

Summer Dreams the Poet Sleeps

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By : Mistress of Word Play

The dreams the poet dreams



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Twilight cascading across the river
And a cool breeze begins to blow.
I shake and then start to shiver
there in the waxing evenings glow.

A silence consumes every sound.
Nothing is heard. Nothing is said.
That fairy mist masks the ground
and the full moon turns fiery red.

I watch and wait impatiently
for those enchanted hours.
When from nowhere, magically
the night the sun devours.

Through the darkness I spy
the appearance of that other place.
Where color lights the limpid sky
and reality, time does erase.

Here nothing seems quite the same
a world which I can control.
No angry words to debase or defame
where I can play out every role.

But all too soon, I must leave
that paradise and dreams behind.
Yet they will be there, I do believe
somewhere deep within my mind.

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