

## Daydream

By Jose Rodriguez

In a lonely room I find myself  
thinking little of the world around me;  
hearing nothing more than the fine flow  
of pretty pictures I can only see,  
and never feel but strive to know.  
Like lightning flash and in a second gone,  
those pretty pictures that waste my time  
and life and that have left me all alone;  
they pull me in and the pull me out  
of my mind sprinkling grains of unconsciousness.  
Turning long hours into seconds,  
yet seconds into lifetimes of bliss.  
My steady breath creates a new world;  
a rhythmic array of beautiful nonsense  
on which my feet desire so sweetly  
to walk and to run among alluring winds  
full of life. A perfect melody  
so gently swaying a sweeping glaze  
that grabs at my core and quietly  
sets me loose to tumble down this pointless maze.  
Finding footing, this impermanent plane,  
with a quiet song, whispers to my soul.  
That I've been swept away, mesmerized,

by this harmony that is fare but old  
makes me doubt the tread that I blindly dare;  
such a sour taste but with a heart of hope,  
my lungs compress and release the air  
that gave me life with which I merely cope.  
For to live, even just for a second,  
as sleepy heads sparkling with content,  
in out daydreams and dispositions  
would be to live in a heaven so pleasant.  
But then I find this path a lonely road  
and however glamorous still insignificant.  
Thundering down on me leaving traces  
firing that feeling the fills me with anticipation;  
my vision obscured, the noises collide,  
and I remember the words from a dusty, old world  
brought back to life and I realize that  
there, in that quiet room, I found myself.