

What is the American Dream?

This elusive concept.
A job in business
9-5 in a cubicle.
A wife and two kids,
A boy and a girl,
A dog,
And maybe a cat.
A nice car,
Big enough for this family,
Parked in the garage
Of their cookie-cutter house
In the suburbs,
A nuclear bomb shelter
In the small green backyard
Bordered by a white picket fence.

The boys wear nice clothes
And do anything they want,
While the girls wear dresses
And big poodle skirt,
With painted faces
And bombshell hair,
Reading and talking quietly.
Perfect porcelain dolls.

This is what comes to mind
With the American Dream
A 1950s fantasy
For a cishet white man.
It's not my dream,
Or that of the majority -
Or minority -
Though those whose dream this still is
Would lead you to believe
They are the reigning superiority.

But our dreams are different
And equally as valid
And we will fight to achieve them.
Just as we will fight the oppressive views
Of this decade's old fantasy
And its remaining dreamers,
Too big for their britches,
Try their best to control us with.
I will not be a perfect porcelain doll
Existing for your pleasure.

Adrianne Tackitt