

FREEDOM'S TOUCH

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I dreamt of freedom last night,

It unexpectedly came like the Ghost of Hamlet.

The three years I had left turned into mere days because of some unknown reason,

This pending reality put me in a haze.

“Chill out,” my friend Kah offered as an encouragement,

“I’m cool, I’m alright,” ... a lie I tried to hold hostage.

Its sweetness fueled my sputtering heart,

A frightening fable told from the start.

I tried to make sense of this sudden change,

But it scared me so much that I wanted to yell and complain.

Freedom was calling me, Jonathan,

And its caressing tone had me take a step back, saying, “Wait!—I...”