

Publicerad 2016-10-08 22:11 av Calendula

Childhood dreamscape

In the dreamscape of your childhood
Are many amazing things
Nightmares running roughshod
And magical golden rings

An elf, slender and lithe
And an oak tree, vast and wise
A boat to sail the ocean with
And princes in disguise

A gleaming castle in the sky
Perhaps a cake or candy bar
Shoes of leather, made to fly
And quests of glory up afar

Childhood is a time of dreams
An age of wonders for the mind
A tapestry of Color, and golden seams
Often hard to leave behind

Reality, in comparison, can be a gruesome thing
Harsh and rough and sometimes bleak
But remember the elf and the golden ring

Greet adulthood with tongue in cheek

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Calendula med Poeter.se id #7329 innehar upphovsrätten