

One Day I Will Write About This

by Rafiat Lamidi

What is it about dreams

That makes a heavy soul begin to rise

Where does truth get its undeniable freedom

Strong enough to break through the multiple untruths

What is it about dreams that makes us heavy before we rise

The truth is hiding like a shadow behind the light of lies

Do not follow the light before you can see with your eyes

The world always desires an answer when there is none

When we are tired of being kept in by the lies

We break through with a fight like raging clouds

Except that when it rains, the stones fall

And they bleed our skin pale

We are stripped open like green veins underneath

This is the fear we have always carried within

This is our rebirth, no our birth

This is the time our soul knows to be alive

It is not in the taking in of air and giving back

It is the taking in of faith and spitting hope like a second life

I wish my words were like arrows

Enough to pinpoint my target

But being a blanket is enough to cover all

And for all the fighters of freedom

The oppressed, the queer ones

There is enough

There is enough beauty for you to hold