

A painting of a woman sleeping on a bed. She is wearing a blue dress and has her head resting on a white pillow. Her eyes are closed, and her expression is peaceful. Behind her, a large, dark shadow of her body is cast against the wall, suggesting a presence or a dream. The background is a mix of blue and yellow tones, with a textured, painterly style. The overall mood is contemplative and somewhat mysterious.

Daydreams and Nightmares

By David Ashley

Daydreams and Nightmares

I have been writing poetry since I was seven years old and constantly daydreaming. This is probably my ADHD in overdrive but so many ideas take hold of me; I love talking to others about their dreams, their hopes and sometimes darkly, their nightmares. Nightmares are a part of me. I have cPTSD from certain parts of life instead of them ruling my sleep, or lack thereof as I go mercilessly between insomnia and narcolepsy.

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though sometimes sleeping.

Candlelight

No denizens of the darkest night
could disturb me, I must confess
as my room is bathed in candlelight
to protect me from that fearful ache,
or that terrible fiendish encounter
It dulls the terrors to a whisper.

Flickering to the wind's soft whisper
casting its flame dancing through the night

distilled hope that I seek to encounter,
fictitious bravery bawls to confess
deep down I have a cowardly ache
that is calmed by radiant candlelight.

Enchantment yellowed in waxed candlelight
whilst zephyrs hush their wild whispers
dawn still hours away, a desperate ache
with moon ascendant clothed in night
beautifully clothed, a raiment confess
powering her light through the encounter.

Lunar silver slender shards encounter
the beauty of the sweet candlelight
that professes its love, a sweet confess
in tones of pewter silenced whisper
mystically woven into the night
banishing harm and the hearts that ache.

The wick drips wax tears that ache
watching the moon and candle's encounter
a romance evoked in deepest night
cemented in the daring candlelight
as both lovers start to whisper

their true emotions as they confess.

I gaze in exultation and confess
the serenity felt, that dispelled the ache
Silenced the terrors to a whisper
as the romance of moon's encounter
forged in whimsy under candlelight
banishing those foes from the night

Dawn weakens night, departing starts to confess
that the lover candlelight will be a joyous ache
awaiting their next encounter, love a whisper.

Daydreams under elms

Under the spreading boughs which sparkle with dappled sunshine, through green leaf swaying. I sit watching the world go by, letting time filter through the branches. A dreamy repose of thoughts floating and catching in whimsical wonder. Hours pass, but in my sanctuary time means nothing.

Daydreams under elms

the sun goes from East to West

time slows as I muse

Daydreams

Float saturated upon roiling waves

leave the doldrum of dark depressive depths

fill with harmonic ethereal tales

lost in a maelstrom till they coalesce.

Washing over sense in tidal wonder

a flotsam of images burning bright,

creating stories, splitting asunder

showing reality just what is right.

Hunkered down within mind and holding close

daytime patchwork dreams that mean so much,

exploding with grand words beyond verbose

casting away a poet's safety crutch.

Imagination in all its foray

is hopefully where I would ever stay.

Unwanted Morning Erection

Morning wood is a bane of existence
waking up to a duvet tent in all its glory
dreams have evoked a passionate story.

It's a pole of ill convenience,
shouting at your partner "Adore me!!"

Morning wood is a bane of existence
waking up to a duvet tent in all its glory.

Where you look wild with insistence
slapping the sausage, feeling horny
will it go down before things get thorny.

Morning wood is a bane of existence
waking up to a duvet tent in all its glory
dreams have evoked a passionate story.

I'm sure it is indeed

Is this love? I'm sure it is indeed
smiles, butterflies, friendship and more.

It grew strong from such a small seed,
is this love? I'm sure it is indeed
my heart quickens to a thundering speed
the daydreams featuring you, I explore.

Is this love? I'm sure it is indeed
smiles, butterflies, friendship and more.

Flight of fancy

Embark upon that flight of fancy now
follow the trail of frantic fantastical dreams,
invoking the haphazard consciousness stream.

