

One Of These Dreams ...

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

Imagine a morning without dawn, without daylight ... The night birds still hoot, the flowers wait for the light to change their make-up, black birds have locked their beaks. A morning unlike any other ... The moon above continues to reign over the milky way, the stars to shine. Still night. Could the sun perhaps be ill, bed-ridden, unconscious My eyelids tremble, the dream frightens them. Finally I dare open my eyes. Through the window, I see dawn. A moving blue ribbon with golden stitches.

