

Dream Seeker

When reason chafes and logic will not serve,
and faith and patience both have lost their nerve,
and loneliness must rule, or so it seems,
then I am overtaken by my dreams.

I wreathe my secret self in song and rhyme
beyond the worldly reach, or bounds of time;
I break my bread with poet-kings, and call
the unicorn from out his leafy hall
to take the proffered crust with velvet lips;
I share forbidden wine in savored sips;
and when the night encircles, dark and deep,
I lay me down with lions... in my sleep.

... for Vincent