Indulge yourself in imagery that wont kowtow
to what reality insists should be supreme.

Embark upon that flight of fancy now
follow the trail of frantic fantastical dreams.

In your heart its justified to rightly allow
that daydreams glitter with a certain esteem,
phantasms of imagination are joyfully redeemed.

Embark upon that flight of fancy now
follow the trail of frantic fantastical dreams,
invoking the haphazard consciousness stream.

Quiet reflection

Furrowed cotton pleats line the sky
reflected in the ripples of the calm pond,
green with algae and frogs hidden
waiting for the damsel flies to flit.

Silence loudly crashes and subsumes,
stemming man made noise to nothing.

Emerald reeds weave patterns in the breeze
gesturing for time to carry on without us,
leave us alone for this momentary reprieve
from the insanity of the morning.

Dreamscape

Wide awake in deepest sleep
dreaming realism in fictitious hues
avant-garde or just a man confused
slowly falling down a hill so steep
rolling faster into a ragged heap
cumulated pictures pay their dues
and viewed as cattle without a clue,
mouldering through mind as it creeps.
Dadaism morphs in to Surrealist art
devolving Cubism as dreams distort
the shallows of existentialism start
eclipsing impressionism in retort.
Painting dreams at Morpheus imparts
recollections bright that you sought.

Sleep Calls

Fold away those memories dear
through night picture them in your sleep
those beautiful images that you keep
that fill the heart with boundless cheer.

Fold away those memories dear.

The blessed mnemonic moments speak
in hushed somnambulist tones reap
the rectitude of right in images clear,
fold away those memories dear.

As night fell then day makes them fleet
dreams turn to vapour, a reflected conceit,
sleep will call again, for there is no fear
fold away those memories dear.

Bus ride daydream

The bus window, or a window into the soul
watching the world go by in a half dream
people walking, heading places, eyes cold.

The bus window, or a window into the soul
lost in their own reverie, if truth be told
until they awaken in work, back to the fold.

The bus window, or a window into the soul
watching the world go by in a half dream.

The codex of self

More than a book, leafed through at leisure
the codex of self, dwelling in deepest dreams
amalgamation of those fears and treasures.

Personal personification as the person careens
into valleys of strange somnambulist sleep
reality and fantasy, there's nothing in between.

As sanity bends and the nonsensical keeps
the codex closes, dwindling dreams dissipate
turning the dreamscape into a blank sheet.

A remembrance lingers as if to pontificate
that the dreamscape is more than life imitate.

Dreamt to dream

Blanket of sleep serenely swathes
closing eyes, heavy lidded and sealed
away from tribulations of the day
where all anxieties have been repealed.
Floating in the delicate dream oceans
swimming lazily to sample delights
drinking heavily on imagined potions
feasting fulfilment which all seems right.
Devouring delicacies dreamt to dream
upon the shores of fanciful visions
phantasmal figments that forever gleam
a proposition of premonitions.
Swirling to heights of heady reflection
lost in imagination, a wondrous infection.

Dream Lover

Dreams caress in subtle tones
filled with wanting, what about love?
Replay again whispering "If I could...."

Passionate perfection sinfully arose
nothing left to chance or misunderstood.

Dreams caress in subtle tones
filled with wanting, what about love?

Be with you when night ushers to a close
language of licentious longing above
instilling hope as we join and become.

Dreams caress in subtle tones
filled with wanting, what about love?
Replay again whispering "If I could...."

Dream hues

Eyes bathed in a candyfloss smile
Misty morning in daydream blues
Splendiferous in my summer hues.

Delving deeper under skull
sanctified by hope and dread
Eyes bathed in a candyfloss smile.

Eerie despondent screeching howl
permeates through the nightmare lands
Misty morning in daydream blues.

Nothing is what it really seems
Sleeping images collide, butchering truth
Splendiferous in my summer hues.

Night need not fall

Night need not fall for us to be so untamed
ravenously wanting to exercise our passion,
as we kiss and entwine in a heated fashion.

