

My Dream

Last night I had a dream.

My dreams took me on an adventure, to magical place called Wonderland.

A place under the shadows of a snow caped mountain that's so high.

With birds like freckles on the face of the sky

In Wonderland all I could hear and see was happiness and joy.

I could hear the sound of the ocean, whoosh, whoosh.

I could hear the sound of the birds, twirp, twirp.

I could smell the freshness of the air sniff, sniff.

I could see so many beautiful things by standing high on a cliff.

My dreams are like a toy providing me with endless entertainment.

And like a rainbow following me with joy.

My dreams have a beautiful scent.

It's a place for everyone to enjoy.

My dreams are boats meant to float gently across my mind.

If you were to plant my dream.

It would grow as a beautiful tree.

A tree with beautiful branches and luscious, light leaves.

The tree would be full of memories.

It will never die during the time from dawn to dusk.

In Wonderland I was having so much fun.

There was no sign of sadness.

I was running on the wet sand.

And playing on the water, splash, splash.

But.....that dream was over and all I could hear was the sound of the alarm, ring, ring.

