ODE TO A DREAM

The Man with the Hoe, as Markham warns, stands stunted and bereft of dreams.
A life spent disentangling thorns produces numbness to their sting.
A numbness ever deepening with never-ending toil will finally blunt all hope in anything beyond the endless tending of the stubborn soil.

Another kind of story is the "dream deferred." Langston Hughes attends to this.
A dream born and subdued—Maya Angelou's "caged bird" denied a flight of bliss.
"What happens to a dream deferred?"
It dies with weakened wings that cannot soar.
Its vision goes unseen, its song unheard.

"I have a dream."
The words of Martin Luther King explode across a million souls and more, igniting hope in every one, annihilating dark despair with vision sure.
"I have a dream today."
The dream by law is granted flight and only needs a place to light, to prosper and be born.

And then, in fair Hawaii, a boy becomes a man, his mother white, his father African.
He deigns to be our Captain, and we concede—enough of us that we can tell him: "Yes, command our country's destiny.
Protect pursuit of happiness, protect our health, and hope, and hard as it can often seem, please, most of all, protect the freedom of each one of us to live our dream."

~ by Joan Korale