

# Full of Dreams – A Sonnet

By Glenn Currier

When I was young my eyes were full of dreams  
and all the world and wealth before me lay  
I met you through a friend on one fall day  
Sinatra sang to us and the Supremes  
I looked into your eyes and saw love's gleams  
we talked and kissed a hundred nights away.  
But then you said you needed me to stay  
and into school I dove to great extremes

until I held in hand the precious prize  
the paper from the dean with his emboss  
I got a job but feared what I had lost.  
We went our separate ways and fell apart,  
Again I sought and found your big brown eyes  
and held you close until I'd won your heart.

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