

## Love, It's a Dream

By JessicaRae95

Twinkling lights  
Flicker in windows of buildings  
Punctuating the darkness  
With light  
They blink like eyes of wisdom  
In the face of a sage  
And sparkle  
Like the diamond of a crown  
He sits and watches them  
The wind ruffling the cloak  
Of burgundy that warmed his shoulders  
He sat  
In regal silence  
Not daring to bless the world  
With his speech  
He watches  
They go out like lit candles  
Touched by the whisper of wind  
And he waits  
For when their glow dissipates

It is replaced  
By the greater lights from above  
Twinkling in never ending glory  
Above a world  
That does not appreciate their gift  
The light  
That burns over mankind  
With a steadiness  
That is not diminished by their small size  
They reflect  
In the eyes of their watcher  
Glittering sparks  
In the darkness of his gaze  
He was alone  
Perched on the cornice of a window  
Watching the universe rotate around him  
In silent appreciation  
of its acceptance  
A world of stars whirling and blending  
Sending light  
To the world they towered over  
“They are beautiful,” she spoke softly  
His eyes left the glitter above  
And turned  
To the treasure beside him

“So are you.”

His voice a growl in the darkness

But gentle

With years of sorrow in it's kindness

“You are to kind.”

Her response was meant to be light

But she meant it.

He knew it and bowed his head

Upon his cloak and sighed

“As are you.”

He admitted, knowing her reserve

Was this something they wanted to continue?

“That's why it is love.”

She spoke, using that word

That painful, biting word

That silently was twisting their hearts together

No matter how they fought

To contain it

The universe was determined

To put them together

Like fire and ice

And earth and sky

Trouble sought to rip them

As far apart as it could

But their hands clasped in darkness

Perched above the city  
Held fate's cruel hand at bay and they smiled  
No matter how bitter  
That time wanted to be  
It could not stop them from loving  
For it had created them  
And set them free with their first breath  
To make decisions in their lives  
No matter how bad or good  
So they chose  
Chose to accept the gift they were given  
Love, it was called  
But they called it a dream  
That would make it less permanent  
In case it fell through  
But they knew  
When  
Or if  
The dream fell  
In the darkness  
They would be falling too.