

The Island

Berlin, November 2017

I dream sometimes, when the night comes and takes me away,

A dream so blissful, I dread the coming of the dreary next day,

A dream that makes me forget, of worries and of blights,

A dream like a hallucination, filled with the most beautiful sights.

For in that dream, there is an island, an island free of plagues and wrongs,

An island that is free of time, an island where birds sing angelic songs.

It is an island I first dreamed of, not so long ago,

An island where the oceans glisten, and in the nighttime glow,

An island where men hope to travel to, they'll give it all up for just a chance,

But this island is mine and yours, and these men are forbidden but a glance.

This island is home to a goddess, and me a mortal man,

And though logic tells me otherwise, I wish to stay there, and I can,

To lie there with someone so beautiful, for an age or even a while,

I would walk through a fiery hell, just to see your smile.

A touch of your lips, your hair brushes me, and I lose it just like that,

I wish I could stay in this dream, for reality is like a bone to pick at,

Time exists there in the cold, and for me it won't stand still,

And you are far away from me, and the thought alone does make me ill.

So that is why I dream of our island, which is warm and sweet, all year round,

Filled with our laughter, our happiness, and even gentler sounds,

And one day I know I'll find this island, though the dream must keep me searching,

For as I travel far and wide, this dream will keep my heart lurching,
For you, for our island, I will not now nor ever forget,
The time we shared together though short, and of course the night we met.

So maybe you too now, will dream of this here island,
And your eyes will gleam and glisten like a finely cut diamond,
For that is what you are, a rare thing of precious beauty,
And finding you and our dear island, will remain my duty.