

## DREAMING OF YOU

I dreamed I flew through Heaven's cloudless air,  
With other unclad saints,  
As nude as pristine Eden's ancient pair,  
But waiting to be clothed:  
No fear of heights, no bawling, no complaints,  
No past regrets for all we'd left or loathed.

And she, the sweet companion of my youth,  
Was sailing at my side,  
Content to be a soaring child of Truth  
Through radiant atmosphere,  
Undressed, exposed, with no desire to hide  
Her stark bare soul, so delicate and dear.

Our naked, gleaming band, for brief repose  
Upon a gentle hill,  
Descended just to dance or lay to doze. . . .  
Amid such nudity,  
I stared at her alone, in blissful thrill,  
Fair maiden of my nuptial ecstasy.

While gazing into one another's eyes—  
As dreaming hands caressed  
My lovely, youthful bride—to my surprise  
Walked up the naked form  
Of you, my wife of many years so blessed . . .  
And to you both my heart was drawn and warm.

And waking to the routine of the day,  
I felt my spirit leap,  
Recalling my delight . . . that night we lay  
Together fully wed,  
Yet more, this lifelong marriage bond we keep,  
Whose deeper joys we drink beyond the bed.

— David L. Hatton, 2/14/1996