

The dream of the Willow Tree

It was a black starry night
Blue and Black,
Near the willow tree,
I lean, against it's back
I then see it
a magical place
Full of light, Red, green, and blue
I prance, I leap
I hear the voice of the wind,
Slow and sweet
I suddenly feel sand between my feet
I notice that I'm on the shore
The wind changes,
It's voice quiet and relaxed
I feel alive and comforted
Then I awake,
Feeling alive and free,
Underneath the willow tree.