Love may dictate with lustfulness blamed,
night need not fall for us to be so untamed.

Uncontrolled lasciviousness, a wanted infraction,
breath rapt in rapture without distraction.

Bliss sought and found, screamingly proclaimed,
night need not fall for us to be so untamed.

We fall into sleep with smiles of satisfaction
sated and dreaming of our bodies' reactions.

In the slumber our love still stays so unchained
night need not fall for us to be so untamed.

Fey Dreams

Come follow me into the depths of dream,
throughout the day in somnolent tones
where nothing now appears as it seems.

Come follow me into the depths of dream,
melding the fantastical in erstwhile schemes
where you are now mine, mind, soul and bone.

Come follow me into the depths of dream,
throughout the day in somnolent tones.

Possibilities

Gazing up at the firmament blue
eyes dream soaked, deep in thought
imagining the possibilities of me and you.

Gazing up at the firmament blue
we hold each other each day through
not just ephemeral phantoms cavort.

Gazing up at the firmament blue
eyes dream soaked, deep in thought.

Seduced by dreams

Somnolent serenade where seductions fold those crisp white sheets of saturated sleep, origami expressions of fondness espouse a wanting and a needing. Leading through the winding corridors of rapturous dream of delicious temptations which trace and tease. Briefest moments of glimpses garnered, smiles of faint sorcery sauntering through a solitude of cerebellum. A dream. A hoping. Yearning for that ethereal more, all for that smile.

Seduced by dreaming

a smile in sweet somnolence

never wanes at all.

Gentle

Give me the grace to understand

Enjoy each day with a smile

Notice the small things which weren't planned

Thoughts jangling merrily as I walk another mile

Let my daydreams flourish without demand

Encourage being helpful and not reviled.

Sweet slumber

The night falls carrying me to sweet slumber
blissful sleep, peppered with euphoric snores
a treasury of imagination ready to plunder
for all the stories and poetry that I adore.

Midnight dusts the air with Sandman's magic,
the night falls carrying me to sweet slumber
as images clash in the arena of the dramatic
with forks of lightning and peels of thunder.

The river of invented figments pulls me under
I'm swept away on the currents strong
the night falls carrying me to sweet slumber,
as I finally find where I truly belong.

Each dusk whispers its sleep serenade
eyes become heavy, wakefulness sundered
I smile conceiving visions that wantonly play
the night falls carrying me to sweet slumber.

I confess

I confess, I imagine you undressed
in my arms as we dance away the night
holding each other close, ecstatic and true
hearts beating pure, skin against skin tight.

Sway to the songs where tenderness treats
I confess, I imagine you undressed
hand leading hand where we lay finally
in the finery of bed with whispers stressed.

Away from the world and its cold veneer
together as touch becomes wantonly real,
I confess, I imagine you undressed,
as we become one in an explosive zeal.

In our bubble the heights are explored
where romance and want are in each caress
my beautiful daydream, I dream each day.
I confess, I imagine you undressed.

Boundless sleep

Plot your dreams in the night sky's seas
sailing through celestial waters deep
that eternal horizon of boundless sleep.

The surf ploughed, an ephemeral tease
wonders regaled that will glistening keep.

Plot your dreams in the night sky's seas
sailing through celestial waters deep.

Buffeting and cresting the waves free
sprayed with cobwebbed beauty steep
crystalline images that you forever reap.

Plot your dreams in the night sky's seas
sailing through celestial waters deep
that eternal horizon of boundless sleep.

Longing

The scent of you
lingered on the pillow,
fabric kissed deeply making it yours.

The hour had passed
even though no longer there
a ghost remained,
in a glowing mental collage.

Entwined together
whispering edicts of love
passionate solemnity.

Thoughts to keep my dreams warm
until we meet again tonight.

