

Descend

By Lisa Schwartz

Descend, descend, into the daydream—

Beyond the windows, the sirens, the cloud-scraping buildings.

Exist betwixt truth and deceit, forlorn sadness and unending bliss.

Don't count the seconds, or mourn the minutes lost.

Revel in the freedom of never quite knowing where you are or what you are made of.

Embrace the hazy wonder of the what-could-have-been and the what-was-not.

Remove the mindless storms, the bruising hail, the snow creeping into your vision.

Drown out the buzzing voices, the endless whispers, the forgotten epiphanies of days beyond reach.

Turn away from the false gods and their platinum-coated promises of a placid rest.

Reclaim the lost fantasies, the found nightmares, the wishes crumbling between your fingers.

Descend, descend, into the daydream—

For what lies beyond this stolen reality is unknown, and one must reap what can be sown.