

A Journey Through the Dream World: A Children's Poetry Anthology

curated by Sherry Guo



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Audiobook Playlist

Introduction	0:09
Lullaby (Johannes Brahms)	
Full Moon and Little Frieda	1:14
High diddle diddle	2:18
Nocturne Op. 9 No. 2 (Frédéric Chopin)	
A Cradle Song	2:48
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Moonlight Sonata Mvt. I (Ludwig Van Beethoven)	
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Ständchen, S. 560 (Franz Schubert)	
<i>from</i> The Invitation: To Miss B*****	14:01
<i>from</i> The Prelude: Book 1	18:18
Reminiscence (Johannes Bornlöf)	
<i>from</i> The Prelude: Book 5	21:38
Variation I. Tranquillo e molto amabile (Federico Mompou)	
A Bird, came down the Walk	24:04
Rêverie, L. 68 (Claude Debussy)	
<i>from</i> The Raven	25:04
Light	28:28
Conclusion	29:17

Introduction

Welcome to the dream world. This is a special place of expansive and boundless imagination. It exists in a space between waking and sleeping where anything is possible. A forever playground for the inner child where the rules of reality no longer apply. There is no set path. You are the architect of your experience here. Explore and build as you choose. Close your eyes and allow your mind to wander where it pleases, conjure up whatever images it desires. Don't be afraid. You are safe here. Trust your gaze and let my voice be your guide. Our journey begins now.

* * *

The purest essence of childhood is found in dreams, a realm where you get to experience being a child forever. Time functions differently there, nonlinearly, it pulls in all directions and the passage of time is confusing. Space is detached from and unbounded by the constraints of the physical world. It is unfamiliar and exciting because it is constantly shifting. Much like a child experiencing the world, entering a dream is akin to stepping into a new place different from anything you could have imagined. There is an influx of information to process as you try to make sense of your surroundings and all the rules you thought you knew for how things operate are meaningless. There is a perpetual sense of wonderment in the dream gaze as nothing is ever exactly the same as it was from previous visits. The mind is constantly reinterpreting stimuli and producing new images, responding to the totality of your memories from the physical world, the dream world, and the fictional worlds of literature and media. These memories and our dream predispositions are rooted in childhood encounters.

While dreaming, there is an inherent sense of curiosity to observe and explore this strange world you have entered into that both resembles and completely diverges from what you know. Familiar elements are fused with bizarre ones. We are fascinated by dreams because they are simultaneously elusive and vague, yet hyperspecific and nonsensical. It is impossible to completely make sense of our dreams because our memories of them fade impossibly fast,

they shift too quickly before they can be fully explored, and rarely do we visit the same dream landscape twice. Thus, in the dream world, we are perpetually seeing from a childlike point of view on an infinite playground.

Though not an exact replica for childhood, the dream world exists in a liminal space between childhood and adulthood and functions as a bridge back to a simulation of childhood for the adult. We dream because there is an innately human desire for a return to the carefree and playful time of childhood.

With this collection of poems, I sought to construct a journey that traverses one possible path through the dream world that progresses through various stages of dreaming, starting from falling asleep to being roused back to wakefulness. The poems I have chosen each evoke some aspect of the experience of dreaming and convey the sentiment of bedtime stories. Bedtime stories are meant to be calming to lull a child to sleep. In this sense, they can be seen as primers for children's dreams. I hope this dream world journey I have curated functions in a similar manner as bedtime stories to guide a rich dream experience.

In tandem with the written anthology, I have recorded an audiobook version to further enhance the bedtime story experience by creating the feeling of intimacy and comfort of being read to by someone in childhood. I have also found that poetry truly comes alive when it is read aloud. Further, children's first experiences with literature are oral in nature. These first encounters in early childhood play a great part in shaping the types of images and connections that a person's mind generates while dreaming. Being able to listen to this collection adds another dimension of eliciting a return to childhood.

Alongside my recitations, I have layered selections of classical music that complement the bedtime story ambience and the dreamscape atmosphere underneath them. Music also plays an important role in childhood and sound has powerful evocative qualities for the imagination.

