

imagine we

francisca sánchez, july 2010

when you imagine what the world might be
if we could be the we we should be if we could see
past the words that obscure the pure heart persisting

resisting beneath the pain when everything's been said
when you imagine what the universe might reveal
if we could regain the dreams that steal away

in the dark before dawn when dreams have the power
to heal the hurts we can't undo with a magic kiss
like our mamas did when we were kids

when believing was more an action word sung alive
than a cotton candy wish dissolved like sugar on the tongue
when we believed wishing it so might make it real

back in the day when the people could fly sustained
by an africa's grace strong enough to dance
across an ocean vast to a world turned upside down

and lift her children high above hatred's chains
until morning's light erased all trace
of darkened spirits freed by secret night

when a fish was enough to feed all those in need
or so i heard from bain himself whose honeyed words fall
in the soothing rain like tears sweeter than any lemon drop

when ruby slippers could simply click three times
and whirl a lost little girl back over the rain's bow
through memory and space to the place she called home

when even a cow could jump over the moon without first
convening the experts who knew it couldn't be done
and to make matters worse a cat run away with a spoon

stay tuned for that inevitable 411 of how they broke
all the rules and never paid the price for transgressing
i'm guessing they weren't waiting on anyone's blessing

if all of that is true how hard can it be to imagine
that our minds hold galaxies of pending possibility
every cell pregnant with life and free of the strife we breathe in

with the air unaware that the stuff of creation teems
in these bodies conceived in the image of the first imagination
if this is what it seems of course how can we not believe

we have all we need to redeem the world anew
and the god we feared was lost we find instead lives on
with breath divine etched in the sacred swirls of our touch

she makes our embrace holy through and through
and demands we defy the allure of bleak cynicism
to pursue the affirmation we seek and find so clearly written

in the fabled mirror we are the most beautiful of all
the ones chosen to hold this vision close safe from all foes
and compromise otherwise might as well just let that mission die

when we can balance on the edge of righteous courage
and rise beyond the weight of freedom unrealized
then we will know the joy our lives were meant to be

but for those who still doubt this power, check it out
if we can see what to the eye remains invisible
if we can send our ships safe into uncharted space

if we can race faster than sound and see the light
of breaking day from the edges of the night
if we can beat back death with lasers that erase invaders

if we can hear the beating hearts of children yet unborn
if we can divide our images and hide them as bits and parts
and then have them emerge whole again earth's other side

then why imagine we are powerless to transform hope like coal
into brilliant diamonds of accomplishment birthed of this earth
and thrust through her mantle's crust by geologic storm

after all, the ruby slippers are waiting on our feet
and the secret chant sweet on our tongues
take a deep breath and let the scent of imagination

fill our lungs making us lighter than air so we can soar
like hot air balloons released from behind the curtain
to explore where before only hidden dreams dared venture

we know the magic words to the songs dorothy's
bluebirds sang so far above the iris bridge
no need to wait on fate to fell a wishing star

when we can be our own damn star
and sail our way across the farthest skies to shine
where darkness pales beneath the full moon's light

and the only sacrifice required is giving up the lies
that like a blindfold we wear tight around our eyes
if can you imagine that then that is all we need

to be the world that we should be to be the we
that this world needs to feed the souls of all that this sphere holds
to free our shackled hearts to beat in magic time and then

to turn the world right side up again one rhythm one world one word
one we imagine what that we might be when finally
we are ready to be the greater we that we've been called to be

imagine what this world might be with such a we