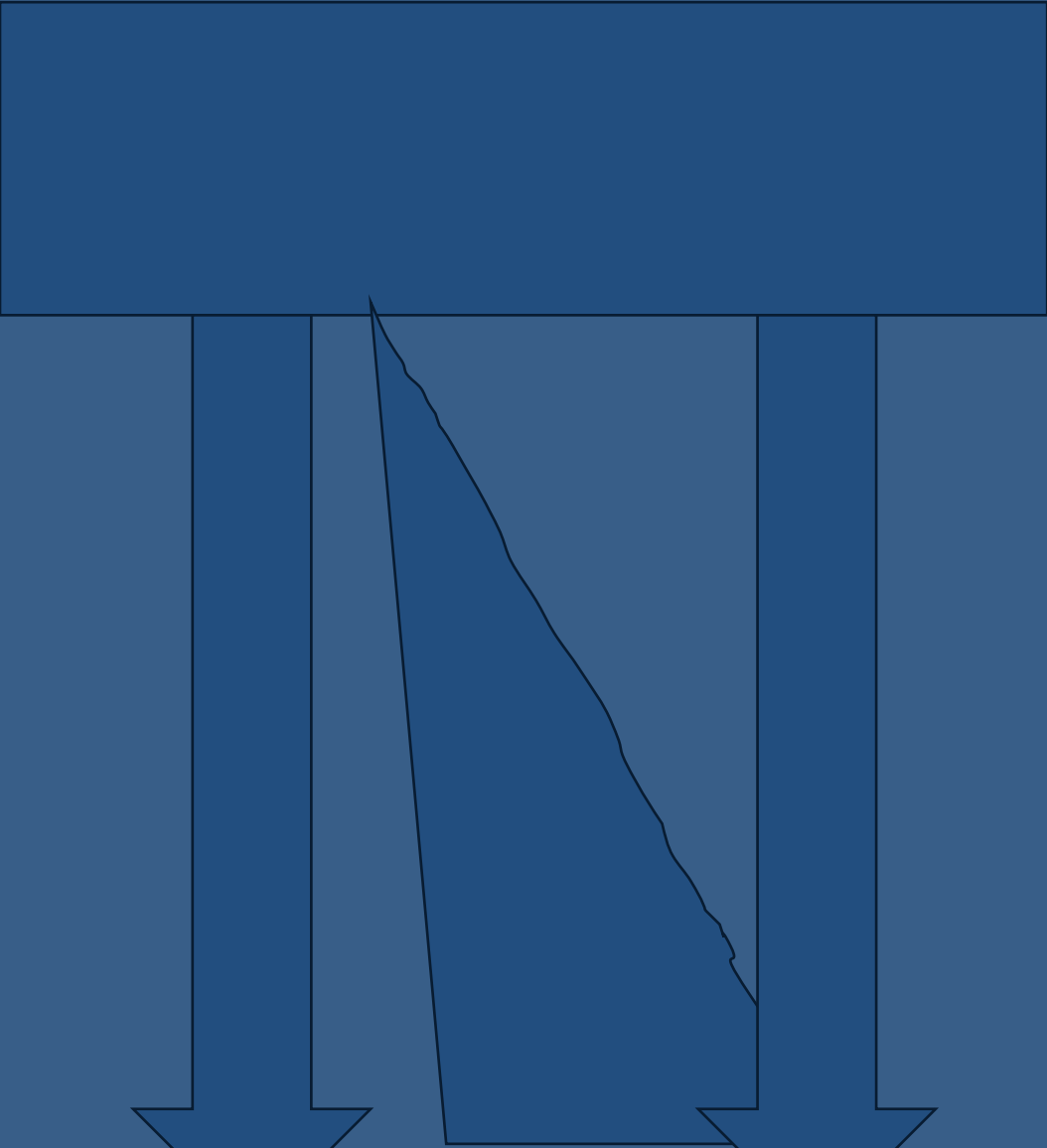
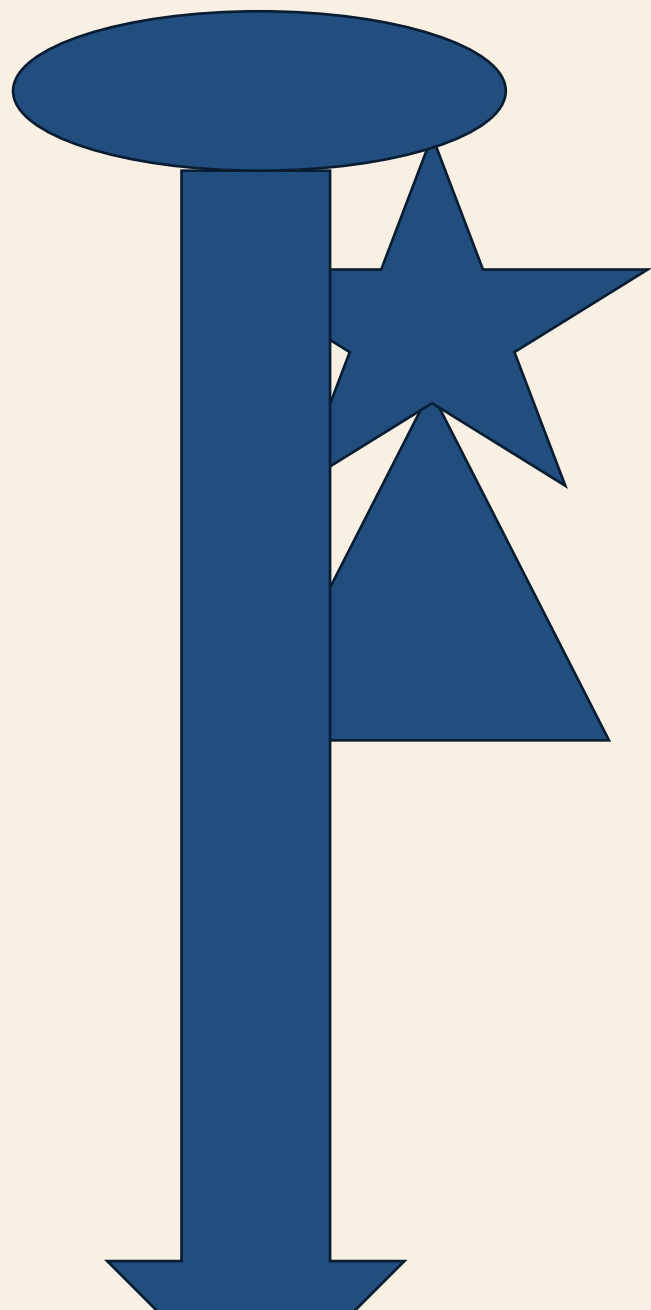


