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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.



It is my belief that one can carry this poem as a guide for life. These short lines apply to life no matter who or where you are, all we have to do is use them on our individual hopes and dreams. Maybe then, this world would see more meaningful achievements for the betterment of all.

My final thought...this dream is not deferred.