The order of the poems has been carefully arranged for the throughline of imagery to flow between poems and poem groupings. Broader thematic repetitions present throughout include the protective quality of the night, the oversight of the moon, interactions with nature and animals, and how nature facilitates play and exploration. The poem groupings include one to three poems with thematic similarities in the context of dreaming and represent the different stages of dreams. The stages of dreaming represented in this collection are falling asleep, transition into the dream world, scenic exploration, play, reflection, nonsense, and waking up. These musical selections I have paired with the audiobook align with these stages as well.

Opening up the anthology is “Full Moon and Little Frieda” followed by “High diddle diddle.” Together, these poems comprise the “falling asleep” stage and are paired with Johannes Brahms’ “Lullaby” because they create the feeling of being lulled into sleep. “Full Moon and Little Frieda” begins the dream journey with unwinding from the day and a transition from evening into night with the moon’s appearance. “High diddle diddle” continues the imagery of the cow and the moon and the silliness of this nursery rhyme is reminiscent of being told in childhood to count sheep to fall asleep.

Next, there is “A Cradle Song” and “Night” matched with Frédéric Chopin’s “Nocturne,” which serve to aid the transition into the dream world under the protective blanket of night after falling asleep. “A Cradle Song” employs imagery of a mother watching over a sleeping child while “Night” has imagery of animals being watched over by a creator figure as they sleep. Both poems also include the hovering presence of the moon in the night sky and angels as a bringer and guarantor of dreams and quality sleep.

The third section represents the stage of full immersion into the dream world and scenic explorations of the dream landscape with excerpts from “A Summer Evening’s Meditation,” “Dover Beach,” and “Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey.” Combined with the first movement of Ludwig Van Beethoven’s “Moonlight Sonata,” this section captures the essence of taking a leisurely stroll through this new environment and musing about your observations of the

surroundings. These three poems heavily employ imagery of the beauty of nature and bounce from observation to observation in a seemingly endless landscape that resembles the dream world. In “A Summer Evening’s Meditation,” there is a sense of amazement at how the natural world has been created, akin to a similar sense of wonder as the various elements present in the dream world once we have entered into it. This poem also flows well from the previous section as a transition from being blanketed by the night to emerging in a place that piques curiosity. In “Dover Beach,” there is an exploration of the mysteriousness of the calm night. There is a focus on the sounds of nature’s forces, which take on a dreamlike quality of being in a space between two worlds. In “Lines written a few miles from Tintern Abbey,” there is the beginning of a shift towards a deeper level of dreaming where you become a more active participant. This poem recalls past memories of this place in the present moment, like figuring out the reference source of where elements of the dream are coming from. There is both a sense of familiarity and lack of specificity that capture the elusiveness of dreams.

Following the initial exploratory phase of the dream is the stage of dream play and active interactions with the dreamscape depicted by excerpts from “The Invitation: To Miss B*****” and Book 1 of *The Prelude*. To complement these poems and this dream stage, I have chosen one of Franz Schubert’s serenades, as there is a joyous and playful quality to a serenade. The heavy nature imagery continues to feature in this section as if the dream world is an odd mirror to your impressions of nature in the physical world. With “The Invitation,” there is just that—an invitation—extended to partake in the dream and fulfill the childlike curiosity of being in this alternate world rather than purely ruminating on your observations of this fantastical place. In Book 1 of *The Prelude*, there is again a recalling of past experiences like in “Tintern Abbey,” but here you are transported to previous instances of play.

The next two sections consist of one poem each. First, there is a transitional stage of reflection within a dream portrayed by an excerpt from Book 5 of *The Prelude* paired with “Reminiscence” by Johannes Bornlöf. This section of *The Prelude* continues with the recall of

the past that occurred in the previous section but focuses more on interactions with somewhat strange phenomena, much like trying to make sense of the oddities of a dream. Moving forward, the next stage of the journey is that of nonsense dream interactions represented by “A Bird, came down the Walk” alongside the first variation of *Variations on a Theme of Chopin* by Federico Mompou. At the end of the excerpt from Book 5 of *The Prelude*, there is mention of a “spirit hallowing” that comes into view, and in the opening of “A Bird, came down the Walk,” there is an intriguing bird that comes forward and interacts. There is something nonsensical and eerie about this bird encounter and feels like something that would happen in a dream. Nonsense occurs when something familiar defies your understanding of logic and expectations, like how a variation on a theme takes something familiar and twists it into something new.