An abstract graphic on the left side of the image. It features a dark blue rectangle at the top. Below it, a jagged, irregular line descends from the left edge of the rectangle, creating a series of vertical, arrow-like shapes pointing downwards. The background is a solid medium blue.

COLORFUL DREAM POEM BOOK BY SARA KUMAR

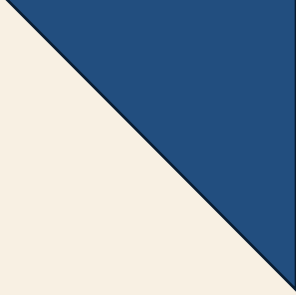


FOR MY MOM, Mary,
OUR BLESSED MOTHER,
Mary, and JESUS

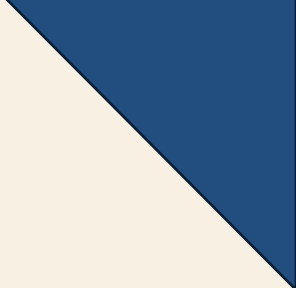


Here, in my room,
my office is nearby,
how does morning rain,
come in through the wood?

Things come to a place of completion,
again, and again,
and I need rest here.
My hands love to press,
on small rectangular keys without corners,
and they are moistened by Calendula oil,
shukriyaa Bhagwan.



It is like this,
I needed to watch television,
as a child, and be with the remote,
nearby, so often, during the summertime.



A rasa, is something, within the whole experience,
of a poem, that is like a thematic mood,
with sentiments that can overlap, at times,
for example, soft joy.



When I was twelve years old,
I traveled to my aunt's home,
near the bayou in Houston.

Let the rasa be the same,
because the reverie of freedom,
is here still, as I rest with my phone,
and with quiet hymn of God inside.

I painted on the wall,
at Willard Street,
and let me show you
a translation, of a memory





STAGE MANAGER: Oh hello. You are not early, and we are not late. Darling, do come. There are lovely people, and they look eager.

ACTRESS: Oh good, how many lovely people have come, this evening?

STAGE MANAGER: It's hard to say. The light is blocking the shadows.

ACTRESS: I don't think that is possible.

STAGE MANAGER: It is too bright, dear.

ACTRESS: We will dim to blue, then.

STAGE MANAGER: My dear, that's why they are still here.



ACTRESS: Let them be loved.

STAGE MANAGER: Colorful Dream, a classically
modern poem book, by Sara Kumar

ACTRESS: Let there be romance, and democracy here.

STAGE MANAGER: An exquisite declaration, oh...
Light the lamp the artist touches
It is kindled with the warmth of acquiescing spectators
Who without script or fair warning
Help weave with pause and sentiment
The pauses in our memory tale...
I need food, again.

ACTRESS: My dear, let me feed you. I love you.



And they ate blue grapes, without seeds that bothered them. A friend of the Stage Manager came, and he helped feed him too, and they rested, with love.



STAGE MANAGER:

Here, in the verdant, fragrant furries,
we sing of new seasons.

A summer time, with cool gentle rivers,
where days relate to mid-morning reveries,
of lovely delight.

Days with easy sleep and woody depth,
days with the fragrance of a quiet breeze.

Days configured under the shade of bearded trees,
and new breeds of silver gray leaves.

And they sat together, onstage, next to the cloth.

