

Gardar Thor Cortes

"Citadel Of Dreams"

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When the cerulean sky
Is painted over with crimson
And the sun descends into the horizon
When the moon sings oneiric serenades
And we are coaxed into lethargy
Its seductive power enchants us
And opens the gates...
To the Citadel of Dreams
The bastion of illusion
Engraved with the elaborate
Archetypes of wisdom
Primordial designs embedded within
That inspire mythos
Bathed amongst pillars of light
Its ivory towers shine like bright stars
Submerged in subconscious
Within sapphire halls of deep blue
We drift and float as we slumber
Carried by the tides of languor
One by one we extend our minds
To receive precious fantasies
Infused by the lyre of the muse
With the enchantment of obscurity
Like delicate snowflakes
Melting upon flesh
These fragile memories
Are dissolved by consciousness
(And yet traces remain)
The imprints of another world
Reached only through the psyche...
The Citadel of Dreams

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