A Free-Spirited Dream

Chamille Weddington

My eyes see
A Free Spirit dream
Of things wished for, things imagined
And things that come true
Faces friendly, though unknown
The rush of newness, the experience of free
The anticipation of the unexpected
Lighthearted just to be
Some in color others in black and white
Creativity touching my mind
Free-spirited smiles that leave the trite behind
Pieces of them visit me during the day
They give me a rush
Give me a peek – in them I see a friendlier way
Stay dreams
Stay – I'll grab you in-between my day, grab your ends,
Like fingers holding braids
That threaten to fray
Tease at me, and then fly away.

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