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FOLLOW DREAMS

In the past, more exact a little more than 50 years ago,
I wrote a college paper about a Langston Hughes poem. That poem
had an unknown affect on me throughout the rest of my life.
I had no idea how much until experiencing recent politics.

As I looked at my past the obvious is glaring that at times
I forgot the true meaning of those short but poignant lines.
The obvious example is that I am now serving a life sentence
in prison. Thus, I have answered the questions, yes. The poem
in question is Harlem, by Langston Hughes.

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore--
and then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over--
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Hughes wrote this poem around 100 years ago. He is well
known for the tone of his poetry. Throughout his writings he
wrote of pride, punctured stereotypes, and addressed the
outrageous injustice of racism. His poetry made him one of the
leading authors during the "Harlem Renaissance" of the 1920's
and 30's.