

# The Dreams

Peter Mulvey

Inside the tunnels, the stone tunnels, are the trains  
And inside the trains, the steel trains, are the bags of skin  
And inside the thin skin are the blood and the bones  
And inside the blood and the bones are the dreams  
It really is that simple, it really is that fragile  
I am one such dream inside the blood and the bones and the bags and the  
trains and the tunnels  
There's a dream sitting next to me  
There's a dream across from me  
Fragile

We all know that one day  
The tunnels will crumble and the trains will stop  
And the blood and the bags and the bones will be gone  
And in between now and then something will happen to all the dreams  
I don't know what will happen to the other dreams

But I know what will happen to me  
Sure as rain, I know, sure as winter

I'll breathe and grieve and struggle and strive and love, love  
And if I'm lucky once, just once, the dream will drop to the floor like a vase  
and shatter in shards of silence  
Where I will see, I will see in the pattern of the pieces, I will  
See something

This will, this will happen  
But now the train with all its fragile cargo rolls on.