

My Bag

of Dreams



I packed all my dreams in my bag, because I'm afraid my hiding places will collapse. So I'm always carrying them. I would go anywhere and nowhere would be home.



Somewhere along the way, I stopped opening my package. I was afraid to see my dreams because I knew they weren't real, because I knew I couldn't do it. But I won't desert them, because they're all I have.



I became a bar singer with the bag on my back. My bag was so heavy that I was always too tired to hit the high notes. People commented on my unusual appearance, crowded to see the tired gray corners of my eyes, but no one said anything about my singing.

I took my bow with my bag on my back. The heavy load made my reaction slow. Sometimes the prey had already fled before the arrow left the string. Sometimes I felt pain before I could lift my foot. I trudged along with my bag injuries and all my



Carrying the bag, I greeted my brother's friends for the first time. They asked me what was inside my bag, but I was afraid to tell them for the fear that they might think I'm a freak. They smiled gently and asked no more questions.

I once overheard them talking about how they thought I might have a bag full of sadness. They didn't really

want to get too close to me, probably out of

fear that my bag is so filled up that it will burst open one day with tears and cries flying into their belongings. I still like them. I like the way they smile and wave at me from afar. They are my earliest friends besides my brother.



Gradually, I got used to the feeling of carrying the weight. I'm used to walking slowly, stooped. I was still tired, so I never picked up anything new. The first time I felt weight again was with my hands. When I saw him lying on the side of the road, I bent my numb waist and picked him up. The sheer weight in my

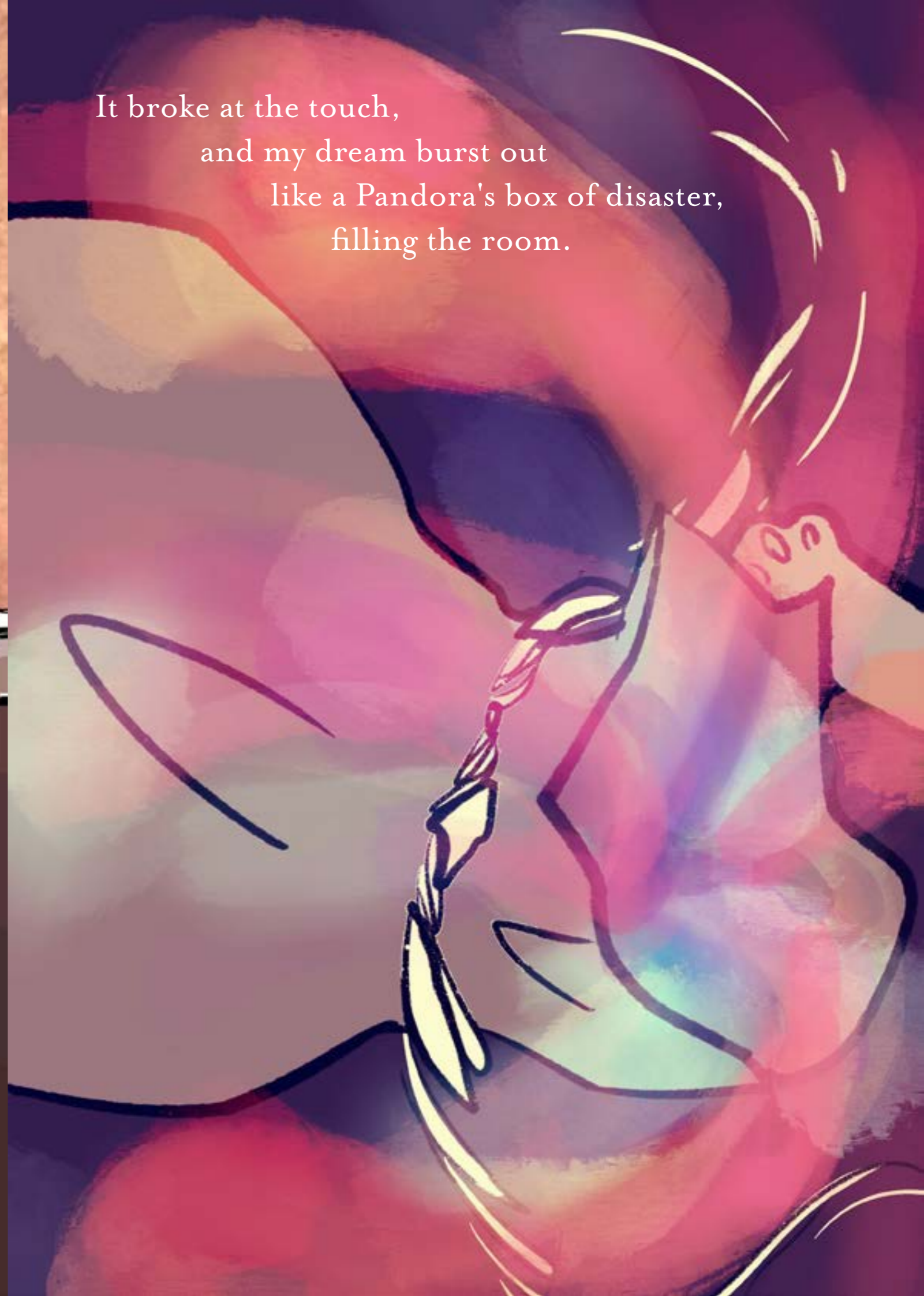
hands made my back feel light for a moment. I ran into the pharmacy with him in my arms.





With the puppy in my arms and the bag on my back, I met him for the first time. As he treated the puppy, he told me to put my bag aside and sit down to rest. I put down my package for the first time in a long, long time and just wanted to take a break. It laid motionless and emotionless on the counter. The puppy touched it curiously. The bag stayed on my back so long with no one opening it that it was so worn.

It broke at the touch,  
and my dream burst out  
like a Pandora's box of disaster,  
filling the room.



He looked at me in surprise.

He said,

Yes, I'd forgotten, they used to be like that,

I said,

I only remembered how to carry them.

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They're beautiful.



