

Dreams



Those cloudy images of our mind,
Which we have from time to time,
Our memories of yesteryear,
That shed just a little tear,
We think back on what was done,
All our friends one by one,
And what will tomorrow bring?
Dreams of happy, joyous things?
Will our friends still be there?
Will people stop and stare?
Can I still know my name?
Can I still be the same?
It's not possible, it seems,
Except in starry-eyed dreams.