

Corridors

Through corridors of thought
I walk in silence
Footsteps resounding in
deep concentration.
Why is it all dreams
appear at one time?
Yet never in manners
that you expected
Masked in confusion &
obscured by complexity
Simplicity only the
voice of my heart.
I dream of golden sunsets.
Fresh, crisp dawns,
Brilliant waters – diamond kissed
somehow reflecting
Your image. All that I value
in a person – in a man.
Or is it that your image
makes the sun golden
The dawn invigorating
the waters sparkling?
Life moves too fast to miss
a moment of today.

— *Judith Hahs* —