

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 beach
Four, 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 reeds
Keep the dream alive
A 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 said
Keep the dream alive
I 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 line
For 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 fire
Keep the dream alive

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