



## **TO MY DAUGHTER KAKUYA**

i have shabby dreams for you  
of some vague freedom  
i have never known.

Baby,

i don't want you hungry or thirsty  
or out in the cold.  
And i don't want the frost  
to kill your fruit  
before it ripens.

i can see a sunny place—  
Life exploding green.  
i can see your bright, bronze skin  
at ease with all the flowers  
and the centipedes.

i can hear laughter,  
not grown from ridicule.  
And words, not prompted  
by ego or greed or jealousy.

And i can see a world  
where you,  
building and exploring,  
strong and fulfilled,  
will understand.  
And go beyond  
my little shabby dreams.

—assata shakur