

Morpheus's dream

by Leah McCay

The midnight thoughts
of night's oldest companion
drift delicately across skin,
and swirl softly over the head
of an unconscious mortal,
existing only in the mystical hues
of lilac, gold, and blue.
Unique in its creation;
one of many forms,
it moulds itself, so that it can
reach and embrace sleep,
and only after receiving permission
can it access the dark abyss
of the mind.

Morpheus,
the creator of dreams,
reveals his true identity
upon entering this new realm,
as cosmic colours collide,
and disintegrate into dust,
unveiling his human form.
An artistic visionary,
he weaves together a film
focused on the hidden
passions and fears of his muse,
shaping a dreamscape so vivid,
that the fantastic is viewed

as realism.

Most nights,
he stays to indulge in
the human experience of
what it means to dream,
something that he longs to do.
side-lined, he watches his muse
skip across a sparkling stream
to reach a field of wildflowers,
there she sees her lover,
and as she stumbles her way
into their arms, he is touched
by the depth of her joy,
radiating a warmth
as bright as sun beams.

And in that moment,
Morpheus realises that he already
had a dream, which is love.
But when he stirs awake,
all that he has is a hand full
of poppy seeds.