

We

I used to be innocent, naive

I used to dream

I dreamed of a world in which children were children

Playing make believe, living in their own worlds

Worlds filled with love and hope

Hope so fickle, so easily shattered

Hope so dangerous

I dreamt of a life I didn't know could never belong to me

Then I grew up

Now, my dreams are just as fanciful

I dream of a world where women are free to make their own decisions

I dream of a world where people of color are regarded as equals

I dream of a world where everyone is afforded the basic respect that is synonymous with living

I used to believe these dreams as fact in a world so wonderful

I know now, that these are the hopes of a naive child

I know now, that these hopes -so fickle and fragile- are what should be feared the most

Hope is lethal

Hope is burning and brilliant and bright

Hope is the reason We are feared

We who fight, We who scream, We who die

We who hold the future in hands far too small

We who have seen far too much in far too little of time on this bittersweet Earth

We who yearn to be heard

We scream until we are mute, We cry out to deaf ears, hoping for a miracle

How can the future be ours, if no one listens?

When everyone is deafened by power, blinded by greed, how can our desperate cries for help be acknowledged?

We must rise.

There is no time to mourn all that has been lost

We must fight for what can be, the future that is built on a foundation strong with the hopes of millions and as resilient as those who cling to hope in the most dire of times

For We are the ones who must dream