

Creating A Dream



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XL99wOyTkgY>

Heartbroken
I listened
the tears
streaming down my face
waiting
wishing
for the dream.

“Please”
the voice said
“Patience please,
I’m creating a dream.”

I waited
for years
the brickwork
crumbling around me
the paint
peeling
the dream
slowly fading
to grey

and then

to dust.

Years later
a wind
- perhaps
just a small draft
of air -
blows
the flecks of dust
and I stir
vaguely remembering
the dream.

A brief stab
of pain
- a ripple
of a long lost love -
and then
the wind
has gone.

And with it
go
the last flecks
of dust.