# The Dreams

## Peter Mulvey

Inside the tunnels, the stone tunnels, are the trains
And inside the trains, the steel trains, are the bags of skin
And inside the thin skin are the blood and the bones
And inside the blood and the bones are the dreams
It really is that simple, it really is that fragile
I am one such dream inside the blood and the bones and the bags and the
trains and the tunnels
There's a dream sitting next to me
There's a dream across from me
FragileWe all know that one day
The tunnels will crumble and the trains will stop
And the blood and the bags and the bones will be gone
And in between now and then something will happen to all the dreams
I don't know what will happen to the other dreamsBut I know what will happen to me
Sure as rain, I know, sure as winterI'll breathe and grieve and struggle and strive and love, love
And if I'm lucky once, just once, the dream will drop to the floor like a vase
and shatter in shards of silence
Where I will see, I will see in the pattern of the pieces, I will
See something

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