

## 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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