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Dance or Dream

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Dance or Dream

As I reclined on my bed, Wind whispered softly in my ear and lightly brushed my cheek. The Wind teased me, calling my name. He wooed me and beckoned me to follow him out of the window and into the night. His arms curled around me, then into the trees with whose limbs he pointed the way. I followed him into the moon-lighted night, out under the stars, with the fireflies in flight. The tiny radiant orbs winked at me from the dark, here and there, and like magic the shadows in my soul fled. A warm glow crept through me and out. I became an earthbound star, a companion to the Wind, a beauty to behold.

I am night's light, and Wind's love. He is around me and through me. He is gentle and tender. His eyes never leave me. His dance is for me and no one else. We dance through the night until the day approaches, then he carries me home.

I stir in my bed. I open my eyes and I stare into Day. I wonder.... In the night did I dance with the Wind? or did I only dream?