

## **Dreams**

*by Lorraine Cobcroft*

Dreams come sprouting; small, soft, insubstantial  
First green shoots on spring's saplings  
Vague, weak, searching out the sunshine for their strength.  
And live, nurtured in young hearts  
Soothing pains of surging growth with promise,  
And grow, strengthen; fed, enriched by summer's rains  
Hardened, deepened by the harsh summer sun  
Then retreat, rebuked and chastened into the heart's depths  
Denied by the work-oriented mind  
But cherished by the solace-seeking soul  
And turn, with passing years, a duller shade  
Brown leaves of dying hope  
Or faint orange glimmers in the darkness of defeat  
Then fall, weeping softly down about us  
To crackle and disintegrate under age's heavy tread  
The insubstantial drifting away on the wind  
Into the nothingness beyond us  
The valued trampled into death's dark earth  
Now to feed the new growth, and come fulfilled  
To bring new life in tomorrow's spring.