

NEVERENDING NOWHERE

Open your heart like the new day
beginning with the dawn.

Dawn?
It's just a question in time.
How can we fly,
with no wings there to glide.
Reach into the air,
and feel what you can see.
Touch downward and land,
at a place where you cannot stand.

Bitter sweet nights are out of grasp,
Living in total darkness.
Figures stir around and about,
things within a shadow are covered by light.

Your seller of dreams,
what should he be?
Your cellar of dreams,
how does it seem?