The Dream

I dreamed a forest quiet and deep With a trail in solitude, shadows and sun. I dreamed a horse quietly giving As we moved over that trail as one.

I dreamed that time and space were ours, And my mind was quiet and free. I dreamed my horse and I were young, As we felt our harmony.

I dreamed a cool, rippling stream In shadows flecked with sun Where my horse drank deeply the wine That only through a still forest can run.

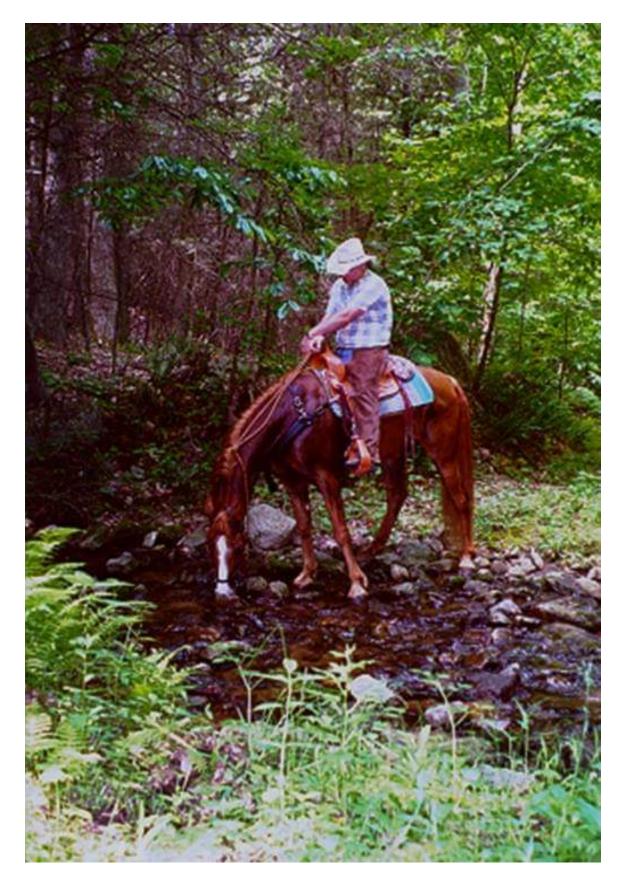
I dreamed the forest embracing me, Gently bringing me to her breast. I dreamed of being lost in love As my heart gently filled my chest.

I dreamed a sense of comfort That was mine alone. I dreamed a depth of passion That I had never known.

I dreamed that time stood still, In a never-ending dream. Then I awoke in time and space, And knew that I once lived that dream.

> Gene W. Wood June 16, 2019

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