

Daydreams

I dream
of strolling through
villages with
cobblestone streets
listening to love songs
in languages
that I don't understand

I dream of
walking barefoot by
the ocean
feeling the grains of sand
between my toes
listening to the
waves crash
against the shore

I dream of traveling
to faraway places
to chase
sunrises
and
sunsets

I dream of hiking
in mountains
in other worlds
with my head
in the clouds

I dream of walking
the rocky coastline
of the sea and
watching
its crevices fill with
water and mermaids

I dream of listening
to the wind as it
whispers the words
of the souls who
left before us

I dream of puffy clouds
as they take
shapes of animals that
are moving on
and
of hearts that say
I love you

I dream
of the softness
of raindrops
on my face as
they mingle
with my tears

I dream of going
to places where the
stars twinkle
in the darkness
of the night
where they shoot
from the sky
and
where I make
wishes
and
throw kisses
to fireflies

I dream of traveling to
places where there
are meadows and
meadows of daisies
where I can sit and pick

their petals to see if
you love me or
you love me not
I will stay until
a flower says you do

I dream of
places with dew
kissed ground so the
soles of my feet know
the feel of dew drops
and so my eyes will see the
the sun glistening on
wet grass like diamonds

I dream of places
where fairies dance
above my head
Of places that
will make my eyes sparkle
with delight
and
that will make
the corners of my mouth
turn up into a little grin

I dream of
walking through jungles,
of hopping rocks across
streams and swimming rivers

I dream of places
where the moon rises above
the dunes in the desert
and sets below the ocean

I dream of places
with waterfalls
rainbows butterflies
and places where
crickets chirp and
cicada sing

I dream of sitting
on balconies
on stone walls
on trullo roofs
and on grass
in fields of poppies
and in forests
sipping wine and
nibbling on your ear

I dream of walking beside
you with your hand in mine
of sharing Eskimo kisses
of your lips touching
my forehead and
your fingers
caressing my spine

I dream of traveling
to wherever there is
magic and mystery

I dream of you
whoever you are.

By Lynda Atwood