

Our Dream Is Armoured

By Quincy Washington

Displayed at the AIM Gallery with original painting and sculpture.

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Original Painting "Our Dream Is Armoured" by Quincy Washington

Dark, vague and blank is the sky high flying.
Spurts of laughter. Eyes piercing and prying.
There is no glowing sun to surface above me.
Just thoughts and emotions to render all that's around me.

Chasing this dream may well be struggle
Our obstacles and obstructions can be too much to juggle.
Although, faith as small a mustard seed
Will surely not produce a blustered weed.

Our Dream Is Armoured

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Instead, the dream has already begun
Because nothing is new under the surfacing sun.
Everything around has already been seen
The dream is a cycle; a rhythm of routines.

Our dreams do not have a format or plan.
The environment around us is destined on man.
Daily sightings and personal deeds
Produce our own dreams at our own speed.

Irrelevant is the presence of space and time
As the awakening of dreams can be a mountain to climb.
But often, the experience of dreams is quite pleasing.
Blissful and tranquil, with stress slowly easing.

Our dream is armoured in its own land
Our personal place for refuge that you can always demand.
The gentle closing of the eyes and I drift to that place.
Embrace it and chase it before it's quickly erased.

But...

Consider a person that's blind by birth.
Not taken one glimpse at this wonderful Earth.

Would their dreams be void of colour and space?
Would there be any dream to actually embrace?

Our dreams is armoured but everyone has the chance
To return to the place that's planned in advance.

Dark, vague and blank is the sky high flying.
Spurts of laughter. Eyes piercing and prying
There is no glowing sun to surface above me
Just thoughts and emotions to armour all that's inside me.