

# Dream

by

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A full moon

at the month end

as wind runs out the evening

and night tumbles

through the trees

may dream time

come with ease

may the people

of each dream

gather

with open hands

and willing souls

may the lanes we follow

in the early hours

turn between

the many greens of Summer

and hurry to the open field

and

may the Dawn

of this final month end day

gather

the dissolving end of dream

time

bird song

after sleep