LET YOUR DREAMS
BECOME
YOUR REALITIES
Is

by waller

And the people inside were so afraid that instead of coming into the world outside they died.

And I was shivering in this huge cathedral; it was so big and so big, that I couldn’t describe it, but just feel it.

It was like I was standing in the middle of the universe, like a faraway star, protected from the black swirling coldness only by the warmth of a young child’s love.

I was limp and the strains of a thousand galaxies picked me up and carried me to the heights of living.

It was beyond all the knowledge of this world or this galaxy for the stars had adopted me as one of them.

I could feel the tears washing over me in great waves

Punctuated only by the sobs of a wandering mind.

I looked and found a girl’s eyes

sitting in a one room country shack.

Then I was there looking

and finding.

But there were still two of us

but there could only be one.

The lines stretched and our eyes touched and fused

Forever.

An alien sun was searching for the eyes

It bounced around the perimeter of our mind, laughing every time it found a flaw that allowed it to trample against the walls of our eyes.

It dried up our tear ducts so we couldn’t cry

We dried and shrivelled to dust.

I wanted the companionship of the stars again, but they had forgotten me.

Cold and crisp

A dark-eyed girl in brown cords

Sliding across a freshly-mowed field.

Tossing and grooved.

Electric and vivid.

Living.

Down a bright path to a desolated wonderland of hopeful rain.

A speck on a television screen that pulsed with every beat.

Sitting on Assiniboine, I talked with Columbia and Deltaform at length.

Until the girl with the damp eyes came along and took me away.

We played in the crevasses of Sturfield and slid down Fra Robson’s back.

But the time slipped away and we were tucked into bed with Frevers.

Christian told us we were foolish and childlike, so we kissed him and brought him along.

The lines around me were bent and frayed

And the light stabbed and struck me with its warmth throbbing easy.

too fast

In the morning we returned with tears in our eyes

We were cold, colder than we had ever been before.

The hairs on our arms stood up and waved in the draught.

We winced in the delight of black ice as it trickled down our backs.

And each strand in the blanket was singing us a different song.

We touched our face and wept together.

Naked compassion

Impassioned exhaustion

We watched a ray of light draw up to us.

It stopped for a moment then moved on between us.

I looked at the eyes of the girl in the brown cords and saw that they were no longer damp again.

But parched

And shrivelled

I turned around to the universe again.

And pleaded for it to take me back to its sterile womb.

But the stars were cold and distant

Having forgotten me

I looked back but she had disappeared.

And my head became detached in the black.

A fire burned on my forehead

and through my brain

until it was a pyramid of grey ashes.

I drifted along on a cold north wind

and sat while a comet hurtled along in its eternal orbit.

Her is she is life is love that we bring down from the attic for two weeks every year and then put away in some forgotten corner while the world crumbles around us.

We sing of the love He gave us two thousand years ago, a
DESIDERATA

GO placidly amid the noise & haste, & remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

FOUND IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE; DATED 1692
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and
a
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