

# Lucid Sleep

*by* Jowell Tan

In my dreams, I feel my dreams fade away.

I wanted to be a writer, but now I work with the words of others.

I wanted to be a painter, but now I doodle on the easels of others.

I wanted to be a singer, but now I listen to the music of others.

I wanted to be a traveller, but now I move in cars and buses.

In my dreams, I saw my future laid out before me.

I see myself, in a lovely home and family.

I see myself, at a 9-to-5 with weekend OT.

I see myself, driving through heavy traffic.

I see myself, waking and working and sleeping and repeat.

In my dreams, I chase to try and keep something close.

I run and run, and it goes further and further away.

I pant and wheeze, and it goes further and further away.

I trip and stumble, and it goes further and further away.

And then I wake up.

And I feel like I'm still asleep.

