

Someday
by Jerry Brody

Someday I would like to see
All those wonders that appear to be
Out of sight, like poets' dreams
Things set forth in books and songs
Dreams to me, which have ne'er belonged

Someday I would like to see
A bubbling stream clear and free
Winding in its unending dance
Across the earth in wild romance
A stream that poets' write about
Where naked children play and shout

Someday I would like to see Saint Saens' swan upon a purple sea
The swan that sings at the gates of death
As slowly it fades into nothingness

Are these just fancies of the greatest minds?
Does it take a Keats to see this light?
Or can a mortal such as I lift my soul, too, before I die?

For I would like to someday feel the beauties of this world are real.
That Shelley's *Skylark* still swoops through space
That as I stand beneath a lonely sky
A touch of beauty could almost tell me why?

And so I stand and wait alone
Too tired to search
So far from home
Yet as I wait a thought sweeps through my troubled mind
A thought as if in gold enshrined
For this thought says that beauty's perch
Is not its sight...only its SEARCH!