

Dreams

Through
the silence
and the darkness
I lay, dreaming dreams
that pass like rain in a summer
storm, leaving puddles along the way –
faint memories soon to fade to nothingness
upon the coming of day... Yet, small fragments
can be grasped, like dew in a misty morning – hints
of ourselves and the truth of our lives. These we grasp
for the insight we know ourselves to possess, knowing
even as we do the futility of our efforts. Yet as drop
after precious drop we are able to gather these ties,
we soon realize that the answers we sought for
our questions were known to us, somehow,
from the beginning.