

10-15-1975

The Dreamer

Nick Smith

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythril>

Recommended Citation

Smith, Nick (1975) "*The Dreamer*," *Mythril*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 3 , Article 4.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythril/vol2/iss3/4>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Mythril by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

THE DREAMER

Nick Smith

He dreamt.

It was a dream of life and good,
of More's gold
minted into finer coin
than any man had known.

He dreamt of freedom
underneath a sun so bright,
the darkless shadows disappeared completely
under golden skies.

He dreamt of people
next to whom gold paled,
whose lives were good
and full of health and love.

He dreamt of lands
that filled the every need
of those who kept them well,
who did not foul their nests
by negligence and arrogance
and other weaknesses of man.

He woke
and told his dream
to all the pewter people
who existed all around him,
all within their pewter lives and lies.

They laughed and jeered
and said, "Thou fool!
Your dreams were dreams and nothing more;
in fact were less
because they told of things
that never were
and never could be real.

Misery is all there is
unless one might be rich,
and so the only gold
is golden coin
for all but dreaming fools."

And so he slept again
and would not wake,
but dreamed again
of golden times and things,
without a pewter spot to see.

The others woke and slept and woke
ten thousand times and died
still seeking gold
and missing all but grey.

