

# The Dream

Boring a hole in an orange  
bores more than one  
touring a fortress  
for forces to form with  
an ordnance for blowing  
its doors in to pour in  
its horses and torches  
and swordsmen, who border on  
worshipping corpses  
of those who have  
forged in before them  
by going to torture remorseless  
the old folks enthroned amid roses  
and stores filled with grain they have stolen  
from porches of only the poorest of  
peasants who pleaded in chorus but  
failed to avert the misfortune  
of birth in a land that was foreign  
to all but the first, now resourceless,  
and live on a shore with no shortage  
of mouths to feed, hungry and hoarsened,  
plus threats of their being deported

to countries that would not support them;  
but surely this must be extortion  
to openly offer employment  
to those who have almost died for it,  
have dared to brave deserts and forests,  
have swum across oceans in torrents,  
have left behind ones most important,  
only to add to their torment  
by making them work for an orange.

*by Michael Dulman*

