

## Preface:

My intention for this poetry anthology was to create a new way of viewing dreams. Obviously, dreams are a very relatable topic for every single person because everyone experiences them. They are somewhat of a mystery to all of us and that's why it was fun to write about them. People love dreams; we get excited for them and dread waking up from them. I feel like my poems give insight to how I interpret and understand dreams, and ultimately, what they mean to me.

My initial reason for choosing the topic of "dreams" was because I thought of using a dream catcher on which to compile all of my poems, because honestly, how cool is that? Later, though, I realized that this is a great topic because it's probably uncommon and is more difficult for me to write about than other topics might have been. It was a challenge, but one that I enjoyed.

Only a few of the titles I chose for my poems actually made sense. The rest of my titles were pretty much the first things that popped into my head. Still, I think that's what makes them work and so perfect for my topic. Dreams are random, totally spur-of-the-moment, and of course, don't make sense. As for my structures and styles, I tried to make each poem unique, while still being able to have them flow well together, and I think I accomplished that.

If I could go back and change anything about my anthology, it would be to simply add more spontaneity to it. I'm satisfied with all of my poems, but my favorite is definitely *The Steadfast Dreamer* because it was the one poem I had no idea how it would turn out. It ended up having a lesson, which the audience could take from it, and is different from the rest of my poems in that it has a character and encompasses some humor. Overall, I feel my poetry anthology was a success.

**The Dreamare:** I made this poem a diamante with the intention of showing a difference between dreams and nightmares, as that was the transition I incorporated in it. It is meant to be simple and solely give description of a dream and a nightmare.

**To Sleep or Not to Sleep:** A narrative poem, this piece is meant to entertain the audience, hopefully giving them some suspense, similar to what they might experience in a nightmare. It is a made up story and I like that it has no set structure because nightmares, which are simply *bad* dreams, are unpredictable.

**The Insomniac's Acrostic:** The title kind of says it all for this one. If someone were to be having trouble falling asleep, I would think this would help him or her do so by serving as a kind of incentive. Sleeping opens a door to fantasy, to a new world, which everyone should look forward to. I guess it could also serve as a lullaby of some sort, in that it rhymes.

**Get Busy Dreaming:** In this poem, I basically go into further detail of dream; what they are and what makes them so great. When I read it to myself, I find it kind of inspiring. It makes me want to dream and I hope it does the same for those who read it, even if only slightly.

**To Sleep and Beyond:** This poem shows how dreams can be an escape from reality. Any fears, stresses, or worries, one may be having can be eliminated, even if only for a short time. I'm not trying to say that dreams are better than reality; I'm only saying that sometimes, it's nice to get away from the struggles of each day.

**The Steadfast Dreamer:** My final and favorite poem, this one pretty much sums up my feelings towards dreams. It tells of a man who is essentially obsessed with dreaming; going to bed and sleeping are all he lives for. This poem is realistic though, because it says that even though dreams are wonderful, they aren't real, and we shouldn't compare them to reality. If we do start comparing our dreams to reality, we would become discouraged by something that would never make us truly happy. In short, my goal with this is to show that it's more important to make the best of your life spent awake than your life spent asleep.

*The Dreamare*

*Dream  
Tranquil, blurred,  
Inspires, uplifts, enchants  
A glimpse of beauty in hope, a taste of suffering in fear  
Haunts, frightens, disheartens  
Chilling, Vivid,  
Nightmare*

**To Sleep or Not to Sleep**

Flipping my pillow upside down,  
Glancing over my shoulder,  
My clock shines a red, "3:48".  
I lie down my head and close my eyes.  
Deep breaths, a sigh,  
And then...

Running, running  
In no apparent direction.  
With every glance over my shoulder,  
Mighty winds rush past my face  
Where my hair has left streaks of red.

The rain, it pelts, prying its way  
Into my tightly squinted eyes.  
The droplets bead on my eyelashes, then fall to the ground  
Liquefying the thick, leafy brush below.

