

A Wordsworth Dream.

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In dreams I do not wander lonely,
Or as a passing cloud.
Nor does my sleeping inward eye,
Or heart or mind feel dissatisfied.
For in my dreams I realize,
The beauty of my view.

While walking gently on familiar grass,
Remembering places from my past.
Of bygone days and Butterfly's,
And Dragon insects in the sky's.
That settled on wild flowers that grew,
And how so few of them I knew.

A host of Bluebells in a wood,
And pretty Bluebirds in the trees.
Lakeside hills and Daffodils,
All dancing on the breeze.
Paths and streams and other dreams,
That put me in a Wordsworth spell.
Rydal mount and Grasmere lake,
And striding Rydal fell.

The dreams conclusion is drawing near,
For silent words that miss the ear.
Float out and away over Windermere,
To greet a changing sky.
Reflections before I wake,
Of moonlight dancing on a lake.
A soft wind blows a luulaby,
And somewhere close a poet sighs,
And now my dream is done.

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