

This poem was written in November of 1983, I had just arrived at MSP and was staying in H-Hall during my orientation time.

“THE DREAM”

Last night I dreamed long lines of men  
were marching two by two,  
along a dim-lit narrow road  
where never a flower grew.

No stars were in the trilight sky  
all was cold and still,  
no sounds except the muffled beat  
as shuffled footsteps fell.

Then one I hailed as he drew near  
and charged him for his name,  
I bade him tell me where he went  
and from whence this column came.  
“Oh man” , he said with hallowed voice  
like from deep within a well,

“These forms you see are convicts' souls  
upon the road to hell.

A name I now no longer have  
I lost it long ago,

A number now forever serves  
Wherever I may go.

This road, this path, this weary way  
has neither start nor end,  
but once upon it seals the fate

of those who chance may send.”

As they passed I saw each silent and shadowy form

was dressed in prison green,

and wondered to myself if I

would ever see the things they seen.

Then I woke to early dawn

and from the window wide,

from H-Hall's barred countenance

I beheld the square outside.

In the dark and gloomy dawn

trailing the morning dew,

The long mainline swung fathomlike

in columns two by two.

**AND LO THE DREAM WAS TRUE!**