(#42)

Did I do this once before ?
 Is this happening again ?
 Over-&-over tumbling in clover with dandelion fairies blowin' in the wind. Have we been here once before ?
 Even a dozen times — or a score, even then, we strived for more, planted in a wish in a dandelion spore.

Is this lifetime but a dream?

— of a sovereign God, unseen?

Who allows our painful anguish knowing we'll wake to find it wasn't real; that experience, all, was good though not one in a million understood why we're dealt this kind of hand, in the deal — so we could feel.

## [INSTRUMENTAL #1]

2. Did we go through this before, that I get this déjà vu that alerts me till it hurts me wondering if it were a dream — or true. Has the cycle spun once more, to another open door? Breaching boundaries at my soul's foundries that forge insights into what life is for.

Maybe everything's a dream and we're but stage props in each scene of the joys and pains that pass as reality; even death, like life, a figment of imagination's changing pigment, where even at its essence, nothing's what — it seems to be . . . we're just dealt this kind of deal — so we could feel . . .

## [INSTRUMENTAL #2 (OF VERSE SECTION) AND FADE IT OUT]

## [END]

Written: May 7, 2015 [G, M]