

Dreams and Nightmares

By Helen J. Dixon

Dreams are pretend, but at least they end.
Whatever we wish for in a dream, sometimes come true.
The nightmares haunt us, chase and scare us.
But, upon awakening, they vanish as though never existed.
And we breathe a sigh of relief.
Perhaps we remember them vaguely, like some mystic story
whispered to us by a wizard or fairy.
Yet real life persists.
We go to sleep; with whatever demons are on our minds,
Hoping that in the tranquility of unconsciousness
we'll find forgetfulness.
And for a time, we may.
We imagine slaying dragons, conquering fears,
finding lost loves.
Then we hear the alarm clock, the clamor of the city garbage
truck or the warbling of the country birds—we arise;
Many of us hate them for waking us up from our reverie.
Realizing once we open our eyes, the true nightmare begins.
But for others, the true dream embarks again 'til nightfall.