

I DREAMT OF HIM - AGAIN

by Trisha Kehoe

The dream was one known to me
From the shadows of half sleep
It comes taunting along the edges
Of my heart - calling me

I dreamt of him - again

Oh, that most wondrous man that ever
Haunts my life, but never more than
In the darkness, as I lay alone ...
Waiting till he returns again and claims
Me. Scarcely daring to draw breath, I
Feel his presence, his power surround
And soothe me, his voice - so tender, yet
Dark with hopeful passion, says ... everything

I dreamt of him - again

He calls me softly; yearningly, With a
Touch of his hands, he captured my soul
The feel of his arms, gathering me to his
Breast is a truth known only to me, in
Sleep. In that special place just 'tween
Dreams and awakenings. His mouth moves on
Mine as he whispers my name; pleading with
Me, to make him real one more time?

To dream of him - again?