



# 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