

Beyond the dreams...

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And if in this dream, I'll weep
Let no tears run like blood,
Nor frowns, nor despair to keep,
For least I tried, clear and loud.

Take the dream, away from its sleep,
May time heal, may ceremonies reap
Until this longing for the dream is reached
And bounds of aspirations sewn-like stitched.

Let the roll of self-pity, scoundrel and break
I bear no fantasy, in reality they make,
No glory is fitting for one whose heart has ache
And that the mind swallow's whole, lit and shake.

Dreams, I'll see you, soon or in the afterlife
When Chiron has offered his hands, for penny's ride.
In the Styx I shall continue the cry,
Beyond dreams that I witnessed die.