

## DREAMS, DREAMERS AND REALITY

Yesterday, when the world was asleep,  
when the world wasn't shiny,  
when the world was lonely  
but full of life and full of love.

I dreamed of you  
because the night was cold,  
because you shouldn't be so far  
because you're always there,  
in the darkness of the late hours.

In my headspace, our future is present,  
our lives seem endless  
and our music sounds immersive.  
But reality is vile and heartless,  
dreamers can't bear with the cruelty that comes with it.

Dreamers are often fooled  
by songs, by love, by coincidences  
that exile them to idyllic situations,  
to unattainable scenarios.

Dreamers suffer of the heartbreak  
that awakening brings,  
which remains in the daydreaming.  
Is waking up an option to those who prefer to fantasize?  
Is waking up an option to those who wish to reach happiness?

Once they've achieved their aspiration,  
what is left of a dreamer?  
Their desire to make reality last forever  
becomes happiness in its purest form.

What was left of me when I heard the clock in the morning,  
bringing me back to real life's unkindness?  
Will the desire that all of my dreams come true be enough to keep me awake?  
Will stars keep me awake when dreaming isn't sufficient?

Utopists remain perseverant  
until memories become pleasant,  
until regret and felicity become one,  
until believes and hopes become bearable  
and therefore,  
until dreams become reality.

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