

Night as a Politician

A poem, from the politician's perspective, of pre-dream, dream, and post-dream.

☆ ***EVENING*** ☆

In the quiet corridors of my restless mind,
Policies and promises, intertwined.

A mind entangled in the threads of debate,
The ceaseless hum of the political state.

Policy papers and speeches intertwine,
As I, Mr. Politician, wait for sleep to align.

☆ ***THE DREAM*** ☆

In a realm of rapid eye movement, where neurons hum,
My politician mind in a hippocampus strum,

Where I speak of unity, of hopes untold,
In the dreamer's realm, where stories unfold.

The burden of leadership, heavy to bear,
In the dreamer's world, I confront the glare.

I dream of bridges built, not torn,
Of a legacy that will be warmly worn.

☆ ***MORNING*** ☆

As dawn approaches, my dreams disband,
Reality beckons with an outstretched hand.

Revelations were born in the silent night,
Catalysts for change, sources of light.