A Crossing

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A dream is a nightmare
With all the right pieces
In all the right places
Seeing yours gave me a scare.

Mine are of glory and sun shining bright
Of grass and gleaming drops of dew
Yours are of dark forests and quiet streams
Where you find pleasure, I find a fright.

I followed you into a dream
Once upon a time and far away
You swam with fish and mermaids
As the sun made the waves gleam.

What struck me most, though
Were the sounds and the sights
As they pulled you under
And soaked you through.

I thought you must be mad
As you laughed and shouted
Could you not see the way their smiles
Spoke of something terrible, something bad?

Their smiles were wide
Their eyes were vicious
You saw no danger
But I could see it coming in: the tide.

I began to panic; my mind raced
I could not find a way to help
You still smiled, without a care
The tide came closer as I paced.

Then all at once, it was over
We were awake,
Staring at blue skies
And lying on a bed of clover.

We sat there together
Watching the wind toss the leaves
And then you smiled and said
Something I will remember forever

“A nightmare is a dream,
With all the right pieces
In all the right places
The only difference is the seam.”