing the song of its life
Waters roaring and the winds whistling a song
The smell of salty waters
And the aroma of food in the air
Many wonderful flavors of food
Delicious pineapples and mangoes
Soft mists of the sea on my face
Wind blowing through my hair
The sun is running away for the night

~ Anastasia Lohner

THE SEASONS

When winter comes, we get snow. Snow is so cold, but it looks good. I like the way it looks, but I don't like to get cold.

However, winter only lasts three to four months, and then it goes and spring comes along. Then everything comes back to life. The flowers can be planted, and the trees get their buds. It is so nice and cool outside.

But then it is time for summer. That is when the temperature gets hot, the humidity soars, and it gets mucky. The grass and flowers need water, and the grass needs to be mowed.

Then it is time for fall. That is my favorite season of all. The reason that I like fall is the way the leaves change. My grandson can play in the leaves. The only thing that I don't like is that everything dies, and then we start winter all over again.

~ Coreal Lynn Wilson