

# 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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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.