

Fairytale Dreams and Other Things

*With every verse
a different world can take flight
where shadows dance in the soft of moonlight
tales of untold and dreams unknown
beneath the stars
where mystical secrets take hold
skies alive with a rainbow's soft hue
flowers bloom with every drop of dew
the wind whispers tales of wonders unseen
while unicorns graze beside the forest streams
curtains of conundrums carefully unfold
but is it truth?
or fleeting dreams
the world's a mirror, or so it seems
a waltz of words whispered in rhyme
bending the rules of space and time
Is it an illusion?
a peeking glimpse of someone else's confusion
or is it real?
has magic spun
a woven thread that's just begun
truth or delusion, who can say
with words within our reach
we can each find our own way
a time machine for travel
from this world to the next
enchanted majestic faraway lands intrigue
vexed by dragons flying high atop misty mountain peaks
fables and fairytales from a time long before
where unicorns and dragons were able soar
lost in portals, adventures, and novels
ink and books
love spells of poetry and prose
is it literature or living?
I'm not so sure, I really even know. . .*

By: Cynthia Haws