

This Dreamer Heart So Wishes To Run – Not Away, But Into You

[BY JEN SCHWARTZ](#)

A Timeless Invitation

You.

Something about

the way you're made.

The way your atoms stick together

to form your being,

or even more than that—your soul.

It seems cliché, I know. But...

You.

Stir me up, flip me right-side up again,

As if somehow reminding me

Not only of who I am, but who you are too.

Who you've been, I suppose,

as I sink into the sense that

I must have known you before—

like a warm bath, it's rather comforting.

You gently tug at my sleeves,

wait—is that my heart sewn on there?

It's always been that way.

Still, you gently encourage me to step beyond the neatly
established chalk lines— of safety; of known.

For some reason,

You make me wanna do things

I've never done—but always wished to.

This dreamer heart so wishes to run.

Not away, but into you. Crash.

To live in a fairy tale,

if only for a short time.

For I know the reality of this timeline.
I know I'm here to learn, to grow,
and perhaps grow up—
and leave those desires behind.
But first—gaze at the ceiling with me.
Let words give way to nothingness in
Un(comfortable) silence.
Cut a square shaped hole in the roof, so we can look at the
stars.
Give me a reason to be spontaneous—releasing the once-known
flower-child again, who just so longs to hear your sticky
sweet voice, and fingers sliding down the strings of a guitar.
Because sometimes I think
It must remind her of home.
A home once known,
that can't be remembered—
the recollection is fuzzy,
but the knowing is deep.
Pull me out into the grass
from the truck bed, sleepy
and drunk on no substance
beyond connection alone.
Talk to me about the hard stuff,
and then tell me
the very first joke you ever heard.
Breathe in synchronicity,
Breathe out fear.
For this is
a timeless
invitation.

Photo by [Bruno van der Kraan](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

Sip a little more:
All The Letters I Didn't Send

I wanted movement and not
a calm course of existence.
I wanted excitement and
danger and the chance to
sacrifice myself for my love.

Leo Tolstoy

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