

Boxes of Dreams

I think I'll search among the stars
That dance on the evening air
Past Saturn's rings and Pegasus' wings
'Til I find the Sandman there
And if that fellow who brings us sleep
And builds dreams to color our nights
Is feeling kind and of a mind
To custom-make delights
I'll strike a bargain with him then
For a barrel of moonlight beams
Or what currency he'd ask of me
And buy a thousand dreams
A thousand dreams that I could shape
As a potter molds the clay
Into sweet delights to fill dark nights
Until sunlight brings the day

I'll put the dreams into huge bins
Each big as a mighty sea

One bin is claimed in my lover's name
And the other bin labeled for me
Into your bin I'll put a dream
Of us dancing on the moon
While the angels bring their harps and sing
A sweet, romantic tune
And I'll give you a dream of me combing your hair
With your head resting still on my lap
And your gentle eyes close and you drift off to doze
Like a kitten settling down for her nap
And a dream of us riding a bright carousel
Where music plays and carved horses prance
And your touch on my face steals my heart away
And your laughter makes me want to dance

Into your bin I'd put star-sprinkled dreams
Each a canvas painted with you in mind
Some gentle, some gay, but each painting would say
That I'll love you 'til the end of time
And what of my bin, built for holding my dreams?
What would you find hidden there?

What hues have I chose, fantasies I compose?
What dreams have I kept for my share?
Do I sail to the stars in a silvery disk?
Or tame lions with a chair and a whip?
Do I sing on a stage? Catch a ghost in a cage?
Or sail with Blackbeard on his ship?
If you look in that bin you'll be disappointed
For there aren't any dreams there to view
I don't need any dreams or the Sandman's strange schemes.
Since you've made all of my dreams come true

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