



WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

By Wayne Visser

What dreams may come
What cosmos reflected
What masks may change
What seasons collected

We dance our love
We follow our vector
We flit our days
We gather our nectar

What dreams may come
What enchanted childness
What far horizon
What enraptured wildness

We roam our plains
We take our life chances
We fix our gaze
We make our bold stances

What dreams may come
What earth-rooted treasures
What friends we make
What sky-varied pleasures

We find our pond
We quench our deep longing
We weave our spell
We let our bright song sing

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