

# A Dream I Can Not Escape

## A Poem by Andrew Nassif

Is it all a DREAM that I cannot escape  
A DREAM of pain  
We ask ourselves, "What is pain?"  
Pain is the whip of a dad or a father's hand  
Pain is for those who suffered to help others  
Pain is the feeling of a begotten soul  
Pain is the cry of the only human friend's death  
Pain is a torn heart  
Pain is a beaten man  
Pain  
Pain is for those who cry themselves  
Not the cry of happiness  
Certainly not one of joyfulness  
but the sorrow mourn of a begotten soul  
Yet you still ask what is pain?  
We'll all experience pain  
From day to day and life's end to life's end  
The world is unjust  
But one day  
Yes one day  
We'll walk in peace  
To the road of Heaven  
Or down there to a dark place  
Ask yourself "where will I go"  
That's the moral  
A story from end to end.  
Will it take one to save me?  
A hero may take my place  
A hero indeed  
When Jesus looked straight at death  
He died on the cross  
Rose on the third day  
Conquering death  
A hero  
A hero indeed  
When John was strong  
Even towards his hour of death by king Harold  
A Hero  
A Hero indeed  
When Socrates went against Mythology and Paganism  
He stood up for what he believed  
A hero  
A hero indeed  
When Martin Luther King Jr. stood strong and proud  
Giving a speech  
Stating Freedom  
A hero  
A hero indeed  
May it be a hero to take my place?  
What is life in all that is wrong and good?

Is life a rope I cannot climb?  
Must I hang on?  
Hang on  
Hang on to the rope  
Don't fall  
Have hope  
The world may be painful  
But why the despair  
Because they fell off the rope  
They disobeyed  
Hang on  
It may feel like a year  
Or it may feel like an hour  
Tasting the sweet but bitter kiss of death  
Hang on  
Don't fall  
Make it and there will be more  
More in store for you  
Hang on my friend  
Let us last tell the end  
Tell us we see the face of the mighty one  
Hang on  
It will be worth it  
I know your feeling  
But you are loved  
Even while being whipped by life's tragedies  
By parliament's hatred  
Hang on my friend  
Hang on tell the end  
So we can roar the breath of victory  
Upon thy hatred's face  
Feel the victory whistle through us  
Hang on  
Hang on to that rope  
Don't fall  
But climb  
Tell you reach the top  
Pull that bell of victory  
And see mine and your face  
In heaven  
Is life all blood and sweat?  
Does Society hold a gun on one hand and a bible on the other?  
Life is what you make it  
How will you make of it?