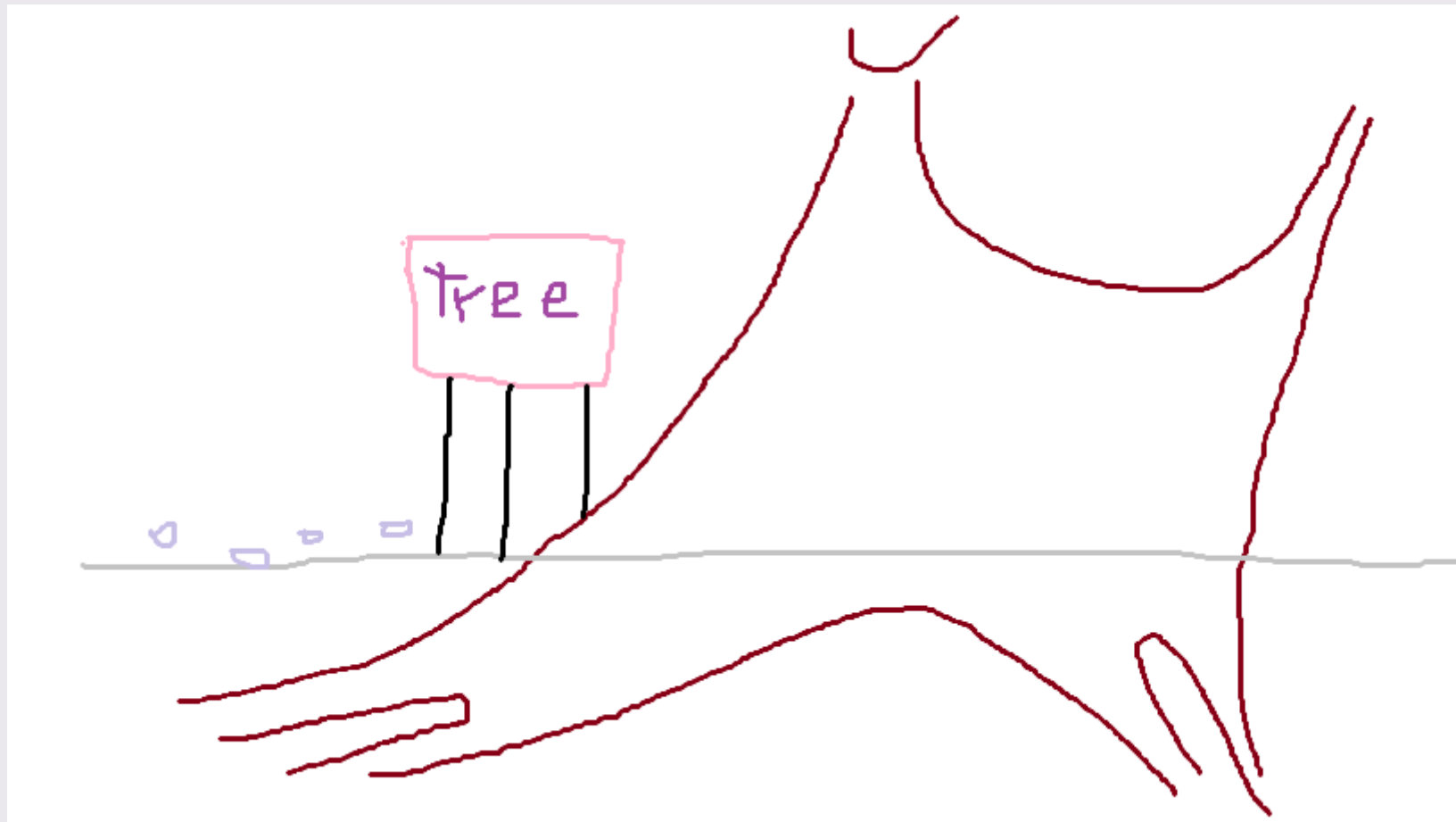


STAGE MANAGER: The silk tree has a blossom:
delicate, fine, and pink.

And children came to sit, also,
and listen to the memory tale of dreams.



ACTRESS: The flowers, loved softly by the honey bees
that hover and whisper their sweet melodies,
upon the dancers and acrobats,
with scented flowers in their ears.



Let Come What May

What portion of this Britannia land, did the young woman,
who spoke without speaking about the land, want to outline,
with a pencil? ask I.

And Cordelia spoke of nothing, before something,
came to her mind.

And he awoke from his sleep, with Scottish bells,
in his hands, and he tied them around his ankles,
with green string,
this man named James Charles Stuart did,
and he sang a lullaby in French, about a young woman,
named Cordelia,
and the horses that pulled his carriage to London,
needed to rest by some water.



Let Come What May

What comes from nothing? he thought,
and he looked at the sign, next to a tree.
I did not plant the seed, here,
but I know the word on the sign, James said, quietly.

I will not do magic here, today, James said, quietly.
Kings need pageantry, I've observed,
this isn't new to Britannia, now,
Let me rest awhile here, with lavender leaves,
and leaves, and teaveplacing too, here by the tree, he said.

And James sat and rested, and he placed his toes and heels,
in the water, and his sandals were shining, and there was peace.



