



Freedom, Where Have You Been?

I dream a world of technicolor voices
where human experience—
thrust not into boxes, nor medicated away—
can blossom in sunshine,
a purple crocus in spring.

I dream a world free from violence and injustice
of empathy, compassion, and happiness
where all people would follow the Golden Rule
and do unto others as you would have them do unto you
where there is peace and no pain
where there is all love and no hate.

I dream a world
where we didn't have to be afraid to go out our front door
where there is no COVID
where man is not left alone
where children can be children
where love is supreme
where everybody is free.

I dream a world where love abounds
justice prevails
beauty informs
and joy animates all sentient beings
where pollution is gone from our air, water, and earth
and people are free to be themselves.

I dream a world free of divisiveness, biases or discrimination
a world that allows me to be free to walk, drive and sleep
without fear that my life can be taken at any time
merely because of the color of my skin.

I dream a world free of social and economic disparities
where everyone is given equal opportunities
a world where I wouldn't have to tell my child
that she may be seen as less than
and that she may have to work harder than her white counterparts.

I dream a world where black and brown babies
are blessed with healthy odds of survival
where children's schools are not measured as "good"
because they are in the white neighborhood,
but measured as good because the soil is fertile for all who attend.

I dream a world where black children can live
without fear of being discriminated against
because the color of their skin can be seen as a threat.

I dream a world where all races and ethnicities can co-exist
where LOVE overshadows HATE
where PEACE conquers WAR.

I dream a world that has a memory of its own,
that if this world remembered the origin of the wound
we would not repeat
the offenses of inhumanity to one another
because of the color of our skin.

I dream a world where "the hill we climb"
leads us all to a level playing field
where we all catch our breath
even when the hills we climb multiply for some more than others.

I have a dream of one day borderless love, colorless race.
Where "his" story would tell "her" story
Where butterflies are free.
Freedom, where have you been?

ABOUT THIS POEM

"Freedom, Where Have You Been?"
was written by members of the
Connecticut Mental Health Center
community during Black History
Month, February 2021. It was
inspired by the poem "I Dream a
World" by Langston Hughes.