

my dream

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This poem talks about my dreams and things i would like in life... i am not so sure though if it will come but i pray it does. ^^

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Chapter 1 - the bluest skies

2

1 - the bluest skies

The bluest skies

So many clouds so white and puffy, they are like marshmallows in the skies.

I reach for them but I can't reach, they are so far away and yet they seem so close.

I stand at the edge of my deck reaching farther up and up never ever reaching them.

I stop and wonder if I am crazy reaching so high up... for something that is so pointless in reaching for.

Am I reaching for a way out? Why is it I reach for the sky? It wouldn't suck me up even if I pleaded.

What is it I want from the sky? I try so hard to reach it... What am I running from? Why do I want to leave so badly?

Who am I running from? Is my life really that bad?

I look up at the white marshmallow sky it fills me with some sort of peace.

I haven't felt that peace in such a long while... its just quiet... up there... away from all the hustling and bustling of the busy streets.

No more children running, horns honking, just me and the quiet and peacefulness of the sky.

If I were able to sleep on a cloud I would rest so peacefully like the ocean when it's calm.

I wouldn't have to stir in my sleep.

The softness of the clouds and the coolness would Wisk me away making me feel safe, giving me peaceful thoughts and dreams.

I could look at the world once called my home and remember the noise the nagging all of the work left behind.

I wouldn't have to worry not a care in the world.

Or would I?

I would love a day to myself the quiet serenity, and the peace.

I would look down and think to myself, what about my family? What about my friends?

Even if I had to work... or clean... it's all worth it in the end isn't it?

Nothing can be perfect, but there are ways to make it seem like perfect could actually happen.

Maybe just looking up at the blue sky and dreaming of sleeping on a puffy cloud is all I need to give me that feeling.

That feeling that helps me to let go of all of my cares in the world.

To make me feel like it's all right to breath to relax.

I want to feel like that I want to drift away; I want to sail away on a marshmallow cloud.

But I have to face the facts, I just can't.

But I can dream

I can dream of floating on a cloud after my work is done

When I have nothing to do I can sit on my deck and look up at the sky and dream of my peaceful trip to the sky.

Who knows maybe one day I will, I just got to dream.

Don't they say that dreams can come true?

This is my dream