I continue to run, heart pounding, head whirling.  
With every breath,  
My chest falls victim to sand papered lungs,  
So I exhale in attempt  
To release the intensifying pain.

Again I look behind me, despite the horror I know will come,  
And I watch the distance between us lessen,  
Though I know not what it is.

It is a dark, ghastly figure,  
Limbless, and inexorable.  
If it didn't haunt me so,  
I'd even venture to say demonic.

A shrilling shriek piercès.  
It rings through the trees with resonating sound  
Forcing my hands to my ears.

Before my head makes its way back around, I stumble,  
Then plummet to the unforgivable ground.  
I open my mouth in desperate hopes  
That someone around might hear.

Yet, nothing.  
No sound comes out.  
I cease to hear my voice.

All I can do is watch,  
Watch it glide closer  
And closer  
Until it is hovering me.

My heart seems to lose rhythm, then stop all together,  
And my chest refuses to expand.  
Suddenly, everything around me disappears...

My body jolts me out of sleep.  
I feel a tear trickle down the side of my nose.  
A cold sweat causes me to sit up. A beam of red catches my eye,  
Once more I glance over my shoulder:

"3:51".

## the INSOMNIAC'S ACROSTIC

**D**IVE RIGHT IN, YES, DO YOUR BEST.

**R**ELINQUISH THE WORLD, NOW, FORGET THE REST.

**E**LIMINATE EVERYTHING, FEARS AND ALL. **C**LOSE YOUR  
EYES, BE SURPRISED, DON'T WORRY, DON'T STALL.

**A**WAKEN YOUR MIND, FOR YOUR WISHES MAY COME TRUE.

**M**AKE THIS YOUR ESCAPE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE YOU.

*Get Busy Dreaming*

*An escape from reality  
Into your wildest fantasy.*

*A life apart  
To ease the mind.*

*Two to three seconds  
That seem like forever.*

*A world anew  
Which the soul so seeks.*

*A sensational trance  
In which to get lost.*



*A surreal vision of the mind*

*We only hope will come true.*

*Time is of the essence*

*So get busy dreaming.*



## TO SLEEP and BEYOND

I lie awake and long  
For a dream to come my way  
An awaited end I greatly seek.  
TO the stress and thoughts of day

SO my eyes I close and still I am  
Deciding on whether to count the sheep  
BUT if I do, what after that-  
A dream, a nightmare, just sleep?

And in pondering it all  
I begin to drift away  
Reality fades to black and now  
Right here is where I want to stay

## The Steadfast Dreamer

In his dreams, he came alive, the steadfast dreamer.  
Every night, he awoke like a haywire lemur.

Anxious to sleep, his body always was,  
while his head longed for night, it was always abuzz.

Two minutes to the dreamer seemed much like two days  
In two thousand eight hundred seventy eight ways.

One night, his bed, it called out, "oh dreamerrr"  
and hurriedly he sprinted nearly breaking his femur.

He hopped into bed and closed his eyes tight  
without removing his cap or turning off the light.

Into his dream he went, there was no stopping this steamer,  
for now he was a captain, no longer a dreamer.

He was apart from the world, catching waves, sailing seas,  
And proud, he was, of his new expertise.

After that though, was different; like never before.  
What the dreamer experienced is something to explore.

Abruptly, he awoke and became quite distraught.  
His dream had just stopped like an overturned gacht.

The dreamer felt sad, for what had he now?  
To enjoy the daylight, well he didn't know how.

Eventually the dreamer became dissatisfied with life.  
He was constantly faced with depression and strife.

To make the best of reality, while fantasy he'd divest,  
Or live solely for his dreams, forgetting the rest.

Because he was a dreamer, so stubborn and steadfast,  
He chose the latter, and led a life far from unsurpassed.

It is here that the story of the dreamer must end,  
For his heart soon gave out, there was nothing to mend.

Fantasy can emit hope and light, like a steamer,  
But by it, don't be blinded, as was the steadfast dreamer.