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!