

Dreams

Today I wake up from my slumber
Find myself on the sofa in the quiet room
Overhead, the fan still oscillates faithfully
Its metal frame shivers now and then
The draught of air swishes to and fro hypnotically
I know I have just dreamt
In my soul, euphoria burns
The last traces of a beautiful dream I have just had
I try to recall it. But it is in vain
Good dreams disappear but
Nightmares linger on
A strange regressive state I enter
And memories flicker
In the cinema of my mind
It was not real
But not imaginary
Strange scenes I had never seen
Made me feel a sense of de javu
Exciting and outlandish adventure
Into the world of nether
Bore a strange resemblance
Similarity I could not but feel
As if I had known it before
When I wake up from the stupor
Of an unwell nap
My dreams disappear
Into the eternal world
Where lost dreams inhabit
Forbidden realms
No man can think of
Dreams are cruel
But are the daily doses
Of inspiration, too.

Written 'O' Levels 2000