Dreams

By: Nikki Giovanni

i used to dream militant dreams  
of taking over america  
to show these white folks how it should be done  
i used to dream radical dreams  
of blowing everyone away  
with my perceptive powers of correct analysis  
i even used to think  
id be the one to stop the riot and negotiate the peace  
then i awoke and dug  
that if i dreamed natural dreams  
of being a natural woman  
doing what a woman does  
when shes natural  
i would have a revolution

Freedom

By: William Stafford

Freedom is not following a river.

Freedom is following a river

though, if you want to.

It is deciding now by what happens now.

It is knowing that luck makes a difference.

No leader is free; no follower is free--

the rest of us can often be free.

Most of the world are living by

creeds too odd, chancy, and habit-forming

to be worth arguing about by reason.

If you are oppressed, wake up about

four in the morning; most places

you can usually be free some of the time

if you wake up before other people.

I’m Nobody! Who are you?

By: Emily Dickinson

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us -- don't tell!  
They'd banish us, you know.   
  
How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

A Little Further

By: Berton Braley

The reason I never can quit the road

Is a reason that's plain and clear.

It's because no matter where I may stop

And whether it's far or near

There's a place beyond the place I am,

Wherever I may be at,

And then beyond is a place beyond

And the world beyond all that!

And as long as a man has eyes to see

And a brain that wants to know,

I figure there's things he's bound to miss

If he doesn't go on and go;

For there's always a place beyond the place

I happen to hang my hat,

And another place beyond that place

And the world beyond all that!

There's some folks stay in a single spot

Or a town of which they're fond,

And never worry a little bit

At the thought of a place beyond;

But the place beyond the place beyond

Won't never let me rest

For there's a sort of a kind of urge

That's burnin' within my breast--

To go an' go till the end of life,

An' when I've left it flat,

Go on beyond the place beyond;

And the universe after that!