Closing out this dream journey is an excerpt from “The Raven” and “Light” which present the final stage of moving to a lighter level of sleep and dreams and ultimately being roused out of the dream world. Rounding out the music is “Rêverie” by Claude Debussy, which is a piece that is meant to evoke the sensation of a daydream, a much lighter form of dreaming closer to the physical world than proper dreams. “The Raven” transitions from a nonsensical interaction with a bird in a trancelike state to being stirred out of that state like being dazed coming out of a daydream. “Light” completes the transition of being roused from a dream back to the physical world with the imagery of eyes opening, the confusion of waking up, and the disappointment that there is no way back into the dream with the final line of “That this was all there was to it.”

* * *

It is my hope that reading or listening to this anthology helps support your exploration of the dream world and the restorative qualities of childhood play. If you are an adult, I wish you the best in connecting back to your childhood via dreams. If you are a child, I hope you enrich your dream world to the fullest extent to have vivid memories to fall back on in adulthood when you seek a return to the sacredness of childhood. Your journey awaits.

Full Moon and Little Frieda

by Ted Hughes

A cool small evening shrunk to a dog bark and the clank of a bucket -

And you listening.

A spider's web, tense for the dew's touch.

A pail lifted, still and brimming - mirror

To tempt a first star to a tremor.

Cows are going home in the lane there, looping the hedges with their warm
wreaths of breath -

A dark river of blood, many boulders,

Balancing unspilled milk.

'Moon!' you cry suddenly, 'Moon! Moon!'

The moon has stepped back like an artist gazing amazed at a work

That points at him amazed.

High diddle diddle

from Mother Goose's Melody

High diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

A Cradle Song

from *Songs of Innocence*

by William Blake

Sweet dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head.
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy silent moony beams!

Sweet sleep with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night
Hover over my delight.
Sweet smiles Mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes,
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep sleep happy child.
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep

Sweet babe in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe once like thee
Thy Maker lay and wept for me

Wept for me for thee for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see.
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small,
Infant smiles are His own smiles,
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

Night

from *Songs of Innocence*

by William Blake

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine,
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine,
The moon like a flower
In heaven's high bower;
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:
If they see any weeping,
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep,
But, if they rush dreadful;
The angels most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold:
Saying: wrath by his meekness,
And, by his health, sickness,
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For wash'd in lifes river,
My bright mane for ever,
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold.

from **A Summer Evening's Meditation**

by Anna Letitia Barbauld

The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade
She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field!
And worthy of the Master: he, whose hand
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public gaze, and said, adore, O man!
The finger of thy GOD. From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses: Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; tho' the rais'd ear,

Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
How deep the silence yet how loud the praise!

from **Dover Beach**

by Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

from **Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey**

by William Wordsworth

The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by,)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures.

from **The Invitation: To Miss B*******

by Anna Letitia Barbauld

When winter's hand the rough'ning year deforms,
And hollow winds foretel approaching storms,
Then Pleasure, like a bird of passage, flies
To brighter climes, and more indulgent skies;
Cities and courts allure her sprightly train,
From the bleak mountain and the naked plain;
And gold and gems with artificial blaze,
Supply the sickly sun's declining rays:
But soon, returning on the western gale,
She seeks the bosom of the grassy vale;
There, wrapt in careless ease, attunes her lyre
To the wild warblings of the woodland quire;
The daisied turf her humble throne supplies,
And early primroses around her rise.
We'll follow where the smiling goddess leads,
Thro' tangled forests or enamel'd meads;
O'er pathless hills her airy form we'll chase,
In silent glades her fairy footsteps trace:
Small pains there needs her footsteps to pursue,
She cannot fly from friendship, and from you.
Now the glad earth her frozen zone unbinds,
And o'er her bosom breathe the western winds:
Already now the snow-drop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year;
As FLORA'S breath, by some transforming power,
Had chang'd an icicle into a flower:
Its name, and hue, the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins.
To these succeed the violet's dusky blue,
And each inferior flower of fainter hue;
Till riper months the perfect year disclose,
And FLORA cries exulting, See my Rose!

