Thirty Seconds

I dreamed a dream
Where I entered a machine
And was t
r
a
n
sported to the
sea,

A spot where it was

Just me,

A space
Where I could just

Be.

I was so very happy
Surreal, more than a dream.

It was a trip,
A sacred journey.

Time was no thing.

Only this space and me,
A psychedelic symphony

Swaying in the breeze
Dancing sexy by the side of the salty sea.

I have to pee.
Wait...what?!

Oh I see.
It's only been thirty seconds
And I have yet to fall

Asleep.

POET'S NOTE:
Part of *The Art of Being* collection.

© 2026 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.
First published on tristanrobertlange.com, June 4, 2026.