You Haunt Me

It's not the emptiness in the mirror that bothers me but what is just out of sight, at the edges. A dusty haze out of the corner of my eye. Still your touch, I can feel. The night time congress of skin on skin when you step out of the shadows from the silvered plane, ephemeral and gauzy. Slowly solidifying into substance with each footstep towards the bed. Sheets cast aside, kisses from cold lips and passion wracking form in fluidity. Draining body, draining soul. Leaving me wanting and addicted to night. As you fade, so do I a little bit more.

Charming Succubus

You haunt me every night time

I'm fading away!

The dream sea

A vast lonely sea of dreams crisp with intent
beckons me to sleep beneath its surface
of glass. Down, down into the darkened depths,
buffeted by currents pulling me this
way or that, as I eddy and slip, sway,
submerge myself, its wild watery ways
carrying me on, onwards to dream.

Dream deep, dark illusions of confusion
laughing with mirthless mouths massacring
happiness and hope, heralding chaos.

Promising dreams turned to poisoned nightmares
as I float further away into hell.

Vigil

Nightly vigil to stave away
nightmares that torment the soul
tearing the mind as if to convey
they'll bring you back to the fold.

Nightmares that torment the soul
sow the dreams with seeds of dread
they'll bring you back to the fold
harvest the rotten shit for your head.

Sow the dreams with seeds of dread
watch those fearful monsters grow
harvest the rotten shit for your head
feel the dank fever forever flow

Watch those fearful monsters grow
tearing the mind as if to convey
feel the dank fever forever flow
the failed nightly vigil to stave away.

Anxiety dreams

They arc through desperate minds doggedly
anxiety dreams that drag their long nails
eviscerating the walls a sleep as they entail.

Making a person small and in a minority
pulling them apart to see them again fail.

They arc through desperate minds doggedly
anxiety dreams that drag their long nails.

Demonic cackling as they always prevail
destroying the self, cultivating false tales
to laugh at their work as unhappiness prevails.

They arc through desperate minds doggedly
anxiety dreams that drag their long nails
eviscerating the walls a sleep as they entail.

Always there is you

When dreams turn into ferocious nightmares
sleep wracked with images of torments true
I look towards safety, always there is you.

A haven against the illicit storm that tears
shredding sanity through and through.

When dreams turn into ferocious nightmares
sleep wracked with images of torments true.

Protect me from fiery demonic affairs,
consuming my mind as they doggedly pursue
rip me asunder, corrupt with bile spewed.

When dreams turn into ferocious nightmares
sleep wracked with images of torments true
I look towards safety, always there is you.

Imagination's Stream

The fervid flow of imagination's stream
the undercurrent pulling psyche along
into the reaches of gauzy daydream.

The fervid flow of imagination's stream
where all is free, wild and supreme,
everything permitted and nothing wronged.

The fervid flow of imagination's stream
the undercurrent pulling psyche along.

No Valkyries

Every night my tattered soul is plagued
by skeletal fingers that rip and tear
bleeding my night into a fevered day,
a cross of darkness that nightmares bare
painful recounting of fears never shared.
No Valkyries to save me from this plight
as desperately I scream a tortured fight.

I'm becoming a shade that's doomed to die
dreamscapes sufferance, wet wounds weep
I silently mouth a friendless last goodbye
falling into abyssal emaciated sleep,
hungrily attacked by phantasmal creeps.
No Valkyries to save me from this plight
as desperately I scream a tortured fight.

Down and down, I forever fallaciously fall
through the memories wracked acidic hate
filled to the brim with sulphuric vitriol,
As the images cascade in a hypnotic rate
scratching sensibility and torment translates.

No Valkyries to save me from this plight
as desperately I scream a tortured fight.

Liminal luminescence

Moonlight casts mystical luminescence
illuminating, elucidating in liminal implication,
with magic alive in an immaculate sensation.

The manifestation of perfect quintessence
faultless, flawless, a silken subtle creation.

Moonlight casts mystical luminescence
illuminating, elucidating in liminal implication.

The haunting beauty of spectral fluorescence
radiant and glowing an enigma emblazoned,
the faerie world encroaches, a fantastical invasion.

