



POETRY | FALL 2022

Illusions

By Princess Onuorah

Where do dreams go to die?
Do they dance into the Nile
Or fly straight to the sky

Do they lose a bit of self
With each and every passing breath
Or by a broad stroke sweep, move to eternal sleep?

Where do dreams go to die?
And if dead may they arise.

Pray, hope that dreams merely sleep
That sleep is not so deep
And there is never a cause to weep.
For the death of dreams
Is an end it seems
To Reality.

So play the flute, what a hoot
Let the birds sing a song
Of a dream worth living come along
With all thanks given.

Princess Onuorah is a fourth-year medical student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill School of Medicine. She received her B.S. in Biology at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She has also had several experiences in bench and clinical research in Biology, Biochemistry, and Otolaryngology, and is currently studying Health Systems Science as part of the Medical Education Scholarly Concentration Program. While fortunate to have had numerous scientific publications, this is her very first literary publication.
