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Beyond Dreams and Illusions

*With the hands of dreams, I wanted to reach you;
The wisdom of ages, taught me only to dream with caution;
The wise man never said, let the limitless dreams fly;
But dream after dream, I hoped to make my hand stretch beyond the wisdom of ages;
Yet I failed to reach your hand.*

*With the wings of illusions, I imagined to have seen you;
In the eyes of culture, your existence was a phantom image;
Illusions, the age-ful culture insisted, let reality slide;
And image after image, I envisioned you touching my soul, invisibly, magically;
Yet the wind of culture took away my wings of illusions.*

*Somewhere beyond my dreams, I encountered you;
Waiting, patiently – allowing, even my reluctance, be the adopted child of your love;
You moved me, deeds abundant and words spare;
But I am scared;
For no eyes of existence will guide me.*

*Somewhere beyond my illusions, I watched you;
Opening your arms – letting, even my silence, be the foster parent of your trust;
You enveloped me, fingers large and gentle;
And I am content;
For no rules of experience will restrain me.*