

dream

**eyes fixed on the ground
running down the hill
heading for the valley below
the bare feet made no sound
moving past the windmill
and into the valley below
and all the while the words are with me
at one with every movement made
the voice as old as mystery
its beauty like a serenade**

**light upon the dancing leaves
the shimmering forest floor
alive with lovely, iridescent wings
i ran beneath acacia trees
up to the plains where i saw
the little house where all creation sings
the words are falling all around
their rhythm beating to the dance of life
the voice wise and so profound
memories from the after-life**

**i stood before that little house
a place without a name
mysterious and holy and so old
who will tell me it was the gatehouse
the doorway to the endgame
welcoming the brave ones and the bold?
in my stillness the words keep falling
their crystal beauty floating over time
whose voice is it calling
in this dazzling dream of mine?**