

Winter's Dream

Winter's blanket lies heavy upon me,
And I recline on tundra for my bed;
Yet, though covered in ivory splendor,
Do not mistake me for one of the dead.

I sleep...and my dream is a silver mist
That swirls endlessly in each direction;
It fills my eyes with insecurity
And ensures visions escape detection.

I'm blinded by the unknown's white shadows;
My muse roars its silence and deafens me;
The fingers of my heart touch, but can't feel,
And my mind swallows the mist's tasteless sea.

Despite this, I walk in un-straightened paths
To nowhere at all, compelled by the wraith
Of the mist that consumes my sleeping thoughts
And anticipates the death of my faith.

Winter's breath caresses my frozen brow,
Her kiss transforming my heart into ice;
She deepens the barren mist of my dreams
And demands my soul as a ransom price.

I wander onward through my frozen dream,
By will of a faith that's alive, though weak;
I might be blinded, but my faith still sees,
And though deaf, I can still hear its voice speak.

My faith's touch feels those things which I can not,
And finds the taste of visions very sweet;
Thus, I wander through the mists of my dream,
Fearing the unknown fate that I must meet.

After what feels like an eternity,
I feel the cloud in my eyes dissipate;
Before me, distant visions coalesce,
But I know not what to anticipate.

The horizon of my dream takes the form
Of three mountains that stand tall in the sky;
The mist seeks to cover them, but in vain,
And those summits lift my soul very high.

The first mountain is called, "Inspiration,"
And it gives to me the long-lost desire
To plant anew the garden of my mind,
With flowers rekindling forgotten fire.

The second rock is called, "Perseverance,"
And the mountain's surface bears many scars;
Despite them, the mountain stands proud and tall,
Providing a resting place for the stars.

The third mountain does not possess a name,
Its summit is hidden beyond the skies;
I embrace this rock and begin to climb,
To learn which mysteries hide from my eyes.

The mist swirls again, but I disregard
Its appeals to my sensibilities;
Together, my faith and I will explore
My unlimited possibilities.

I climb, and I no longer feel frozen,
As the clouds give way to the morning sun;
The kisses that chilled my soul fade away...
The sleep of my winter will soon be done.

I feel the bed of my sleep softening,
And new tears caress my slumbering being;
Such tears are kisses of newly-bloomed dreams,
Promised with love from the garden of Spring.