

# Keep The Dream Alive

John Vanderslice

One, two, three, five,  
The night is only half alive  
The curtains blow the frightened tress,  
They line the moonlit windy beach

Four five six seven,  
My dreams never touched on heaven,  
They come, they stream they laugh they bleed,  
They drop me off in a thicket of reeds

Keep the dream alive

A boy, a dog, the dunes, the sea,  
He stands in a thicket of reeds,  
No food, cell, or GPS,  
I watched him weeping from the trees

"The sea is only half alive,  
Help me find my campsite," he said

Keep the dream alive

I dreamed he found his way back there,  
The campsite though was stripped out bare,  
The night was only half-alive  
Skinned raccoons hung from a line

For men there is no turning back,  
They all had left with coonskin caps,  
The embers smoked and barley glowed,  
He gathered wood and started his own fire

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