Moonlight casts mystical luminescence
illuminating, elucidating in liminal implication,
with magic alive in an immaculate sensation.

Devouring Time

Insomnia bites, devouring time

frozen segments where dreams should dwell

clandestinely freezing dulling the shine.

Insomnia bites, devouring time

making night feel completely asinine,

turning small hours to personal hell

Insomnia bites, devouring time

frozen segments where dreams should dwell.

Locking doors

Dolorous bells chime, submitting hurt to memory
locking the doors so it never rears its ugly head,
constrained and shackled in a mental penitentiary.
Buried deep to keep excruciating hell in its stead
hoping that it doesn't escape and sanity sheds.
Suppress all that is infernal, the rotten decay
bundle away my dark thoughts, never to stray.

More steel bolts, bars and chains for protection
locking the monstrosities, out of mind, out of sight
though is safety real or just a hopeful confection
alleviating worry, so I can sleep through the night
my dreams turning to horror with cursed delight.
Suppress all that is infernal, the rotten decay
bundle away my dark thoughts, never to stray.

Fabric of phantasms, a delusional hypocrisy
diminished reality as the dam starts to break
flooding the senses with hate filled pornography
exploited images of my harm I cannot forsake
fall into self harm as the razor starts to scrape.

Suppress all that is infernal, the rotten decay
bundle away my dark thoughts, never to stray.

Childhood terrors

Fears of the children's nightmares

Enveloping shadows appear to hide

Tearing to pieces all their cares.

Surreal Bogeyman claw and thrive.

Enveloping shadows appear to hide

Drawn deep in despair

Surreal Bogeyman claw and thrive

Grasping at the fetid air.

Drawn deep in despair

The banshee wails another groan

Grasping at the fetid air

Feeling dread as cold as stone.

A banshee wails another groan

Fears of the children's nightmares

Feeling dread as cold as stone

Tearing to pieces all their cares.

Night Terrors

Sleep calls, its siren song sounds

Filling synapses with treacle toxin

Sluggishly eyes falter, breath deepens.

Reality falls away.

Anxiety ascends to its throne,

Taking charge, parading crystalline hate

In celluloid reels, images encrusted

Spattered and damaged.

Fists start to clench

Pounding pillows, trying to save

Trying to free those innocents,

Away from the nightmarish thugs

Vapours in the mind.

Foot kicks and kicks once more,

As fist finally hits something hard

Knuckles leaving bloody imprints on the floor.

Another night awake, scared of sleep.

Crimson dripping awaiting to be stemmed.

Punctuation

Ever been chased by a full stop?

In my dreams, punctuation marks hate me,

They chase me relentlessly,

Murmuring darkly their importance.

Full stops periodically pause to take a breath.

Semi colons though wander confused;

Should they stop, should they continue,

Then get overcome with performance anxiety,

And change themselves into an evil comma.

Commas are the worst,

They, appear, whenever, they, want,

Slightly break up sentences with little pauses,

But in dreams they have poignant teeth.

Baring them, ready to devour.

If they could only get past my exclamation mark shield!

Though, will they? That's the question.

Creator of static

Prozac, the dream killer, creator of static
from there rose the nightmares I'd abandoned
causing the terror to lash and become frantic
a feral creature of animalistic understanding.

The pills popped to cauterise those fears
of the beatings, the drugs and dark times,
where transactional nature was washed in tears
the echoing desperation of past crimes.

Another capsule eaten to slaughter feelings
numbing the soul, tranquillize the mind
a frozen state, an undercurrent reeling
awaiting to pay its dues in kind.

Chuck more meds down, choke the stress
as the nightmares consume, their final jest.

Insomnia

Sleep has fucked right off
deserted me as I crave,
the silence of a quiet mind
set to dream instead of rebellious
thoughts rioting.

Pacing around the living room
awake, cursed and cursing.

Fused in a fugue state
of frozen zombie mumbling.

The thoughts keep colliding.

Pushing me on
away from the sanctity of Bed.

