

## **Do not care about dreams**

What is the difference, if the golden coins you found  
In your dream were real or fake  
Since you woke up and sighed? Besides  
Gold does not fall in the street any more  
Chests with jewels are not found any more in the cellar.

Does it matter if sleeping you were lost in the woods,  
If agony and sweat wrapped you,  
Whether you would find the road early  
Or spend the night there, since the dream was cut?  
Then you remembered: deadlocks are all inside,  
You have the time; and nobody walks alone in forests.

It doesn't matter now if you were flying in your dream,  
Like a bird light and splendid, looking from the heights,  
Since this is broken off and you came again in the world,  
Where people have weight, they look at the mountains from low,  
They are longing to climb there  
And they are not birds, nor angels...

What really matters is: if you get the time  
To say 'sorry' to somebody wronged  
Not to lose the souls who are bitter  
Not to fail to work out full explanations and pardon,  
Because only a mother, if hurt, will forgive by herself  
'It is all right, never mind, he did not mean it', she would say.

O, let us catch the important.

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