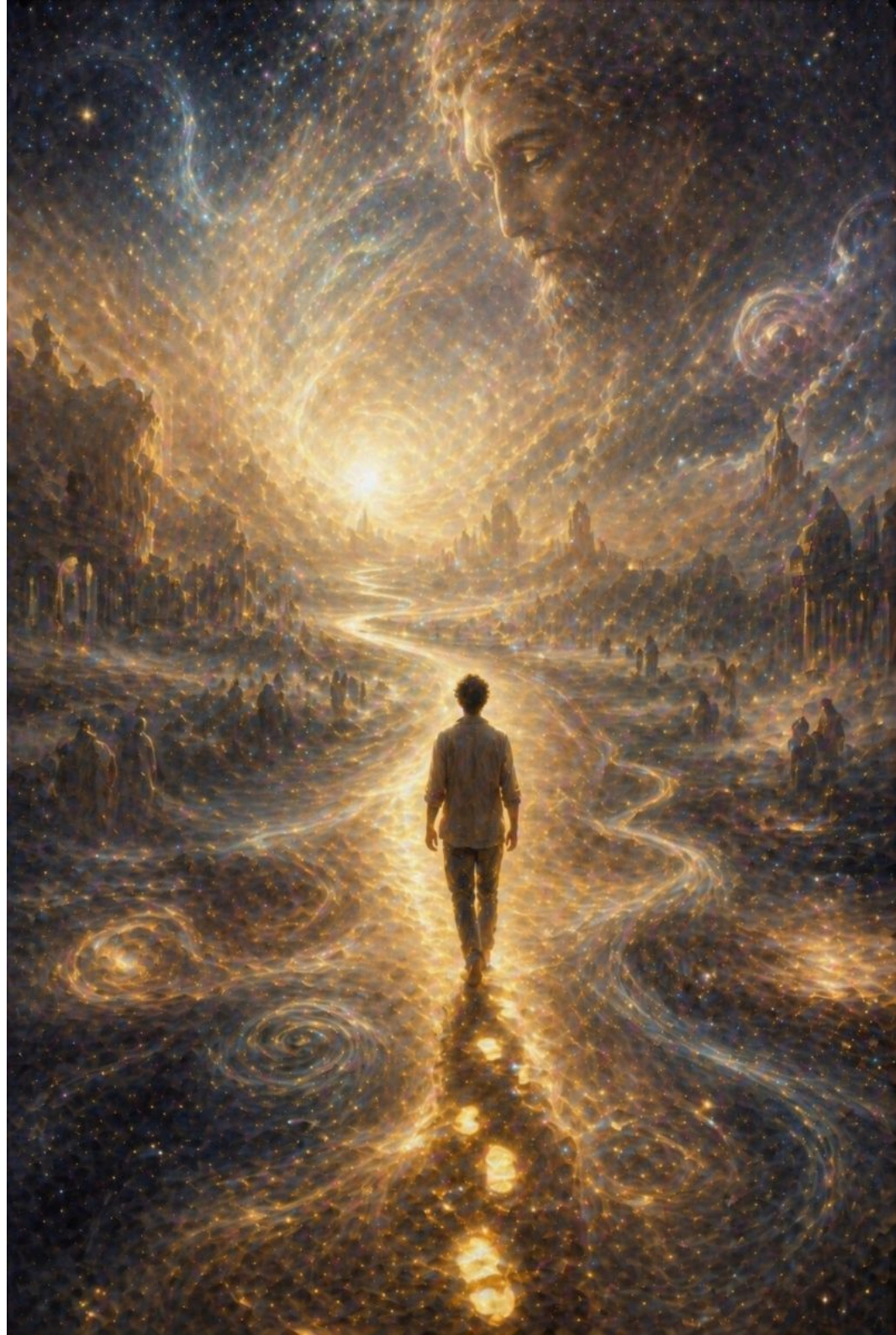




I Dream a Dream

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

I dream a dream: Sergei walks through the world,
around him roars the living stream of time.
But every step is some hid mystery's bright
reflection — I see a world God shapes in secret rhyme.

I dream a dream: my family is with me,
three sons alive, who laugh in the day's surge.
Yet all I see within this circle, free,
is only God, made manifest as me.

I dream a dream: Varvara walks beside,
my love, my light, my single guiding star.
And with her warmth, her gentle grace my guide,
I dream where neither dark nor evil are.

I dream a dream: my mother gives her hand,
her eyes — a sky above a river's flow.
But hushed behind her smile there waits, unplanned,
the One who leads us through the deep we cannot know.

I dream a dream: my friends sit gathered round,
their voices pouring outward, water-clear,
but in each word that passes us, this sound:
“It is God alone who leads us, year by quiet year.”

I dream a dream: where labor drifts unhurried,
as though all life created its own way,
not I who toil — within my hands, unburied,
the Maker works, and every instant burns like day.

I dream a dream: how light and shadow sway,
weaving their pattern through the nighttime's hush.
So God paints Himself in creation,
and every moment is a glint of that Eternal Soul.

But, after all, is it I who see this day?
Who am I — man, son, father, or the shade?

Or is it God in me who dreams the play,
and “I” a trace of His unseen height, displayed?

It is not I who “see” — through me God SEES,
He pierces into the world with every gaze,
and “my” own life — a dream, where each step is like a current,
and HE lives on through my brief earthly haze...

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус) · pancratius.ru
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