

The Colour of my Dreams

by Christian Weller
as told to Phoenix

*I was walking down Bank Street on Saturday night
dreaming about horses.*

*The horses were gold
and I was all black
you in the background
was all the colour of white.*

*A horse trotted over to me and said,
“Look behind you, at the white.”*

*I ignored the horse, because
they cannot talk
and this isn't real.*

*Yet here was a gold horse giving me
advice
to look at a white light.*

*I slowly turned my head
as the horse stood beside
you.*



The boy in the white light walked over to me slowly, calculating, with pure love in his heart.

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The boy in the white light walked over to me slowly, calculating, with pure love in his heart.

*He looked me up and down
evaluating my dark
soul.*

*“Christian, I need you
to love me
to believe in me
and to stay with me.*

*“Mark, I need you
to help me
to heal me
and to stay with me.”*

*The white light encompassed both of us
and then I woke up
in my bed.*

I thought I was on Bank Street.