Colorful Dream List

Dallas Hall, 2023 November with Mom 1

Two history teachers in the back row

For Isaac Newton from Me 2

The paralytic did not fall

Finding Always with God 3

Where I found a priest

La Actualidad 4

And I would like to say to the actress

In the Meadowlands 5

She loved Jack

Dear Flannery O'Connor 6

My dad said

Partition Theory 7

And two friends begin

Talgoon Part I 8

Where he painted pictures of his grandfather

For Katherine 9

And God is there

Jesus and Mary Living 10

Jesus smiled, and Mary smiled

A Response to a Poem by Yeats 11

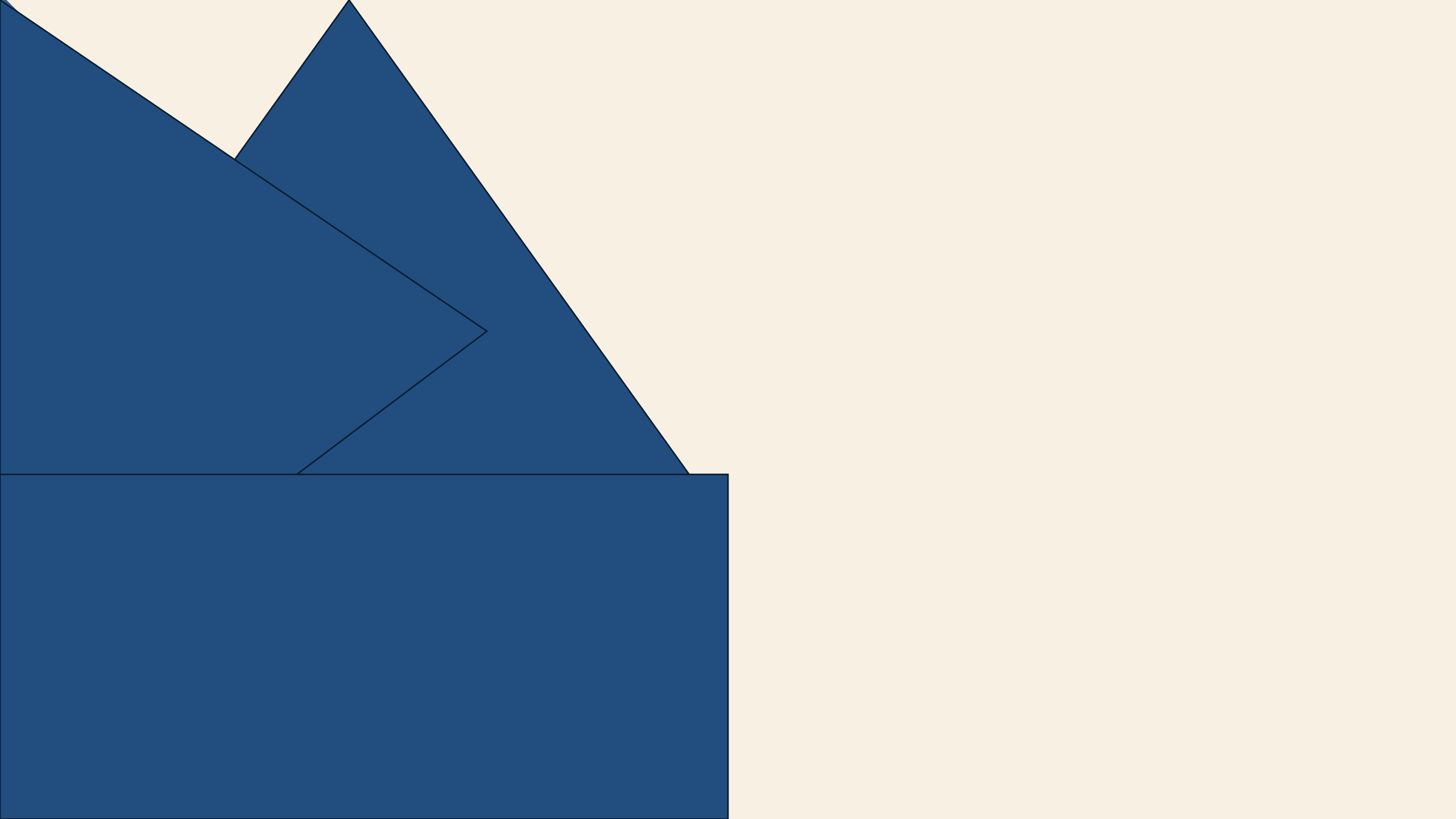
"And in Him all things hold together"

Dreams Don't Break Yer Back 12

And if you needs to be a mayor

House of Commons Doors	13
<i>And Charles III gave a speech</i>	
For William	14
<i>And I want to say don't worry</i>	
Kepler's First Law	15
<i>Pocahontas saw light in his eyes</i>	
Eating Saag Paneer	16
<i>Because, my child, because</i>	

NOW, THE STORY OF TRANSLATION OF MY DREAMS UNFOLDS



Workers unions, equal pay

Workers unions

Equal pay

1. Dallas Hall, 2023 November with Mom

Two history teachers sitting in the back row

Two history teachers sitting in the back row

I subbed in a music class and saw how much work it was

I taught chemistry and it wasn't easy some days

Workers unions

Equal pay

Mr. Editor, can we talk through something for some minutes?

Workers unions, equal pay

Workers unions

Equal pay

Dallas Hall, 2023 November with Mom

Where do you dine so often?

I need to see a teacher asking this one day:

Do we need to work so many hours?

Cause I've seen children and teachers not using time wisely,

and if we cut an hour off

I could lesson plan at school and cook dinner at home

Workers unions, equal pay

Note to self: what's really happening with writers in LA?

Workers unions, equal pay

Workers unions

Equal pay

Dallas Hall, 2023 November with Mom

I'm praying and paying money with love,

and I'm just wanting to know, what's really the situation?

Note from above: And we need guud pay, and we need guud pay

I've worked so many jobs, and I'm so happy now

Thank God for dat

Two history teachers in the back row

Two history teachers in the back row

May they work with love

May we work with love

Workers unions

Equal pay

Frisco, 2026 March with Mom and Friends

May they work with love

Announce this, Mr. Editor: We are a nation sprung from immigrants

Mr. Editor, I learned about Philip Randolph, let me speak with love

Randolph worked with love and sat at FDR's desk and said

I didn't go to Harvard; I went to City College

And they laughed

And Randolph made a deal to help African Americans find werk,

during the second world war, for guud pay, and let there be peace,

in so many ways now

May we work with love

Workers unions

Equal pay

Frisco, 2026 March with Mom and Friends

May they work with love

**And Randolph stood with Martin at the March on Washington,
and I think about Dr. Martin's speech about dreams so often now,
and what I need to say is this one day:**

