

# MIDSUMMER'S DAYDREAM

di Manuel Fiore

*Summer's coming in, heat, sunshine and all,  
here I try, mind's barren like a crater  
to remember a young boy and his ball.*

*He was ten years old and with the favor  
of his mother who warned him to return  
early, like a sailor to his harbour,*

*To reassure her he would warmly turn  
with a bright caring smile on his pale face,  
joking: "Relax and don't let dinner burn!"*

*Down he'd go unaware, with a shoe's lace  
untied; careless he was, about to meet  
his friends to bask in dusk's eternal grace.*

*They played make-believe: pirates, cannons, fleets  
and a rich treasure buried deep beneath  
the sea, requiring such courage and grit*

*That heroes and champions in relief breath,  
glad knowing it's not their challenge gods sent,  
to recover it from ships' underneath.*

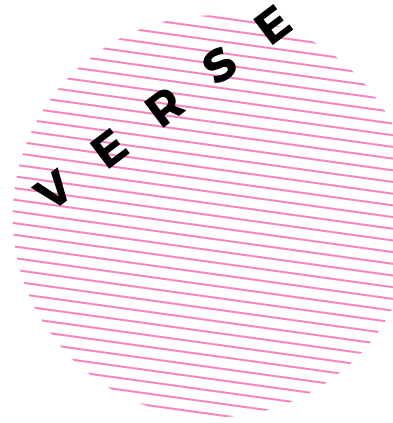
*Yet everyone would stop with their backs bent  
looking off in the distance to a field  
filled with wheat, seemingly perfect to vent*

*Anger, dreams, where anxiety would yield  
to the magic of imagination,  
where no business nor manager will build*

*Of steel and cement amalgamation;  
only pristine, unaltered wild nature  
children saw with eager expectation.*

*Questions soared free inside the young creatures'  
minds: what unimaginable wonders  
were hidden, what kind of goofy features*

*Showed the faces of fairies back yonder  
when they first conjured that land of dreams where  
mankind all didn't even start to ponder*



*Stepping in, afraid, unwilling to dare.  
Afraid not of death, just nightmares a few  
that breaking the spell cast long ago there,*

*Shall disrupt what let sons see morning dew.  
Only children know that the day after  
in the pure fields will the formless nephew*

*Of Thanatos tell them "Pirates, later  
shall you suffer and mourn who you hold dear.  
Now feast, don't think on the bitter barter*

*That awaits, fill your mugs with made-up beer!  
So long as you don't give innocence in  
the day you'll miss my land is still not near."*

*On the bed, tired, disillusioned I lean  
reminiscing the promise he upheld;  
'til the day my face showed a happy grin*

*I was with him, with mom hands I had held.  
No more, the golden atmosphere long gone  
in my head memories and what-ifs meld*

*And I can't even let out still yawns;  
unsure of my state, I cry and reason  
on the cruelties I had undergone.*

*Yet never will I resent what the son  
of Sleep said, nor that I with him agreed  
for now I look and don't curse this season*

*Of heat and sunshine that gifted me what  
my mother hoped I'd understand someday:  
in my help no reason, no lies nor gut*

*Would compete with the magic of that fey  
undiscovered field: it was the one gill  
able to free me from a drowning day*

*To grant bittersweet emotions to feel.*

