Keep the Dream Alive

John Vanderslice

One, two, three, five
The night is only half alive
The curtains blow the frightened tress
They line the moonlit windy beachFour, five, six, seven
My dreams never touched on heaven
They come, they stream, they laugh, they bleed
They drop me off in a thicket of reedsKeep the dream aliveA boy, a dog, the dunes, the sea
He stands in a thicket of reeds
No food, cell or GPS
I watched him weeping from the trees"The sea is only half alive
Help me find my campsite", he saidKeep the dream aliveI dreamed he found his way back there
The campsite though was stripped out bare
The night was only half alive
Skinned raccoons hung from a lineFor men there is no turning back
They all had left with coonskin caps
The embers smoked and barley glowed
He gathered wood and started his own fireKeep the dream alive

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