We need to werk on immigration, really,

Mr. President

It will help strengthen your platform and people will listen to you

May we work with love

Workers unions

Equal pay

Frisco, 2026 March with Mom and Friends

May they be with love

Invest R&D here

Laws that guide and protect and do so in a timely way

Laws that guide and protect and do so in a timely way

Laws that guide and protect and do so in a timely way

And penalties that are humane

I've hired immigrant friends for too little pay at a church

that needed to help them become citizens,

May we work with love

Workers unions

Equal pay

Frisco, 2026 March with Mom and Friends

May the history teachers and immigrants we knew be with love

And we tried especially lovingly in one case,

and we received the help we needed

Some of them can now pay taxes and raise growing families,

because they went away from something not guud many times,

my immigrant friends did

Invest time here

Organize with love like Barack was doing with Michelle in South Side

Frisco, 2026 March with Mom and Friends

Invest time here

And my friends could become lawyers and engineers and teachers

And let's all vote, where we need to, y'all

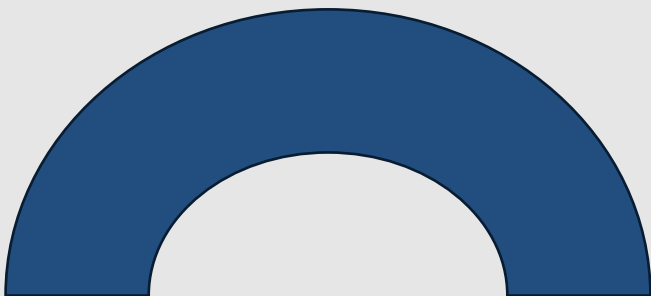
Invest prayer time here

And my friends may need to be professors one day, like I feel a call

to be praying about now

And we can sit at a desk and reach out our hands

Hamilton came from St. Croix



Regarding the Second Law of Motion:

Apples should be plucked from trees when they are ripe

And what do you want to fall except the rain when it is gentle?

Or snowflakes that form a soft down

The paralytic did not fall; he was tied at the top

Acorns and pine-cones fall in the Autumn

And can be picked up or left to grow with help

2. For Isaac Newton from Me

Let toddlers fall on soft ground if they must

And learn to stand with a helping hand

Trees do fall

I have picked leaves from trees and let them drop without watching them fall

And God knew them well, but I did not

The paralytic did not fall

Though the beams were made from trees

Remembering listening in Taipei and came joy
And dreams need to be cared for with sisterly
love

The statue of David was tall

And my neck stretched

And I stared at renderings of eyes

Pointing toward a rendering of a giant man.

Michaelangelo was a sculptor

The same man who loved his friend and
came down

And he had painted the Father large

For all to see.

Bramante would let him paint.

And so they began with sinful
hearts.

“And let the good remain and stay.”

3. Finding Always With God

And David's eyes were not hollow

And let me see Beauty.

I too know my sins.

A ribbon on a gift of satin

And a Love that forgives

“Stand, woman. Be not afraid.”

After removing the scaffolding

he realized

That the figures were too small. Do not cry, Michaelangelo.

And we stood at the back of the chapel

And John took off his hat

And I wanted to stare at the wall. Be not afraid.

And my soul needs a mother,

Like my mind,

Like my strength

Escuchar al dolor

But that day I had joy

My back to Athena's chair, I looked Southeast

To a column of Herodotus

And I wanted to know about my avocation in life

So I waited

And I stared

Like my mind,

And I returned

Like my strength

To sit for awhile

Escuchar al dolor

To read Poetics

But that day I had joy

But I found no peace then, and then Peace came, and we went to see the sculptures of lions, Northeast

Where we met a loving priest across from St. Paul Chapel.

And my Beloved sits even now

Within the tabernacle down 114th

“Be still, Be still, Be still. She is well.”

And the Poetics gave no peace,

But I did not wait and listen

Apollo was not there

Neither was Dionysus

And neither was my mother

Like my mind,

Like my strength

Escuchar al dolor

“And let the good remain and stay.”

But that day I had joy

Because we read, and we are touched by God

And I worked in the office at a Maronite Catholic Church

And I watched videos about philosophy with a bishop

on screen

In an office, where I didn't have to make coffee

But we helped buy supplies for coffee

And I was a secretary, and I sang

And we thought about lovely, wonderful love

And Dionysus loved wine with reasonable love and love

and love



But that day I had joy

And Dionysus loved wine with reasonable love and love
and love

I had a dream of putting a clip of a P&ID into a song

I had a dream of talking about impeachment, and having a picnic
with old friends

I had a dream of hanging a picture on a wall,
and I once asked an artist ~

What are your dreams?