The Muse invites, my DELIA haste away,
And let us sweetly waste the careless day.
Here gentle summits lift their airy brow;
Down the green slope here winds the labouring plow;
Here bath'd by frequent show'rs cool vales are seen,
Cloath'd with fresh verdure, and eternal green;
Here smooth canals, across th' extended plain,
Stretch their long arms, to join the distant main:
The sons of toil with many a weary stroke
Scoop the hard bosom of the solid rock;
Resistless thro' the stiff opposing clay
With steady patience work their gradual way;
Compel the genius of th' unwilling flood
Thro' the brown horrors of the aged wood;
'Cross the lone waste the silver urn they pour,
And cheer the barren heath or sullen moor:
The traveller with pleasing wonder sees
The white sail gleaming thro' the dusky trees;
And views the alter'd landscape with surprise,
And doubts the magic scenes which round him rise.
Now, like a flock of swans, above his head
Their woven wings the flying vessels spread;
Now meeting streams in artful mazes glide,
While each unmingled pours a separate tide;
Now through the hidden veins of earth they flow,
And visit sulphurous mines and caves below;
The ductile streams obey the guiding hand,
And social plenty circles round the land.

from **The Prelude: Book 1**

by William Wordsworth

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear;
Much favored in my birthplace, and no less
In that beloved Vale to which, ere long,
I was transplanted. Well I call to mind
('Twas at an early age, ere I had seen
Nine summers) when upon the mountain slope
The frost and breath of frosty wind had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
To wander half the night among the Cliffs
And the smooth Hollows, where the woodcocks ran
Along the open turf. In thought and wish
That time, my shoulder all with springes hung,
I was a fell destroyer. On the heights
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
My anxious visitation, hurrying on,
Still hurrying, hurrying onward; moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head; I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That was among them. Sometimes it befel
In these night-wanderings, that a strong desire
O'erpower'd my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toils
Became my prey; and, when the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less in springtime when on southern banks
The shining sun had from his knot of leaves
Decoyed the primrose flower, and when the Vales
And woods were warm, was I a plunderer then
In the high places, on the lonesome peaks
Where'er, among the mountains and the winds,
The Mother Bird had built her lodge. Though mean
My object, and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost, as it seemed,
Suspended by the blast which blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag; Oh! at that time,
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ears! the sky seem'd not a sky
Of earth, and with what motion mov'd the clouds!

from **The Prelude: Book 5**

by William Wordsworth

Well do I call to mind the very week
When I was first entrusted to the care
Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its shores,
And brooks, were like a dream of novelty
To my half-infant thoughts; that very week
While I was roving up and down alone,
Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross
One of those open fields, which, shaped like ears,
Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's Lake:
Twilight was coming on; yet through the gloom,
I saw distinctly on the opposite Shore
A heap of garments, left, as I supposed,
By one who there was bathing; long I watched,
But no one owned them; meanwhile the calm Lake
Grew dark, with all the shadows on its breast,
And, now and then, a fish up-leaping, snapped
The breathless stillness. The succeeding day,
(Those unclaimed garments telling a plain Tale)
Went there a Company, and, in their Boat
Sounded with grappling irons, and long poles.
At length, the dead Man, 'mid that beauteous scene
Of trees, and hills and water, bolt upright
Rose with his ghastly face; a spectre shape
Of terror even! and yet no vulgar fear,
Young as I was, a Child not nine years old,
Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
Such sights before, among the shining streams
Of Fairy Land, the Forests of Romance:
Thence came a spirit hallowing what I saw
With decoration and ideal grace;
A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
Of Grecian Art, and purest Posey.

A Bird, came down the Walk

by Emily Dickinson

A Bird, came down the Walk -
He did not know I saw -
He bit an Angle Worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then, he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass -
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass -

He glanced with rapid eyes,
That hurried all abroad -
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought,
He stirred his Velvet Head. -

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers,
And rowed him softer Home -

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,
Leap, plashless as they swim.

from **The Raven**
by Edgar Allen Poe

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”
 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

 Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as “Nevermore.”

 But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”
 Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore'."

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Light

by Ted Hughes

Eased eyes open, showed leaves.

Eyes laughing and childish
Ran among flowers of leaves
And looked at light's bridge
Which led from leaf, upward, and back down to leaf.

Eyes uncertain
Tested each semblance
Light seemed to smile.

Eyes ran to the limit
To the last leaf
To the last vein of the least flower-leaf.

Light smiled,
And smiled and smiled

Eyes
Darkened
Afraid suddenly
That this was all there was to it.

Conclusion

Our journey through the dream world concludes here. I hope you have enjoyed your time and it was a pleasure to be your guide. You must soon return to the waking world, but until then, sweet dreams, my child.

