

Jerimicheal Cooley #V90510

## No Dream

Back flat on cold Steele, Clangs sounding alarms peal. Weight of the world presses down,  
shackles of oppression holding ground. All seems lost no reason to dream, light comes Flooding  
in strong hands reaching down, grabs ahold lifting up, Rising high, chains shatter, smile is now  
taking over. Rising, leaping, nothing but joy. Family, friends, girls, boy. Light subdues lopsided  
grin, it's my wife and this is no dream.