

How Freedom Feels

Have you ever felt the earth shake
and the walls cave in?
That voice in your brain
telling you
you've sinned.
Have you ever seen the crowds turn opaque?
And you don't know what they're thinking
or what they'll give or take?

Sitting naked in a street corner
with just a cup of tea and prayer beads
you feel your thighs move
and ethereal hands
reach out to feed.

I can get used to this
evolving apotheosis.
Now I hope you stay
and share my sacred space
as the dance expands.
We breathe new oxygen
from trees that grow from steel.
I'd risk it all
just to know how freedom feels.

Have you ever wandered
into the soul's dark night?
where the faces and the moon don't shine?
and you can't see the sun,
but the rain tastes like wine.
Have you ever looked
into your own eyes
and understood someone else's cries?

AIDS patients, refugees,
children and slaves
who walked through the fire
and brutal waves.
Now I see a light
calling me home
at the end of the underground railroad.

They said I should've read the signs.

They said I should've worked harder.
But I followed my DJ's vibe
and it made me stronger.

*

So let's rejoin the human race,
play the drums
like we own the place
and paint our memories
until they heal
cuz we all need to know.
It's time to grasp
how freedom feels.

Have you ever tasted life
like chocolate on your tongue?
Have you ever felt your voice rise
to sing songs you've never sung?

And spices fill the sky
to cultivate lotuses
in our tear-stained eyes.
I imagine
my wingspan
soaring high
dropping lies to the street lights
as I fly with solidarity
and you hold me
without judging me.

We'll light the incense
and open the blinds,
walk into euphoria.
We've never exposed
a candor this real.
But we'll go for it,
so we don't forget
this
is how freedom feels.