



Dreams Don't Take Days Off

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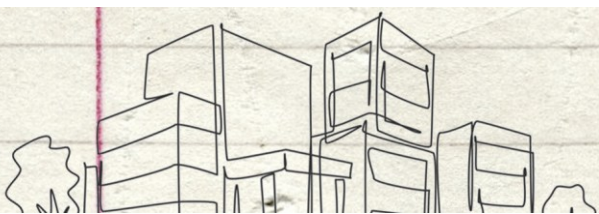
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The clock hits five, I wipe the table clean,
A secondhand bag, a shirt that's seen.
I head to school with aching feet,
Dreams in my chest, hunger I greet.
Because dreams don't take days off, not even one.

My classmates sleep while I count coins for fare,
They recite reports, I fight not to stare.
I missed the quiz, I was on my shift,
Serving coffee, praying for a lift.
But I won't drop out, I'll find the sun.

Sunday's not rest, it's another job,
Washing clothes, or in a carinderia to sob
Silently—while smiling at a stranger's plate,
Pretending this isn't my heavy fate.
But I carry it, because quitting won't feed hope.

A classmate once said I always look tired,
Not knowing last night, I barely survived.
No tutor, no time, no space to revise,
Just whispered prayers and bloodshot eyes.
But still, I try, because I dream in real life.





Sometimes I envy the rest they get,
But I remind myself: I'll earn it yet.
Maybe slower, maybe rough, maybe late,
But I won't give up—I'll graduate.
Because this path, though hard, is mine.

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