

# DREAMS COST NOTHING.

By dadio

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Dreams cost nothing.  
You are free to indulge  
Wherever you lay your  
Head. You sense the cold

Despite the rough shelter;  
The chill creeps through to  
The center of you. Cloth has  
It's worth even other people's

Cast-offs. You remember  
Mother's choice of clothes  
For you back then; those odd  
Dresses others wouldn't be

Seen dead in were yours for  
The summers until they rode  
Too high up the thighs showing  
Off too much flesh and panty

Line. You can smell the street  
Scent, hear passers-by whisper:  
Another of those smelly homeless  
Refugees, another to pluck the

Heartstrings for cash or coins.  
You ignore as best you can; let  
The words float, the meanness  
Stew in the other's soul. Best

Dreams cost nil; bright lights,  
Best cloth, free food and best  
Cigarettes and Mother alive

**Again putting on the too short**

**Dresses revealing too much thigh,  
Too much of her panty line and  
The ever-filling glass of wine.  
Sleep keeps its secrets; sleep is**

**Your friend; homelessness and  
The street and the smell and the  
Cold and the free dreams, colourful,  
Never to be revealed or ever told.**

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