

dreams

dreams are made
of twisted things
they swirl and dance
in mystic streams
a face floats by
a feeling persists
of a time or place
or something missed
a play on a stage
as real as the day
but it's dark outside
and you're not awake
yes you speak and you move
as if it's all real
but it's all in your mind
yet still you can feel
the pain in your side
as the bullet hits home
you feel yourself slump
you hear yourself moan
you wake in a sweat
sitting bolt and upright
you reach for a smoke
you turn on a light
it soon flees your mind
as unreal as it seems
but the feeling goes on
was it only a dream?

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