

GRAZED BY A DREAM (by Lily Yellow)

I wake and I lie in the mud on the ground
in a forest dark and green.
I'm cold, I'm sick, what I hear is the sound of the wind, blowing keen.

Hear the owls singing songs bout their life
repeating always the same words.
Words full of pride, full of magic fill the air with a curse.

I wake and I lie in my bed on a pillow
in a room safe and warm.
I'm dazed, I'm confused, what I hear is the sound of my breath in this silent night.