



ROOTS IN THE SKIES

By Wayne Visser

Last night I dreamed of a planet
Where more hides than can ever be seen
Where shy creatures that sing to the sunrise
Play touch-tag in a forest of green

Last night I dreamed of a highway
Dry dusty with zebras and flies
Where small children who wear rags as raiment
Play sad clowns beneath roots in the skies

Last night I dreamed of an island
Where the language unspoken is blue
Then this morning I woke to discover
That all I had dreamed of was true

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