

The Story of a Dream

"I Have a Dream"

4 words, 11 letters

that dared to believe

in a world that could be better

unsevered by ancestral descent

undivided by the color of skin

I have a dream, and it came from long ago

when African Natives were taken from their homes

and made cargo

when cotton covered fields were a hellish form of snow

the summers were sweltering

sweat dripped over welts covering

black slaves in a sickly shine

and winters were no more kind than whips

when hovels for homes were bare, they dripped

the food—scarce, the air frigid

but when sleep finally came

there was dance in a land that was distant

not in space, but in time

and the babies who survived the freezing night

awoke with wide eyes

saying, "Mama, I have a dream"

which they passed to their great-grand babies

who grasped for their blue coats

who fought in their blue coats

who died in their blue coats

and croaked, "I have a dream, a true hope"

which rang from ancestors' Negro spirituals

to descendants' Harlem Blues

sang by a people who

were housed in slums,

still viewed as foreigners to

a land which had taken their fruit

yet refused their roots

still, "I Have a Dream" was a seed

sown in weary and longing hearts

unwilling to die

a flower in a desert, it grew in determined minds

who rebelled against the social standards of the times

and marched, arms linked
like the chains that once bound them
with heads bowed they
stood at the capital and cried:
"I have a dream!"

and it sings in my chest
I dance in the land my ancestors would call blessed
yes, I am the fruit from the tree from the seed of:
"I have a dream that one day...
little black boys and black girls
will be able to join hands with
little white boys and white girls
as sisters and brothers"
because King, like those before him, had a dream

I am the daughter
of a black father and a white mother
and I see race as just a color
God decided to paint with
making a mosaic of pigment
a prism of different intensities of melanin
I see dark skin and light skin
black skin and white skin
and I see human

"I Have a Dream" beats within me
"I Have a Dream" is still hollering
because though it had made it far through history
there remains a "black versus white" mentality
and until we stand side by side
"I Have a Dream" is incomplete
because it demands equality