

## ON THE EDGE OF A DREAM

By Ronald Chavez

If I could see with world wide clear eyes  
What would I see atop the Rocky Mountains?  
I see a hundred bald eagles  
Perched on tall, dark green pines  
Cold, clear fast running snow melt streams  
Coyote moon rise in full golden glow  
Behind ridge ranging orange-red clouds  
In a quiet moment ever so slow  
I feel the innocence of a child cuddled in its mother's arm  
Where angels like butterflies keep me far from harm  
In lock step with my laded heart that wants to shout  
Give me joy! Set me free!  
Not trapped in sorrow's grip that rips us apart  
Let me live where the hawks soar high in the clean, rarefied air  
Where a sense of solitary peace  
Far from civilizations mind boggling roar I dare to seek  
Or are my eyes deceived? My mind confused?  
After a million magnificent sunsets  
Do I but live on the edge of a dream  
Where man is blindly led to still kill, kill, kill!  
Is this a dark world where the profane is sacred?  
Is a gentle wave breaking on a sandy shore  
But an illusion of tranquility? Is it but a beguiling inhuman whore?  
Are wars, hate, and world leaders who lie  
In bed with the greedy, grabbing rich  
Is all we have to believe in and rely?  
Or are my eyes not wide enough, my mind too quick to deny  
How man's humanity is but a big lie?  
I close my eyes I shut my mind; I'm overwhelmed  
I stand atop the highest craggy peak and hope and cry  
That what I have once seen up here, my breast close to the sky  
Does not turn out to have been just a lonely, misguided  
Dreamer's dream