

Freedom Rooted and Future Bound

A Chain Poem by: The Poetic Justice League

(Naomi)

If hope is the thing with feathers, then freedom is the one who flies.
The only limits are the ones that we set.
A match can light a flame, but it takes more than one match to light a whole fire
And if it takes a village, then we have to build it.
Pain lines our veins and draws a timeline—showing what we've overcome
With hearts led by strength, pulled together by love, and headed towards change,
There's no way to go except forward.
Together, our roots tell the story of our past.
Our voices tell the story of our present.
And our future, well, that's up to us to decide who tells that story.

(Frances)

It's up to us to decide who tells that story.
Story of the flaming hearts. Take the big plunge
It's my front door. I'll do what I want. I'll bring it in the house if I want
A house of roses falling down
I guess now we're back to weeds. I didn't like how the roses smelled anyway. Too much.
The best one of me is the worst one of you. That sucks for you.
I am independent of your thoughts. I hate culture. I am freedom
Welcome to America
Get your nails done.

(Delainey)

Get your nails done,
with every color of every dream you've had.
Freedom painted right at your fingertips,
because why can't the future have a good manicure?
Pull back your hair,
take out your earrings,
get your hands dirty,
and grab a pen and paper,
because you'll have to fight to write your future.
You carry with you the key to your freedom
before you've ever even seen the lock, but with that key it's your choice
what doors you decide to open.

(Adri)

Doors you decide to open,
leading to rooms where the only borders

are the ones that span from the four corners of the walls
to the very edges of the atmosphere
and if you close your eyes
you might not realize as you enter the layers of space
Isn't it interesting?
Interesting how there are no walls
between us and the infinite unknown universe
but fences built between next door neighbors.
Someday we will return to those rooms
where history seems to stare back at you
and find that
covered in fresh dew, freedom blooms anew

(Gem)

covered in fresh dew, freedom blooms anew
its funny how a flower can break through concrete,
funny how people do it too.
they built the walls thick and poured grey over us
"the limits are permanent" they say,
but you cannot pave over a heartbeat
nor tell grass where it's allowed to breathe.
We are the ones crossing lines that they drew.
Stretch your hands past the corners of the box,
dirty your palms and add fire to your steps
refuse to stay beneath the stone.
We do not just grow toward tomorrow,
we
 break
 through.

(Ever)

we
 break
 through.

Taking up space that was "reserved" for another,
as we discover no leader is welcomed
to the spaces in which they dwell
No reformer was gifted a penny for their thoughts
No hero was handed a crown laced with glory
We craft the story, because the ones history handed down
are inadequate
Freedom is a myth, until we write it into the folds of reality

(Alys)

Until we write it into the folds of reality,
our names are lost in the crowd,
our songs are played last at the disco,
our stories are whispered in hallways between snippets of louder conversation.
But our pens are dipped in fresh ink of the universe,
the glossy star expanse ready to be folded into the origami shapes of our futures.
Until truth is spoken
and rhyme is written,
poetry resounded,
we are simply potential.
But we are music makers and dreamers,
and we will not be confined to the liminal space of your page,
that was never built for us

(Will)

That was never built for us.
The jeans we worked in,
Two sizes too small,
Made to shape our legs weak,
So they couldn't hold the intelligence everyone knew we had.
We walked though,
Calf and hamstring muscles tore through the seams.
Now we have ripped jeans that doesn't seem right,
To some people,
But through the tears and rips we see the truth.
Our legs are too strong,
And our minds while powerful and unstoppable,
Have wings so they may fly,
Away and away they go.

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