Once I sat and read cursive letters
After I was losing my place in the script

And I don't forget the words of the Glory Be
But I can't find the page sometimes

4. La Actualidad

In the Latin missal

And I remember Algebra well

Because I practiced it like biking

And I would like to say to the actress

Let the emotion come

And I'll keep dreaming and I'll remember 1729

~And I would like to say to the artist

I think of reasons for movement

And let your words flow

without tripping

And say the words still

Until the gesture comes

And let's wait in a liminal space

And learn meaning from text and Jesus

Feedback is more than words

But without grace we suffer

I'll draw what I see

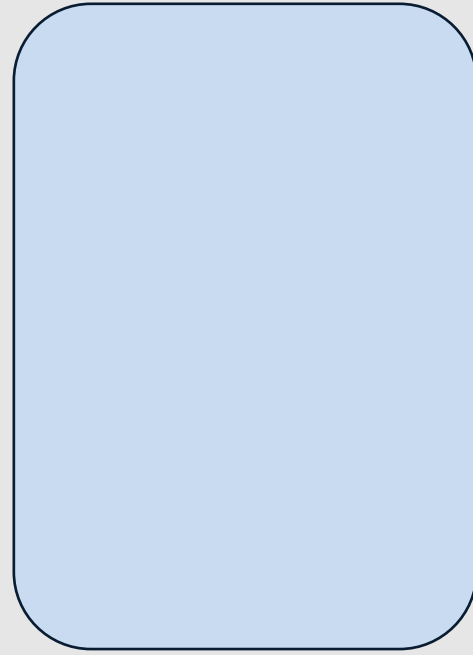
As tall as I am

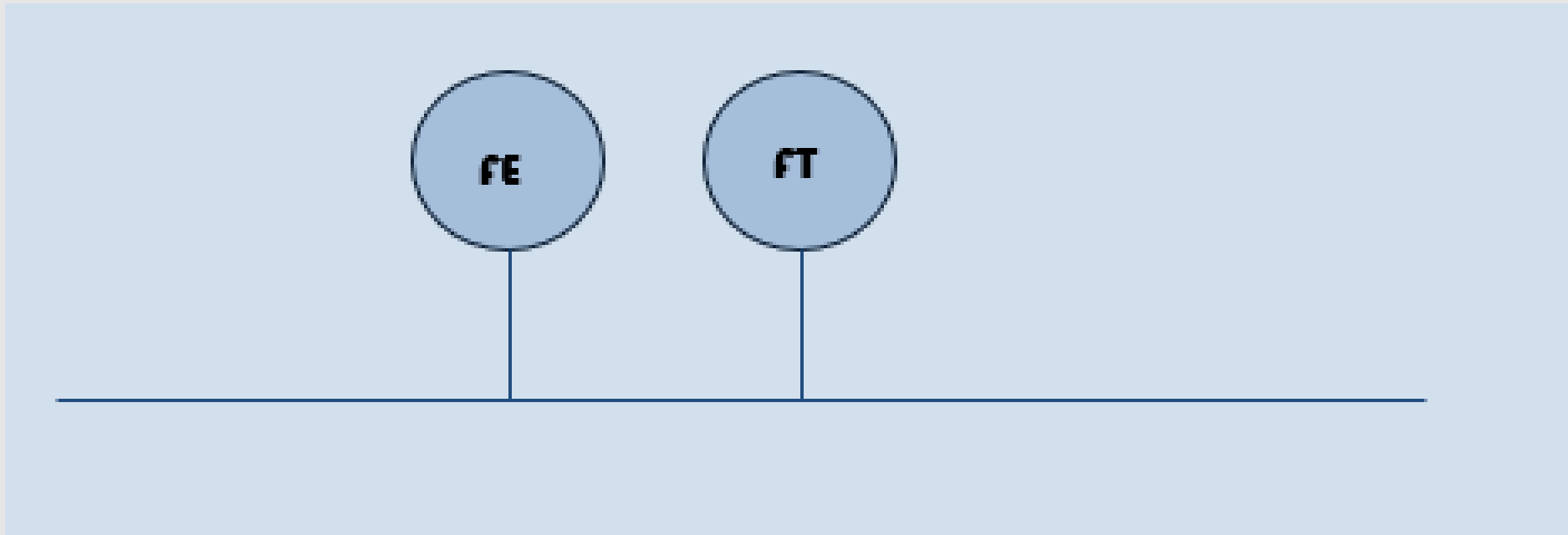
I'm taller most days now

Than when I saw gauges in a pipe

And valves on natural gas lines

I'll bike again like I did





~I would like to say to the artist

Let the emotion come

let the emotion come

~I would like to say to the artist



And we'll love, and we'll love, and we'll love in Christ

And in the waiting, we'll love

And in the Raj of Christ, we'll love always

And when the pain comes, we'll love.

Her name was Joy

With friends and cups and and and

Her son who loved wardrobes because

She loved Jack and Jesus

And pain came

And marriage came, so too

love in Christ

In Haversham and Oxford and New York too

rooms

5. In the Meadowlands

And we'll love, and we'll love, and we'll

In hospitals and lecture halls and dining

And don't stop coloring, I once told a small boy,

Adam, who held up his paper too soon

And we'll love, and we'll love, and we'll love in Christ

And in the waiting, we'll love

And in the Raj of Christ, we'll love

And when the pain comes, we'll love

And in the parting, we'll love

Like I wish I told a friend again

Shadows of Earth

Colors of Heaven

And she loves, and she loves, and she loves in Christ

Don't stop.

Dear Flannery O'Connor

I ain't fully free from sin sometimes, am I? **6. Dear Flannery O'Connor**

I awak, but I ain't seein' all ther is ta see

An I know THAT the dadgum truth

But what I want ta know is

Why I got a smile sometimes

And dem children over der don't a lot?

I seen dem children an dey look like something wrong

I ain't fully free always, an dey ain't either maybe

What does it take to smile? I thought and I thought

It take something to smile if dey ain't smilin

Cause I seen children here too in schools

After bout fourth grade, dey don't smile like dey used to

I didn't smile dat much till I gots to Rice

And dem peeps be saying I's special like a friend

An I sayin I free, and I scrossed an ocean to be der

And I think grandma in your story smilin

She dressed up, and maybe she got her problems

But she smilin and she got mistreated y'all fo' real yo

Let 'em eat good food

Let 'em eat good food

Let the children eat good food

My dad said.

I ain't fully free always, but I ain't a slave.

I ain't fully free always, but I smile sometime

I ain't fully free always, but I can see some things

I pray we all be free, naw, children.

So da Misfit done hurt grandma yo

Da Misfit done hurt grandma who weren't smiling

And she was sittin and cuasing a stir maybe

But it don't work fo' me, naw it ain't good ending.

I seein she free naw

After she worked it out and prayed.

