

A Wishful Dream

I have a little wishful dream
To spend one day in the royal castle
Alone, with her majesty the queen
Follow her like her little shadow
And her big, overblown ego
Without being heard or seen

Watch her sleeping, walking and dancing
Listen to her singing, yawning and laughing
Crying like a baby in her bed, screaming in her dream
Standing naked in front of her magical mirror
Hiding behind brick walls and a mental screen

Watch her as she wears her eye lashes, perfume and cream
Putting on a royal dress, a colorful crown, and a serious look
A queen must be seen elegantly dressed, but rather mean
Follow her to the balcony as she greets her admirers
Laugh as she waves her hands and people scream
Imagination is a beautiful dream never to be seen

Fly to the shantytown hiding in the castle's shadow
Share an intimate evening with my favorite woman
A queen unashamed to be seen naked, but not mean
Eat, drink, read poetry, hug and kiss, and make love
And steal a magical night from Scheherazade's dream

Walk along the banks of an ancient river
Where ducks and fish swim up and down the stream

Climb the top of a wooded mountain
Sit, think, contemplate and write a poem
Listen to nature's music and forever dream

Walk through forests, deserts and fields
Listen to love birds sing and dance
Watch wild animals play the game of life
Make passionate love and scream
Proud to be heard and seen

Follow farmers as they pick yellow flowers and sing
As if love of the land is their special thing
Stop to admire a Bedouin hiding behind his donkey
Protecting himself from a hot summer day
Using the donkey's shadow for a screen

Watch taxis rush, trains run, planes roar
Boys peddle worry beads, traders make dirty deals
Listen to mothers read stories to their children
As babies cry for attention and scream

Follow lovers as they swim and enjoy the sunshine
And feel free to do whatever they wish in between
Look at the blue skies and wonder why
So many people miss living life like a dream

Embrace life and sail with the wind
Travel up and down every willing stream
Learn, teach, succeed, fail, rise, fall and rise again
Never mind wearing a dirty shirt or a pair of worn shoes

So long as the heart is pure

And the conscious is clean

Walk along the memory lane and think

How to be every young man's hero

And every beautiful woman's dream

The man she lives to meet and love

And be, forever, his heavenly queen

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