

Stolen Dreams

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There once was a man with a laugh bold and rich,
And one day his laughter offended a witch.
She faced him with menace, with bone-chilling screams,
And cursed him most deeply: She stole all his dreams.

He sank down despairing, his strength gone away,
For all that he hoped for was dust from that day.
He looked up the roadways and gazed down the streams,
But no quest can begin when your heart has no dreams.

With nothing to lead his steps on to the light,
He trudged year by year till his hair had grown white,
Each season's the same to a person who deems
No goal worth the effort, who's lost all his dreams.

Then one day he met with a group of young men.
They asked why his face was so gloomy, and then
He told them, "A time in my memory gleams
When I thought something mattered, when I still had my dreams."

He told them of times he had nearly forgot,
He told them of battles that once he had fought,
They sat through the evening, beneath the moonbeams,
As he gave them the gift of his long-ago dreams.

Then as their eyes brightened, then as he spoke on,
His own dreams returned, as if they'd never gone.
His voice once again held the laughter that teems
In the ringing of hope from the towers of dreams.

Far off in the distance, he saw the witch frown.
She cried, "All the pow'r of my curse has come down!"
He'd won all he'd lost long ago, for it seems
Dreams always return to a maker of dreams.