



"This is not a dream"

I know I'm awake... dreams aren't this vibrant.  
Your eyes sparkle green. Sometimes they're hazel, sometimes blue.  
It amazes me how effortlessly your colors change.

Fruity lip gloss highlights the strawberry in your blonde — you are delicious.  
I brush loose strands from your face, tucking them behind your ear,  
The way I've watched you do, a million times before.

My fingers trace the definition of beauty ... our touch changes me.  
An innocence belies your power — maybe the naïveté is mine.  
You nibble the corner of your lip, and I am wide awake.

We share a smile as I tell you my dreams...  
The woman I see is you... It's always you.  
But this isn't a dream.

In a dream, the ring you wear is ours,  
The love you see in your children's faces reflects our love,  
And this kiss finds its place on your lips, not wasted on a cheek.

In a dream, we never say goodbye.  
This isn't a dream — dreams don't hurt.  
I blink it away ... you go ... it stays.

Now I'm awake...

## Prison Dreams

So you want to know about my dreams. As you may have guessed, most of my dreams begin with my release from prison. To some this might seem a small thing, but to me it is everything. You see, I am serving a Life-Sentence and have been in prison for almost Thirty-Three years.

Over the years I've had many dreams, some of them have even come true. Growing up I dreamed of going to college and getting a degree. However, the opportunity to go to school was not an option for me. When I came to prison and learned that I could attend college and get a degree, I took advantage and my dream came true.

When I first came to prison I was estranged from my father. Over the years I dreamed of the day when I would be able to see him and reconnect with him on a father and son basis. About Fifteen years ago that dream came true. My father finally came to visit me in prison and continued to visit me on a regular basis until his death. I wish I could have seen him as a free man but I am grateful for the time we had together.

Currently I am at a crossroads in my life. I have been preparing for my release the entire time I have been in prison. My question is now that release in the near future is a possibility, what will I do with my life? and What are my dreams for the world beyond prison?

I have high hopes for the future. I plan to be a force for good. My dream, if you can call it that, is to help eliminate hunger and homelessness in my community. I don't have to be rich or highly skilled, all I need is a desire to help and be willing

to work. My plan is to work with community organizations such as community gardens and Habitat for Humanity to help make other's lives better.

In the past I caused enough harm for a lifetime. With what remains of my life, I want to make peace with myself, my community, and with God. If I can find any measure of success in this endeavor, then I can reach the end of my life knowing that it wasn't a meaningless waste.

Raskolnikov

## "NE ME QUITTE PAS"

YESTERDAY I DROTTED OFF AND LOST SIGHT OF REALITY. THE IMAGES IN MY MIND WERE SO PAINFUL THAT TEARS DISTRACTED MY VISION. AS I STRUGGLED TO REBRAIN FOCUS. I NOTICED HER LYING NEXT TO ME IN A COMFORTABLE SLEEP. I BEGAN TO RUB MY HANDS OVER THE SMOOTH TEXTURE OF HER SKIN, EXPECTING TO WAKE HER. HER BODY FEELS LIKE SILK UNDER MY FINGER TIPS, BUT SHE WONT MOVE. IT STARTS TO CONCERN ME, I OBSERVE THE CONTINUOUS RHYTHM OF HER HEART BEATING TO ITS OWN JAZZY MELODY. FEELING RELIEVED I START TO ALLOW MY BODY TO EASE. BUT, THEN HER SCENT REMINDS ME OF HOW MUCH I AM AFRAID TO LOSE HER. HER ENTIRE BODY SMELLS LIKE PEACHES AND WATERMELON WHICH CAUSES A MENTAL ORGASMIC ERUPTION CREATING AN UNBELIEVABLE SENSATION I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED. TEARS RETURN, BECAUSE MY HEART HAS LOST ITS CAPACITY TO BREATHE AND MY HANDS SHAKE I DONT WANT HER TO LEAVE, <sup>then</sup> HER EYES OPEN FROM THE REPEATED TOUCH OF MY HANDS TO HER WONDERFUL BODY. SHE TURNS AND GLAZES INTO MY EYES, SEEING THAT I STILL HAVE TEARS THAT WONT DISAPPEAR. SHE SLOWLY REMOVES THEM WHISPERING, "NE ME QUITTE PAS!" INTO MY EAR. SOUNDING LIKE THUNDER THROUGH AN INTENSE RAIN STORM. IM SO CAUGHT UP WITH THE SHYNESS OF HER EYES THAT I BECOME UNAWARE OF HER VOICE. WHILE HER FINGERS RUB MY FACE BRINGING AN IMMEDIATE RUSH OF PURE PASSION, <sup>THAT</sup> ~~WANT~~ ONLY SHE COULD FILL THE VOID. SHE MOTIONS FOR ME TO COME CLOSER. DUE TO THE FACT THAT I CANT COMPREHEND ANY SOUND. FEELING INCAPABLE TO RESIST THE LUST THAT HAS LEFT ME DUMFOUNDED. I FEEL ~~THE~~ SWEAT OF SKIN DRIPS TO MY BODY EXPLODING THROUGH MY PORES. CREATING A MARVELLOUS MASTERPIECE, ONLY GOD KNOWS HOW DEEP EACH SWEAT DROP STORY LIES. TO REMAKE MYSELF FROM THIS DREAM MAY SEEM LIKE DEATH, BUT TO IGNORE THIS MYSTERIOUS BEHAVIOR WILL INFLUENCE A CONFUSING ENVIRONMENT FOR SELF. SO, WHAT SHOULD I DO? BECAUSE THE FEAR OF NOT LOOKING AT HER HAS COMPELLED MY THOUGHTS. CAUSING AN OVERWHELMING RESPONSE THAT IMPACT MY MENTAL ATMOSPHERE WITH LOVE AND LUST. NOW, AS ~~THESE~~ DREAMS DEPART, IT'S HARD TO FOCUS, SEEING THAT THE ONLY THING I CAN REALLY REMEMBER IS "NE ME QUITTE PAS" IN MY EAR. SO I SLEEP KNOWING THAT IM WOKEN ALONG WITH I DREAM.

NE ME QUITTE PAS - MEANS PLEASE DONT LEAVE IN FRENCH

## Dark Dreams

I have Dreams of things that hasn't happened, but is going to happen in the near future, such as death of family, friends and even imprisonments things of this nature. I don't think I'm gifted nor do I really understand the nature of those dreams, because at times they're frightening. Before my father passed I dreamt of his passing while shoveling snow and the next morning I was contacted regarding my father's death from a heart attack while shoveling snow. I dreamt of my imprisonment the night before anything ever happened, I told my wife of this dream and she put it off as a coincidence, however true to the outcome of my dream, my wife and I got arrested and the crime occurred exactly as I dreamt it. I told her (she) would only do minimal time and be released, but that I would however do a considerable amount of time and would be well in my 50's before I was released. I am 58 years of age now and on the verge of moving forward towards my release in the next 18 to 20 months. Even though I've yet to learn the understanding of my dreams, I do now take close observation to them and proceed with extreme caution, though remaining baffled as to why my dreams are of this nature.

malaria