

DREAMER

I stare into the darkness of my dreams
Where shadows rise from the swamp we call memory.
It is not the memory
but, the memory of that memory that matters.
A moment in time that lives forever.

I am but a dreamer,
The striving artist with stakes in my heart.
An actor looking for love,
and, pretending I am the real winner.
Ghosts of my aspirations fill the corner
For, I note, between love and logic lie a thousand choices.
My nights are brighter than the day,
No today is expected to be like yesterday.

I want to believe that truth has its limits;
and, the unexpected ending is the best.
I have to believe that I was born for this moment
That, I have always chosen my own path!
For, I am just a dreamer...

By Elena Sona Brugnara

