

# A Dream

SUSAN WAHLBERG

I am in love with the idea of you,  
your hands and back and hair,  
your lips and tongue and eyes,  
the way you touch me.  
I am in love with the dream of you,  
with the words you say and  
the things you do,  
with how you always want to be near  
with every breath you take.  
It is silly to say, I know,  
because you are no more  
real than a sunbeam,  
no more permanent than the  
space between raindrops.  
But I love you still,  
because this lonely heart  
does not know how  
to stop hoping.

