

## A secret dream's call

In twilight's hush, where shadows play,  
My heart beats fast, with *longing's sway*.  
A vision forms, a distant shore,  
Where dreams and hopes, *forever roar*.

Like whispers soft, they beckon me,  
To chase the wind, calm and free.  
To pursue my dreams, whimsical but real.  
To dance with stars, on moonlit nights,  
And taste the joy of pure delight.

Pulled myself on the road to the lookout,  
Could've followed my fears all the way down.

So I'll follow, the dream's sweet call,  
And chase the wind, through it all.  
Guided by my fears, leading me to the cliffside.  
For in its depths, my soul finds home,  
Where dreams and longings, *forever roam*.

In secret places, deep inside,  
A yearning grows, a restless sea,  
That calls me forth, to be set free.

My lungs filled with water,  
My skin bruised and sore,  
My mind full of hope,  
My feelings in pain, forevermore.

But dawn awakens, cold and gray,  
Like the very last drops of an ink pen,  
And dreams dissolve, like *morning's sway*.  
Yet still I hold, on to the thread,  
Of longings dear, that fill my head.

I think I don't need a house,  
I need a home;  
The chariot is waiting,  
There's escape in escaping.

For in the night, they whisper low,  
Of secrets and promises, that only dreams can show.  
And though they fade, with morning's light,  
Their memory stays, a guiding light.

- *The midnight bolter*