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The Sandman

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The Sandman

In that hazy place between sleep and awake
When daylight retreats for the dreamer's sake
Where the heavy mists swirl with dark evening air
Where visions are formed, whether foul, whether fair
At a crossroads where living and dead tend to meet
There tiptoes the sandman on quick, silent feet
Neither evil nor good, full of truth, full of lies
He is gentle and harsh, always cunning and wise.
Some nights up to mischief, sending goblins and ghosts,
Lurkers and death, all those things hated most
He'll send you through hell, turn your world upside-down

Turning sweet, content smiles to whimpering frowns
Reminds you of things you have tried to ignore
Or makes you relive things you've been through before.
But on other evenings his humor is high
He'll send you a song in a rainbow-filled sky
Victorious battles, all the gold on the earth,
A well-deserved kiss, life of happiness, mirth,
Unpredictable friend, unforeseeable foe
Cannot trust him or fear him, for sand he will throw
Regardless of who you are during the day
It's time for the sandman to come out and play.

Charlotte Stevens



Untitled Series by Sherry Dickson