

CANVAS OF DREAMS

By Kurma Murrain

Miracles like stars are born in this place

The landscape is not black and white, nor even sepia

The footprints come in different sizes

Keep stepping on them to find my fathers' and my mothers'

The key that will open the gate that will show me

All the colors of you

All the languages of you

All the sights of you

Flying over the rainbow of faces

Breathing the souls that smile at me

This ancient woman in me wants to join you

Come, take my hand.

The party starts here!

On this big tapestry I see all the nations

I find the believers and some who believe more

If the tears were crystals

All we'd see is rainbows

Or giant cupcakes with sprinkles

If we saw them with the eyes of our inner child

There's nothing you can say that would make me smile more

Or cry more at this very moment

Closing our eyes to touch the faces of the ones who preceded us

I recognize these lullabies made with pentagrams of hands

Your hand over mine

Her hand over yours

Their hands over ours

We all are one

Like the muddy stain on a girl's wet cheek

The mountains next to the ocean

The baby on his mother's breast

Businessmen and peasants

Didn't we all start this life the same way?

The miracles of the melting pot

Like the sun shining over our hearts

And the moon lifting her countenance upon us

That's you and me

Dandelion dust falling on this canvas of dreams...