

You, Me, And A Dream

If wings graced my back,
I would carry you to the heavens
among cosmic clouds and sunlit kisses
leaving the winter snow behind
to cool and crunch
beneath the feet of others.
You, I and the stars would shine
in the black, mysterious spaces
of origins, ends, and middles.
Reflected in your eyes
I am complete
a creative composition of soul
and soaring spirit.
The rhythm of the universe
would consume us
me with my wings
you with your faith and courage.