

The Death of a Dream

By: Victoria Adams

High above the world,
Untouchable you are
Fall and glide to safety.

Nothing breaks wings of stone,
Grow armor and build a wall.
Sweet refuge of isolation
Lost inside the only thoughts you have
Speak of the soul

All that is pure to touch,
Crumbles in your hollow hand.
Slips away
In the rivers of your finger tips,
The great sand of time

In your open palm
Only one grain to wish upon.
The light grows from your hand,
Beyond is only darkness.

Point to a star and throw it away
All that you could have had
On that small speck of earth.
Now lost
To winds of change

Dead dreams travel further
Than your reach could ever extend