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## A Beautiful Dream

While I slept through the night, I had a beautiful dream.

I woke up smiling widely due to its delightful theme.

It started in a restaurant with an old married couple.

We ate a meal together, which was followed by a truffle.

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The town itself was magical, its beauty unsurpassed.

The streets were of cobblestone, the lamps encased in glass.

I walked the couple to their home because it was a lovely day.

I helped them out with some odd chores before I went away.

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Further down the avenue was an exciting show.

The actors were brilliant, and the stage was aglow.

Here is when the story became more like a dream.

Things didn't make much sense, and yet I felt serene.

I held a vase of flowers I had bought somewhere.  
They needed to be changed somehow, right then and there.

I blundered at the task, which was a bit unnerving.  
Someone volunteered to help who had been observing.

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There was a touch of comedy to break the awkward mood.  
Then, the person assisting me expressed artistic aptitude.

The vase of flowers transformed into a flowing veil,  
Which he draped around me like in a Cinderella tale.

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Alas! The clever artist was no stranger anymore.  
When I looked up, he had become the husband I adore.  
It's strange how a dream can make things seem ideal.  
You can wake up smiling as though it had been for real.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This was an actual dream I had. Everything was in the dream, as written, except for the truffle.