

## “When Dreams Are Called Home”

When dawn, it comes, and casts its silver cord upon the treadle of your heart, dreams are sent out into the golden cord of Time. When all is said and your time is done, the silver stream of thought transforms, your eyes turn to heaven, at last, where borne, the golden cord comes nigh. It feels like death when dreams are called home. We don't want to give them to strangers' hands. But, no, our dreams are entrusted to gentle ones who sow the seeds of dreams that drift into our minds and hearts.

Dreams, they come on silver threads that gather, spun into cord, new and dawning in the imagination. They rise up to the sky that turns late so soon and there in evening dusk turn gold. We have spun those dreams within our love, our heart, spun them into strands of gold. When we send them off one by one, they gather like children, holding hands, until each strand has wrapped around another and spun a cord of gold so strong. It is a dream dreamed well and off it goes with each day's end, when frogs begin to sing. They sing to call each dream along, to call them on into the setting sun's last streaks of red, of purple, and magenta. With each cord that comes their way, there gold is strewn amidst the blaze!

It is not in vain we dream, not alone, not in haste, for each and every day that dawns, there is a time anew that comes, fresh and hopeful. There, you see it, early light, its blueness and shyness in pink and then, those silver strands they come from out the East to seek a home, a heart. Joining hands, the cords entwine each heart, each mind with light of promise, light of clear vision, and dreamers awaken with these silver cords wrapped there around their souls and slumber.

When, one day, they've done their task, at last and seek the dusk, the quiet eve, frogs, they stir and hop and croak and chorus until they sing. They sing for rain, the rain of tears, as each dream departs from in each soul, dreams that were tended with love and delight, sometimes sorrow, but, oh, they heed this call, they must.

These silver cords, spun into gold by nurturing joy, expectancy and love, go once again into the West, the setting sun. We feel them when they pull away, like sons and daughters leaving home. They pull away from in our heart and we long to hold them yet some more. We long to have more time, but, oh, their time is known not to us, but only they. For when dreams come, they whisper to us in our sleep and only stay within us until called one day by the songs of frogs, who call them home.

We must let them go, despite our grief, our sadness for the ending. We must let them go, each strand of gold, remembering the dawn's promise of new dreams, new life. It never ceases, but leaves us in awe that dawn and dusk that both give and take, should also hold our dreams in light, light that comes approaching, light that leaves departing, and Hope, yes, Hope. When we entrust our dreams to the gentle ones who once entrusted their seeds to us, we hold onto Hope that our dreams will survive, they will grow and thrive. We pray in our tears as the sun, it sets, to know we raised them well, our dreams borne of light, borne of vision, we pray to know we got them right.

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