

Dreams For Sale

Stephen Gill

If there were dreams for sale
I would be the first to buy
no matter how high the price.

I'll pay any price
for the dreams
that lighten the burden
brighten the day with sunrise
and make life a time to remember.

Dreams of relaxed, friendly folks
dwelling in those blessed lands
where sirens sing no more, poverty not a torture
barriers lie buried in the past.

A place to rise at will
do the things I always longed
within its serene, genial walls
no hurry, no worry, no tears.

Often I glimpse its shadows
its view a joy to behold
a vision that haunts me yet.

I will climb all mountains
cross the oceans and caves
pass jungles, measure wide, parched deserts
to gain my golden fleece.

I wish someone could lead:
any book, a sage, or a saint,
any man, woman, or beast
who knows the path to my Elysium fields.

My chase will never cease.
I will ask every soul
if they sell these dreams, whatever the price,
I'll buy, I'll buy.



Drawing : Cecile Wadlow