

# Mandy

# 109

## Lewis

# Where Do I Go from Nowhere?

Incandescent dreams that fly from nowhere don't know where they're coming from. I had direction once and lost it to the wind. I knew the way out of my childhood prison, but found out I didn't even know what jail I was in. Fairy tales can come true, but not the ones you were told as a child. . . The ones you write as you go along, making up the story to match the pictures long before you even know how to read the words. I needn't be what you want me to be nor what you thought of me before, for I was me long before you could see nothing that you're looking for. Dreams of fantasies never had, and visions never found, of things that usually I can't see let alone tell you about. There it goes, to the flight of destruction, another falling cloud. . . we'll be safe here, so long as we're near from every raging crowd. Insanity grapples me with its tentacles of madness, freeing in me what I really could be, a step above the crowd. How can you look but never see the beauty you gave me, the love that set me free. I close my eyes. I close my eyes. I close my eyes and slip away to a place I've never heard of, where dreams are metaphors and reality a joke that no one ever gets. Eyes in the darkness of truth cannot see their well-being. Sins in the sight of yourself in vain. If I close my eyes I can hear your heart beating steady in my comfort of your love. Forever as a verb. . . as a truth. . . as a possibility beyond what is taught?. . . we need a bigger language.