



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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