

# Magical Ways

By Rolfe Porter

The light poured in through the door  
And revealed to his eyes,  
A sight never seen before,  
Revealed in magical ways.

His heart beat unevenly,  
As he pondered the view  
And gazed at the deep blue sky,  
Moving outwards to something new.

Once he had made his move  
The door vanished,  
Whilst on and on his heartbeat drove  
And into the land he was led.

His mind grew confused,  
His feet unsure,  
But still he moved,  
A desire to see more.

He had arrived in a world of dreams,  
Where fantasy was real  
And magic came via dreams,  
Bringing forth a meal.

Hunger was a thing of the past,  
As his mind passed understanding,  
When he gave up minding at last,  
No longer even caring.

But all was not well  
In his dreamland.  
Are the people hidden in that dell?  
He cried with a pointed hand.

He roamed mountains,  
And crossed streams,  
Survived torrential rains,  
But no one heard his screams.

So, that was where they found him,  
Lost in his own dream.  
His appearance scraggly and thin,  
Face down in the stream.