

POETRY/FICTION

DREAMS

Hope
Bright and wide
Falls from a dream
Not unlike a breeze blown
Leaf off an aging oak.

Sometimes
Sleep suggests
A gentle, soft future
That appears as
Floating cumulous clouds.

REM
Busy and deep
Demands a potent outcome
Such as wild waves
Against an angry ocean

And
As dawn dawns
This newborn new day
Calls out to consciousness
And reawakens hope.

—Roger B. Granet, M.D.