

04

**FIGMENT OF DREAMS**

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I see nothing  
But a figment of dreams  
Rising its head and limbs  
Just like a flute player walking  
Through the debris of the dead land  
Holding the half-dead flute  
In his hand.  
Flickering hope-  
Beside him  
Dancing and walking  
Steadily and incessantly.  
I see nothing  
But a figment of dreams  
(That I thought



As lost one)  
Is whispering at me  
And uttering the lullabies  
Of music  
Of impending future.



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