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Inside a Desk Drawer

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INSIDE A DESK DRAWER

Lydia Anderson

If dreams were crystal, like unto glass
Perhaps the day would come to pass—
When into shattered bits they'd fall
At some prophet's lonely call—
And the days of tired scorn
Would pass before some breathless morn.

On that day of lost illusions,
Picture all the strange confusions
As we all give up despair
To breathe again a purer air
With longing for the way to come—
Our strength restored to limbs once numb.

In a joyous throng we'd go
With quiet reverence, just walking slow
To see the new world with new eyes
Under shadowless brilliant skies;
Looking at glories mighty and proud
That we had missed while heads were bowed.

At the last, new dreams would rise
To give us wondering surprise;
For with true sight we now behold
Surrealistic visions of the old—
Learning that it always was this way
Only we had lost it in our play.

Perhaps, finally, we'd go to sleep—

Losing this dream too . . .
The world is oh so deep.
And mankind very new.

—dedicated, with respect, to Bill Wilson,
co-founder of AA (Alcoholics Anonymous).