

In Dreams

by David James

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 and I'd never be a real artist because I was shy of the money I'd need to stay up there in New York City, 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 where many others also birthed dreams of fame, country music or some goddamn thing, entering their lives to allow an escape from our shrinking, little, pissant town down here on the edge of the Bogue Chitto swamp and I always caution the kids to be careful and go slow because unrealized dreams die so hard.

