

Stephen Robertson

The dream I dreamt

The dream I dreamt, the dream I dreamt
just slipped away.
What it said, or what it meant
I cannot say.

Rainbow-bright, or black and white,
or autumn hues, or shades of grey—
the colours that I saw last night
just slipped away.

Through passages or corridors
light-footed did I make my way?
Across what carpets, rugs or floors?
I cannot say.

The houses, and their rooms and halls
and whether it was night or day;
the gardens, and the garden walls
just slipped away.

What country lanes or city streets—
and who were my companions, pray?
Old friends, new friends did I meet?
I cannot say.

And when we parted, did we say
our last goodbyes, or maybe they
just slipped away—
I cannot say.