

QUANTUM ENTANGLEMENT

All the atoms of the universe
they say are linked together,
as thoughts and dreams among us all
are to each of us a tether.

Where atoms knock and bang around
and signal "I am right here!"
how we touch each other's minds
will never be so clear.

But linked we are, as dreams so prove
in ways that can't be known;
We see our dreams only once they bloom,
but not the seeds as sown.

As the sea washes the rocky shore
my dreams wash at my pain,
as countless hours I have dreamt
while in a prison cell I've lain.

Prison is a type of death
and not at all like life,
but from my cell and through these walls
my dreams slip like a knife.

From where dreams come and where they go
the mystery remains.
And for a prisoner in this hell
the question further strains.

If life's a boat, then dreams are sails
and the journey by them powered.
But while awake, we forget them all
with the distractions we are showered.

What, I wonder, will be my dream
when I finally dream my last.
As I lay dying, and scrolling through
the journal of my past.

A woman's face of whom I've dreamed
will likely fill my screen.
It's love, of course, that drives us on
as we journey down life's stream.

Away I'll go, her in my arms,
and forever will it be.
I may have lost her long ago
but again she'll be with me.

by
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