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## Dreaming

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Dreaming by: Alexandra Pushkin

After the day in the midst of the night, zany thoughts run through the mind. Before sun meets horizon, they yearn to stretch, to unwind, to explore.

Caves so deep, no mountain too high, Xiao-jin, China, Montana's big blue sky, dreams have no limit; let them run wild, run far, run free.

Elusive visions, vivid pictures, what do you mean? Frightening nightmares, unusual adventures, do disclose your essence to us.

Grotesque are the images that taunt us, haunt us, strike us awake in the middle of the night.

Illusive it may be, realistic, a possibility; jaded is the mind that questions the dream, and

knowing the dream perplexes the mind. Yet lucid dreaming often answers the inquiry;

the mind in control, and not any other soul; ideas never cajoled, moved, nor stole. Other dreams diverge from daily norms, live with shapes, polychromatic, kaleidoscopic.

Quixotic thoughts jabbering in our sleep, real aspirations, imagined by us.

Sweet is the hallucination that brings us to these goals,

unlike reality and the feasible world; dreams are a vacation from our physical existence.

We often dream a dream, or two dreams at most; an x-ray of persona, captivation of spirit.

Yen for the time, before the light, to zero in on all our thoughts after we fall asleep.

Artwork: Fahrenheit 451 by Rachel Friedman