

## DREAMS

I know not why, but for many a moon,  
Inquisitive me did harbor a yearning,  
Nay, a wanting, passion, an obsession,  
To decipher dreams, know their meaning.

Nightly do they pay me, a casual call,  
Lively and real, and night-long it seems,  
But scant come details, that I can recall;  
At daybreak, lost are the dreams' reams.

Countless are dreams where I dare fly,  
Still, in these "flights" barely am I afloat,  
As if in mortal danger, ominously I lie;  
To these dreams, waking brings comfort.

Many a night, same dreams appear;  
In gatherings of pals and compeers,  
Occasions certainly for formal attire,  
Alas, unadorned I am, and so bare!

Recurring themes that haunt me oft,  
Like visiting a lofty center of learning,  
Oddly, in their corridors' maze, I get lost;  
And tunnels and halls keep me frowning.

Often in dreams, I'm at the wheel,  
Driving along on a nondescript road,  
To feel, abruptly and withdraw and reel,  
As the path hast led to a precipice ahead!

These dreams prompt me to search for meaning;  
Is my subconscious reminding me of failures?  
Invading my slumber, endlessly tormenting.  
Or flushing from my being, sad memories?

Ne'er have I dreamt of me succeeding  
In an endeavor that made me proud.  
Why, I ask, is my subconscious needling?  
Is failure my trademark, for laughing out loud?!

A certain dilemma this hast brought to me,  
How in daily use, without doubt it seems,  
We make statements like "your eyes are dreamy",  
What, I wonder a look has to do with dreams?

"I have a dream" proclaimed MLK with zest,  
He meant not, what we expect in deep slumber;  
No, this again is language misusing, in earnest,  
As if most dreams end in pleasant number.

Countless are ways in which folks parade,  
Phrases like "Dream vacation", "Dream home",  
"Dream" girl or boy, giving superlative grade,  
To "Dreams" bearing no semblance to nocturnal ones.

My analysis has brought me to certain view;  
Does "slow-wave" sleep brew night-long dreams?  
And short, but vivid dreams, although few,  
Are they products of sleep in "REM"?

Perhaps such answers are for me to dream up,  
Or “sleep on it” for inspiration to pop?