

*A Dream Deferred: February 9, 2015 – The Sails Within*

It's the beginning of the week once again and hope you had a restful weekend. This message will be minus a picture, but as always there is a message.

February 1st was Langston Hughes' birthday, a man who had an influential and positive voice in African American history. He is one of my favorite poets, and along with Robert Frost, inspired me to write poetry in middle and high school. I still write verses here and there when they come to mind, but not as much since I started writing blog and article posts. My favorite poem from Langston Hughes is "A Dream Deferred." I recited this poem in high school with a friend for a Black History Month production.

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?

I love this poem because it's a warning and inspiration to believe and act on our dreams. How many times do we put off opportunities because of fear or external influences? Or how many moments are we "going through the motions" in life, living and wanting things with no purpose? And how many of us know people who do such things? I can remember when I let fear distract me from opportunities presented before me, and just as the opportunities were given, they were gone. But I also realized there was a lesson for me in that fear so I could overcome it and approach life with more bravery, faith and awareness. When it comes to realizing what's most dear to us, those are traits we can all use.

Let's always keep our dreams in our hearts, even if we can only spend part of our time working towards them. Yet keep in mind there is a patience period of manifestation too, which comes from wisdom over time. As is the case of growing a plant (indoors, usually :) we may not be able to control the weather, but we can water and nurture a dream as it grows and blossoms. If we ignore perfect timing, allow fear and others to take away our sovereignty or simply fail to act, then our dreams will eventually "dry up like a raisin in the sun, fester like a sore and then run, stink like rotten meat" and ultimately explode.

Our dreams die only when we say they die. Otherwise, no one and nothing can deny us of what we want. It's only a matter of how our dreams come to be realized.

Have a soulful week!