

Dreams

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A young mind is infinite,
Filled to the brim with
Potential, possibilities,
Dreams.

You imagine what can happen in your life
And what you desperately want for it to be,
Until one day they tell you to "wake up,"
To realize that this is real life- not a dream.

And that burning passion inside your soul
Is deprived of oxygen,
And the brilliant lustrous gem it was,
Now, can barely gleam.

And again, they tell you to
"Move on,"

"Get real,"

Or "think about reality." Then you begin to doubt yourself,

And then you begin to believe.

Maybe you were wrong.

Maybe you should do what is safe or what is expected.

Maybe you should try to find your happiness

From a more practical perspective.

And every time we get told "No,"

"You can't,"



Or "Nobody ever really does,"
Our once bright flame dwindles
Until the precious stone that was
Is no more than a dull, cold rock, Extinguished from it, all chance at euphoria,
And absent of even the warmth of hope.
Then,
When all is lost,
And your heart is broken,
And all that remains is the empty shell
Of the person you've become and never wanted to be,
They will demand from you, "Why did you give up?
You should have followed your
Dreams."

