Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven by WB Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams.
I have spread my dreams under your feet.
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.