

Field of Broken Dreams  
By: Justin Chan

I awaken in my dream  
Everything seems so peaceful at my first gleam  
A field of clouds lies in front of me  
With a house so in the distance that looked like a flea  
I stand in awe of the surrounding I am in  
Oblivious to the evil within

Suddenly a tall, thin, dark skinned man appears  
Wearing a grin that spread to his ears  
His clothes were clean and pressed  
Yet he looked at me with such distaste  
There was a shackle that ran from his foot to mine  
It made a shiver run down my spine  
He then started to speak  
His voice so shrill it made me feel meek

“Go ahead and run  
It will make the hunt more fun  
Sure you can try and hide  
But when I find you, you’ll die”

I stumbled and fell on my back  
Then the man prepared to attack  
I got up to scurry away  
All while keeping my fear at bay  
The field had no place to hide  
The house in the distance served as my only guild  
The shackle started growing taut  
All while my nose was beginning to get covered in snot

The man tugged at the shackle and I fell down  
I screamed for help, but no one was around  
He waltzes over so soft and graceful  
Yet his walk made me feel shameful  
He pounced and wrapped his hand around my head  
Suddenly, I forgot everything I read  
Proper sentences would not form  
My head felt as fuzzy as hazy as a hailstorm  
I look down and the shackle gets thicker  
All while I started feeling sicker

“What did you do to me!” I exclaimed  
The man smirked while his composure remained

“I stole your potential away  
Now you are forced to obey  
I am in every nook and every crack  
Your fear and hate will make a tasty snack”  
Tears welled up as I started to cry  
I started to bid my future goodbye

“Go ahead and close your eyes  
All you will hear are your ancestors’ cries”  
The Man’s eyes rolled back  
His mouth proceeded to unlatch  
The world around me started to fade  
No one was coming to my aid

I woke up in the house I saw at the edge of the field  
I go to the door but it is sealed  
The cabin is run down and shabby  
The floor was worn down and tabby  
I look out the window and to my surprise  
I saw the field and all of its lies  
The field of clouds was actually cotton  
And the fruit in the once lush tree had started to rotten  
No matter how hard I tried to think of ways to leave  
My brain would not work correctly to my disbelief

“What did you take my potential for? Why do I not remember anything I learned?”  
The man then tugged on the shackle unconcerned  
“See how this shackle connects you and me?”  
“It is so you will now never be free  
Because sadly, I need you to plow and sow  
And now... you need me, Jim Crow”