
Dream Infatuation

I want to reach you,
but I cannot escape the pain
or the shame I feel inside;

Yearning and conscience
struggle to dominate a splintered soul,
you're only inches from my fingertips,
and you may never know;

So I put you into a dream
where yearning and conscience
smear into a watercolor gray,
where numbness explodes
into images (passion) . . .
into images (desire) . . .

But images never leave,
they remain long after the dream is over

They taunt . . .

They tease . . .

They breathe . . .

(and i want to reach you)

So I put you into a dream,
only inches from my fingertips;

I put you into a dream,
and no one ever has to know.