I'm a gettin dressed up and a doin a good deed today

And I's gonna smile

Dear Flannery O'Connor

And I pray no one hurt me
Cause I gots dreams to weave with Gawd
And dresses to buy and fold sometime
I got dresses to buy and fold sometime

She could have seen something beautiful
On this Earth then,
If she was quiet for awhile,
And try to see from another perspective

Let 'em eat cake
Dat ain't a good line
No, naw dat ain't a good line
But even she can wake up and move

In my mind, there are 3 partitions for the number three

And I wrote this, mostly, after Boxing Day, in Frisco

7. Partition Theory

3

And two friends begin to frenchise and live newly

1 and 1 and 1

St. Anthony's feast day is today, and

1 and 2

And when I hear Anthony, I think about fasting.

And friends frenchised and thought of an equation

And that's a lovely name too.

It gives the number of partitions for an integer n

St. Nick was a bishop.

As an approximation

Who loved well.

It was a gift that was lovely

Love

1, 3

And French fries awn a cold winter's day this day

And St. Joseph built a staircase in Santa Fe and if we can, we can go see it and see how it was built, because I think it could be a spiral and

After St. Nicholas day, who lived in Turkey

Villages are spongy, stringy things,
Especially ones with silver gray trees
That weep when the children cry.

8. Talgoon Part I

He only visited Talgoon on odd days of the year,
Because of his peculiarity
That was different than the peculiarity of his well-worn bicycle wheels,
The kind that even out the corners of the speckled bricks that needed rain.

Pedro was a postman who delivered packages.
He shizzled through the streets
That were bonded together with cords of orange and pink.

"Zippity snap and rickety rack
Have you heard the children sneeze?
There's an epidemic of some sort,"
Wheezed Cleever, who was the Prince.

Cleever lived in a wayward hut,
A green-vaulted den that was good for hiding in.

Talgoon Part I

The floors were bouncy and helped
Him keep his mind on the walls,
Where he painted pictures of his grandfather,
Who loved Talgoon.

Down below, the willows waved
And blew their branches,
Because the Wind was urgent.

Layla lived by the sea.
Hers was the package
That Pedro shoveled to Cleever
Through an oval slot.

And the flute she fashioned was small but square,
So that it would fit through.

Why would he not listen?
Why would he not see?
The clouds aren't healthy.
Neither is the sea!

So Cleever blew and blew,
And the Wind spoke, "Well, your train has come."
And tracks that were covered by the vines that
Unwound and weaved around the pink jewels
In between the specks of gravel began to appear again.

Talgoon Part I

And the train came,
And the trees danced,
And took The Prince to a hill,
Where his job was to write laws in books
And say, "Please Stop," to those who broke them.

And one day there came a man
Who wanted to bind the jewels
And take them to his ship in the Eastern Isles,
Where he ordered by decree of his Queen
For slaves to shave pink jewels into dust
That made noblewomen shine.

Talgoon Part I

And the train didn't come there to the East yet,
But if you are called by love,
Please send a letter to Layla, by the sea:
1729 Lavender Blooms, Talgoon, the Road of Two Cubes.

She will manage to work a prayer
Into her dance that she does when
Letters come to her mat of lavender twine.

And she will take your suggestions
To the den that is open to the public again,
And where a Council measures with a barometer the
pressure of the air,
And hires many teams to clean the ocean from the fallen dust,
and they pray for freedom too.

9. For Katherine

And I miss the pear

I didn't share

And I miss the friend

Who isn't here

But God is there

And God is there

And he, my child, is everywhere

10. Jesus and Mary Living

Jesus died, and Mary cried
Jesus loved, and Mary laughed

Never go to bed angry, I've heard
I don't cry when I'm angry

Jesus spoke, and Mary cried
Jesus sang, and Mary laughed
Jesus laughed, and Mary cried
Jesus bled, and Mary wept

Never let the day go without prayer
I'll say one day

Jesus prayed, and Mary smiled
Jesus served, and Mary followed

Never forget to call home
I want to tell my niece

Jesus left home, and Mary cried
Jesus came back, and Mary cried
Morning shows help God bring happiness

So do walks through a school
In the morning

Jesus read the Torah, and Mary prayed
Jesus cried, and Mary sang

George VI didn't look happy
His father would say

Jesus smiled, and Mary smiled
Elizabeth of England smiled, and so did Bertie
I cried, and Mary prayed
I cried, and Jesus cried
I cried, and I waited for joy
Bertie spoke, and I cried

11. A Response to a Poem by Yeats

“And in Him all things hold together,”
said St. Paul to the Colossians.

Turns the clock and turns the tide
The dove hears a vengeful cry no more
From the people who would not forgive

Turns the clock and turns the tide
The dove hears an angry cry no more from
From the people who sought vengeance
On the daughters of Sarah and Sakuntala and Hagar

Turns the clock and turns the tide
The dove hears a hateful cry no more from
From the people who sought vengeance

Real chiaroscuro and trees of Berkeley
Shapes of dew drops over lawns of Harvard
Pavement that helps bounce ideas like curved vectors

And what could be born is a new age
And tongues of fire again come and sit awn heads
And language and talking of a Second Coming

Where should we ride when the wars are over?
Four legged horses come and wait awn plantations
Where wind and sun turns the clock rund and rund

I’ll wait on new cowboys and brave lasses on horseback
To draw a new rodeo of porridge and stew with books and pets

And turns the clock and turns the tide
The warden now waits for a new kind of key
Before the Revelation foretold comes to be
And democracy and knocks awn doors and desks
And Leviathan n’more, Leviathan n’more

