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## *The Dreamer*

Nick Smith

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# Mythopoeic Society's Online Midwinter Seminar 2024

17th–18th February 2024: Something Mighty Queer

Submission Deadline: November 30, 2023

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2024.htm>



## *The Dreamer*

### **Abstract**

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

### **Keywords**

Mythril; Mythopoeic; Poetry; The Dreamer; Nick Smith

# 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.

