

Darren Hanlon

"Old Dream"

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The stray it came followed us home
It brushed around our four legs and looked past them
to the door
We just laughed and shook our heads
And secretly hoped it'd come back the next day...
It didn't
You even went back to the place we first saw it just in
case
While i was glad to stay at home
Searching for money in old birthday cards

John Milton himself would've felt these things too I read
somewhere
Even blindness couldn't keep him down
I can see him now fumbling through the dark
To find a pen and anything for paper

Mark the page
Take the car
Pass the building
And wonder where you are
And which storey?

You were in my dream again
I would tell you but it don't mean anything
It's just my old dream

There's no yellow fields
Of sunflower farms
If I have to show you I can do it with my arms

No bunches of balloons
Or mariachi bands
If you need to see then I can show you with my hands

Tie the shoe
Take the car
Unfold the road because it goes to where you are
And your story

You were in my dream again

I could tell you but it don't mean anything
It's just my old dream

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