A Response to a Poem by Yeats

And open wide da doors of sacred spaces

And let in the breeze of Pentecost

And wash da clothes in da blood of Christ

And beautiful days and beautiful clothes

Of denim and silk and saintly garb

Let wind and sun wash over wet clothes

Let wind and sun wash over wet socks

Let wind and sun wash over heavy bricks of burden

And we'll pray in the landing grounds

And we'll pray on hopscotch fields

And we'll pray for peace, for peace, for peace

And all things hold together in a mystery

And all things hold together in a mystery

And all things hold together in a mystery

And wait and wait and in the groaning, we'll love

And wait and wait and in the moving, we'll love

12. Dreams Don't Break Yer Back

God don't give ya dreams to break yer back
He build 'em up wid ya
God don't give ya dreams to break yer back
He build dem dreams wid ya
So don't worry if da dream stay and help ya feel warm inside,
cause dat how you keep
 peace
But a dream gotta be talked about see
Gotta be talked about with the one who heping ya see it guud
Den ya werk it out and see how ya bring others in and dey seein see
dreams come true
And don't worry if you needs to be a mayor
Cause data good idea for someone to have
I needs to tell ya I needs to teach how to write plays about presidents
and peace and how

dey needed to do betta dan dey did

And so I jus needs to rest now, here

Cause I'm not breakin ma back none
I rest while I write and soon I'll talk too
And soon I'll talk too and we need to talk
I'll talk about impeachment
I'll talk about letters dey sent
And I'll talk about speeches and talkin dey did
And if you needs to be a mayor
I'll talk to ya, and tell ya what we need here in Texas
Schools need help and schools need help,
 and teachers need help
I read Aristotle so I know it's been on folks' minds,
 fer a long time.

And if you needs to be a mayor
Let's pray and talk and eat guud food
Because I needs to talk and I needs a friend
Who wants to dream wid me
And catch dat ball
And catch dat ball
And catch dat ball guud

13. House of Commons Doors

House of Commons Doors
And let there be no more war, dear God.

Charles I was beheaded I heard
And Civil War continued in England
There is no Civil War today.

And Charles III gave a speech
In the Upper House of Parliament,
Not too long ago
And there must be a knock at the door
Of the House of Commons, three times still
After a door is slammed I heard
There is no Civil War today.

And they walk to the Upper House for the speech
And where is the dent where they knock at the door?
And why must they knock?

Hands will knock like black rods can't
Hands will shake like black rods can't

And there's a statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park
And there's a statue of Lincoln in Manchester at Lincoln Square

The slave trade ended in England in 1807 after an Act of Parliament
And knocks and knocks and shakes of hands

And we'll knock in Lincoln Park and we'll knock at Lincoln Square
and on the grounds where planes land we'll throw hats in the air on
days of celebration and hatisse like parades

And knocks and knocks
And find a key

14. For William

Trains move, and arrive, and depart

And the Polar Express helped me be to be happy
too, and I want to say don't worry.

Trains move, and arrive, and depart

And my heart feels happiness when you draw steam,
and when you draw ramps for cars

Trains stop and wait

And there are trains that go beneath the water, but I've never felt a
train accelerate to make me fall.

Trains stop and wait

And there's a train to Houston I want to get on,
but I need to wait till I don't need a ramp.

Trains stop and wait

And don't worry if the train stays even into
distant life

Let it be there and see where you wait

Trains stop and wait

And to be strong means a lot of stopping and
waiting and knowing when to move

Trains move, and arrive, and depart

And I want to say let's go to where God needs
us to be

Trains move, and arrive, and depart

And do the least harm ya can said one
And to do no harm at all is hard.

Trains stop and wait

Let's be kind, let's be kind

For William

Trains stop and wait

And I don't mind to wait

Trains stop and people arrive

And I'll be happy to ride a train
instead of driving

Trains stop and people arrive

And I'll be happy to go beneath the ocean if it's
safe

Trains stop and wait

And we'll find a seat with a window, and you
can sit

In the place you love

And trains stop and wait and move and stop and
wait and move

15. Kepler's First Law

Thank God for my Irish roots
That blended with Algonquin roots
And met my father's Telugu roots

Here where Nantequaus smiled
When his sister wed Rolfe

And what sets a ship in motion?
I think it must needs a push

Water needs water

And I needed help from a friend

Pocahontas saw light in his eyes

Her blood needs air

Look within and need God

Rolfe needed a true night owl

To help keep watch and help
keep Smith well

Thank God for my Welsh roots
And the German ones
We are here to help keep watch

And she set sail

And moved

To England to push a friend

He wouldn't move

And Smith needed love

And ask another to love

Rolfe would often say

Let me say more

Don't draw into an ellipse

Like Earth needs Sun

Kepler's First Law

But bend to meet
As water needs water
To wash the chalice

And find her there
As air needs us
To help keep well

And push, says the Lord God

16. Eating Saag Paneer

Why do I look into the bowl

After eating saag paneer?

Because, my dear, because

You're not looking here.



MUSICIAN

Sometimes I move, and then I change the way,
I sit, in actuality, children.

The MUSICIAN tunes his sarangi.

MUSICIAN

One piece of advice, if I may, from an old musician.
Don't worry so much, if you cannot remember a
story.

Love is not about distance,
but it does involve time, in some way, isn't it?

A continuous system is stable,
if its input response approaches zero,
as time goes to infinity.



I'm a systems engineer, you see.
Though in the moonlight, I believe, I'm a musician.

When I play the note, there is sound, isn't it?
And the string will stop moving, as much as it did.
Here, I can still hear it, though.

Here, an integration is here, in my dream,
where imagination approaches unity.

