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Found Poem Dos

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Found Poem Dos

Mitchell McGowan and Mateo Ramírez Yelton

A dream is only a dream after all.

You come back to me in my dreams, to remind me that I could still fly.

*At times rest is not so restful,
like light never quite fading on the horizon.
Home is where you make it,
not where memories are held, but where your family is.
We followed the empty highway, white lines guiding us towards
our destiny.*

You come back to me in my dreams, to remind me that I could still fly.

*The moving boxes were heavy,
laden with the memories of a place we called home.
And this time we finished the journey.
Then I knew that guys and girls were
separate, different, opposite, segregated, others.*

*You are free, and I am chained.
Shackled to life in a prison without bars.
Sadness doesn't exist and "real men don't cry."
Someday, we will meet again.*

A dream is only a dream after all.

*This poem, like the previous pantoums, draws its inspiration from the collective classroom freewrites. However, it does not adhere to the structure of the pantoum. It is, however, a beautiful found poem.