The longing for duvet wrapped around
keeping away the cacophony,
but tonight it will not still the noise
cancel the perpetual crash of waves
against the shores of cerebellum.

Insomnia has taken root
grown into a vacuous weed
perpetuating poison,
propelling me on.

Always...

Dream Phantoms

Phantoms drag me back, plaguing dreams and sleep.

those despicable memories that howl,

clawed, gripping, wrenching my fragile psyche.

Dark whispering doom laden promises

that bear curses that coruscate evil

intentions. Performed cynicism waits

and wails, a beacon, a siren of hell.

Still in the dark places, my wracked mind screams

ghostly torment turning dreams to nightmares.

Pins piercing flesh, past harms showcased more,

needles pumping poisons, razors tearing,

veins on fire with sweet opioid napalm.

People looking down in derision, moaning,

chuntering, throwing snarling shade screeching.

Phantoms drag me back, plaguing dreams and sleep.

The Pit

Time and time again they rip asunder my fragile psyche as I'm chained in a fretful sleep unable to escape. Hunted by the harridans of past recriminations given flesh dragging me deeper into a hell of my own making, down into the demonic depths. Forever down into a dissolution dialled in pain and suffering, never to depart. My resolve, dissolving as my fears devolves in torment, torture and terror.

Nightmares wrack sanity

as I plunge into despair

Never be released.

Faceless Nightmares

Asleep I'm often screaming and waking up

in another unfamiliar bed

littered in blood from a thousand deep cuts

but from where? Is what I truly dread.

Knives sliced, scalpels tore, marking me whole

turning my body into a road map

glaring crimson lines gashed, a surgeon's role,

invisible spectral tormenting mishap.

The night keeps going in a dreaming hell state

more tortures performed, eyes gouged, veins bleed

punctured lungs lose air and bloodily deflate

I lie gagged in nightmare and can't concede.

Faceless parasites perform their mission

filling my sleep with their hated derision.

Dream Demons

Hiding then looming through veiled shadows,
phantom claws, hateful eyes glistening bright.

Tormentors of sleep, torturers of self,
inspired demons sin drenched slaughter,
cutting down, nailing up, gouging away,
making each image a naked taut nerve
ready to be set forever aflame.

They taunt and laugh, each humiliation
a delightful banquet for their behest,
to dine upon, digest but never sate
their gluttonous hunger which loudly growls.
And they will dine forever.

Nightmares

Falling into the demonic grasping hell
flooding my synapses filled with abhorrent sleep
corrupted by evils that repeats and revolves,
replaying the seconds of a cacophony unfolding
images of a torturous tirade of tumbling terror
where all that matters is the hope that it ends.

The blinding visceral light cannot expose ends
or the true expanse of that internal hell
where horrors are clothed of gnawing terror
feeding on sanity, a prisoner of seduced sleep
paralysed by petulant poison forever unfolding
down and down where I spin and revolve.

Through the gates of Hades, mind revolves
where Asphodel's greyness could salve the end
until my personal Tartarus begins unfolding
an abyss of hatred, a hungry gaping hell
mystified in malignancy, maligned in sleep
nerves aflame from the vitriolic terror.

Turbulent currents draw me further into terror
a resolve that dissolves in the acrid wastes revolves
deeper and further, I descend more into sleep
cursed by morbid intoxications which never ends
and subjected further to a cancerous hell
of my own making, infernally unfolding.

I cry as escape thwarted, a labyrinth unfolding
filled with the monsters that hound in terror
fangs, claws dripping with acidic toxic hell
driving me deeper into a maze that revolves
the kaleidoscopic insanity with fictitious ends
hypnotically keeping me in an enchanted sleep.

Dreams destroyed in the miasma of sleep
replaced with the demons, their power unfolding
tears burn my cheeks as all sanity ends
with the culmination of every torrid terror
and in my heart dark emotions revolve
keeping me on my journey through hell.

A nightmare cast in hell, a cancerous sleep
where evil revolves, darkness unfolding
where all is terror, and it never, never ends.

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