

I Dreamed Again

by Jeremy Pinson

I know this sounds odd but I do not dream. At least I don't remember them, ever. When I was a kid I dreamt every night. All vivid, colorful dreams like nightly motion pictures from the land of Disney creations. A few years into my prison sentence I just stopped having dreams. Why? I have no idea. Am I an abnormal person? Is this a symptom of an aberration in brain function? So imagine my surprise when I had a dream last night. A train was racing away and I had to catch it. I ran through rivers, forests, deserts trying to catch it. Finally at the edge of a cliff I looked down upon the distant train and I jumped hoping to land atop it. As I hit the roof the dream suddenly shifted and I was in an old-fashioned dining room filled with people in Victorian dress eating a fancy dinner. The lady next to me said, "So glad you could make it" and then I woke up. Crazy as hell right? But I'm happy I had a dream at all. Now to see if I have another tonight or must wait another 5 years for my next one.

- Jeremy Pinson
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