

## Dreams For You

by Brianna Duffin

I dream of fairy tales, everyone with a Shakespearean ending,  
Of glimmering palaces on black rivers running deep and true  
I dream of the place where my mind never gives up hope,  
Of a sword swinging from my hip and no vampires around  
I dream of your face on Mount Rushmore, and inevitably  
I dream of the catastrophic avalanche you deserve to face  
Oh, and I dream of the hatred I feel being obliterated instead.  
What else is there for me, in my heart or in my mind, to say  
Whenever I'm being honest, it is not the Titanic I think of,  
It is only the wreckage I can see. I don't even see divers,  
Most of the time. I see you, I see the remains of you, and...  
And I see the beautiful fool proud just to be next to you.  
I'm a general apologizing again to the soldier I couldn't save  
So I dream of second chances and I lock the gates every time.  
I dream of fresh starts, of potions to induce selective amnesia,  
I dream of forgiveness being solidified under full orange moons.  
Sometimes, I even dream of myself as I am and a fairy.

