

The Sea of Dreams

by Christina Canalizo

When I wake, I wonder
what leaves the smile haunting my lips.
There is only a ghostly remnant
of your eyes, your touch, your kiss.

Now I long for the Sea of Dreams,
but my body is here imprisoned.
Awake, I cannot reach you.
The ship has departed; the tides have risen.

For dreams are all I have of you,
quickly fading and forgotten like the morning dew.

Perhaps if you remind me
of the dreams that we have dreamed,
perhaps I would find you
across the storm of nightmares and memories.

Now I wait for the night
when dreams will carry your sails back to me.
I long for the day
when dreams will awaken, and reality will cease.

For dreams are all I have of you,
quickly fading and forgotten like the morning dew.

Am I a fool to want
what only exists in my mind?
Should I pray for a night of darkness,
a dreamless void, meaningless and confined?

At last, a harbor,
where the ocean cannot withhold you.
I remember it completely:
your promising words, your fevered kiss,
your wandering touch, and your desperate eyes so blue.

And I wonder
is this a dream, too?

