

I Dream

Poetry by Rosanna Alvarez

A few weeks back, I spent time at a local elementary school led by a woman who happens to be my sister with her full heart; while there, babies sang de colores celebrated their cultures and flourished with art; freedom dreaming on their lips, proudly scrollin through what they created through the power of their fingertips

And it got me thinking, feeling, sensing -- dreaming too . . .

Thinking about how fierce we are in our conviction to see this all through As action and strategy and policy breakthroughs

So today, amidst the power of conversation and the fierce conviction you bring with you I thought I'd share my dreams, on cue . . .

I dream of a world where my daughters can run free Safe in notoriety, or perhaps chosen anonymity

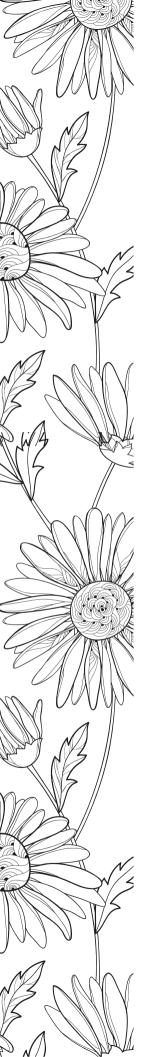
A world where "call me when you get home" can be more about that good tea than about fearing for our safety,

A world where all bodies are somebody valued

I'll say it again: A world where all bodies are somebody valued

FREE

in identity, expression, and questioning, Beyond threatening, reckoning, –perhaps Beckoning Remembering, welcoming, strengthening



I dream of safe places being reality Inclusivity unquestioning our Trans, queer, and gender nonconforming humanity

A world where flyers with the words MISSING Are non-existent unless they're about friendships and forgiving

Where our kids can learn words like grooming as simply meaning the practice of keeping a neat and tidy appearance (as choice).

A world where I don't have to catch my tears in my throat as mentors share stories of how that one time in a movie theater is part of shared memoir; I'm tired

Remembering back to how we all stepped in to the circle confirming #metoo

What I'd give to not carry those stories of what we've been through

A world where I don't have to walk around guarded, With a look signifying you might just catch hands, Keeping all of my senses intact when the world is insistent on violence through a myriad of cosigned and coded conscripted Likely preventable nonsensical acts

A world where my keys can stay tucked in my bag and babies don't lose their mothers to their dads; I meant her life and I didn't mean to make y'all sad

Outraged, anxious, gaslit --still mad

I'd much prefer:

Believed, trusted, protected, ALIVE, and rad

Sacred, respected, nurtured and whole



Where folks aren't misgendered and bodies aren't patrolled, extorted, trafficked, controlled, or even dismissively --cajoled

Where first kisses are sweet memories that don't involve assault Where we're not made to believe it must all somehow be your fault Cuz what were you wearing, how unchecked was your daring Your naivete was so glaring

I mean, I dream –

I dream

A dream so vivid, I can feel it, sense it, believe it and see it: Where people are valued empowered and bold

The ancestors -they say we don't have to struggle to learn; It's about how we learn to remember Perhaps the pieces of our shared dreams can be prophecy

And in this work consent is key, so: Will you dream with me and remember?

A world where all bodies are somebody valued empowered and bold Where the legacy of this work is action demanded Embodied in cause, because, this work is poetry in some kind of way And this invitation turned invocation today,

To Dream and remember:

A world where all bodies are somebody valued, combining those embers Toward a world where we can all feel nurtured, grown tender

Where people are valued empowered and bold