

Dreams

by David James

*"Is a dream a lie if it don't come true,
or is it something worse?"*

Bruce Springsteen - "The River"

I always wanted to head on up to New York City and be taught by a decent painter, but as time kept on trucking, it became clear that that was just a big dream that would not shake out. Didn't even make it up there to New York. So, it was with a pronounced bitterness that I knuckled under to reality and went back to work at the plant like every other loser son-of-a-bitch in town.

My girl all through high school, Mary Louise, wanted to be an actress. We all thought she had a chance to capture hearts in Hollywood. Goddamn it, she was great in our senior high school play, "It's Not You, It's Me", but grabbing that brass ring proved elusive for her, too. Last I heard, she was selling cigars at the poker tables in Vegas.

Birthing dreams of fame enter our lives early down here in our shrinking, little town down here on the edge of the Bogue Chitto swamp. I think they are really dreams of escape. I caution youngsters to be careful. Unrealized dreams die hard.

