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Dreams

Shaunna Barr

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Dreams

Sitting
in Aunt Debbie’s house,
surrounded by
fine and expensive interior decorations
in the unnecessary large sitting room.
It was a silent cathedral.

Is wealth an empty dream to fulfill?

In 6th grade
I imagined being successful,
INDEPENDENT

Rich
I dreamed of
shining crystal,
sparkling fountains,
maids and butlers,
A limitless wardrobe,
and a ballroom to host grand parties.
An indoor pool and Jacuzzi in every bathroom.

Now that fantasy
is gone.
I look closer
into a rich future
and see
a stressed lonely woman.
No time for family
Unused Jacuzzis
An empty pool.
No laughter, not even in my thoughts.
A ballroom full
greedy business acquaintances.
Dinner alone
table for twenty
occupied solely by me.

No
this is not a wealth to dream for.
I would rather be
a middle class wife,
with three or four children.
Be a Spanish teacher,
have time for my children.
Laugh with them.
Dinner time together
tell stories--the day’s events.
Friendly neighbors.
A medium sized house
overflowing with love--not money.

Shaunna Barr