



## BROKEN DREAMS

By Wayne Visser

Every time you stir up the embers  
I'm left with the burnt-out ash it engenders  
And every time you blow up a windstorm  
I feel like a wave-tossed ship with sails torn

How I long for the season of calm  
When moods do not swing like the ocean tide  
And how I long for the plateau of trust  
Where words are the vistas in which we confide

But every time you jump to conclusions  
I start to believe once more in illusions  
And every time you fly off the handle  
The flame of my hope snuffs out like a candle

How I long for the showers of rain  
That water the roots of our budding affair  
And how I long for the sunshine of love  
That dispels these dark clouds of gloomy despair

Yet every time you doubt my intention  
The seed of my faith re-enters suspension  
And every time you leave without farewells  
You set my head ringing with more alarm bells

How I long for the cover of night  
When darkness revives the heart and feeds the soul  
And how I long for the dawning of day  
When morning comes and broken dreams emerge whole

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