

OUR DREAM

Again,
I was
left

with
a perhaps,
a maybe

so, an if,
then, a
supposing,

a wait
and see.

What happens
to a dream
deferred?

Well, sometimes
it's contained
within a series

of hollow,
arbitrary
conjunctions,

twisted 'round
a wire
fence,

through which
one can see
a glowing

screen, a
vision of
wealth

and
paradise—

our dream.

I see a
chosen one,
lone

on a rural
estate, shining
in gold,

under
open
skies,

skin
flushed with
sun-kissed,

vibrant
sheen of
youthful liberty,

free from
all, dependent
on none.

As I
behold the image,
I feel

the press of
pale, ashen
bodies

behind
me,

squeezing
my face
into

the
aluminum
mesh,

not enough
room to
move,

barely
enough to
breathe.

America is
a land

of potential,
pregnant with
possibility-

that's
it.

Our
desperate
dream.

-Does it
explode?