

as far as we can  
**DREAM**

WRITTEN BY NIKECHUKWU EVULEOCHA



We do not reach in vain. We reach because something in us remembers height.

They told us to be grateful for a corner and call that enough,  
As if our hunger should be quiet, as if our hope should not be tough.

As if the sky was not a thing our hands were meant to learn,  
As if the stars were not for us unless we asked the dark to burn.

But something in us knew before the world could make its claim,  
That we were not born merely breathing, we were born to bear a flame.

Not for the simple spite of those who said that we would break,  
But for the deeper truth within us that refused to live half awake.

Because Black is not a border where ambition goes to die,  
It is a kind of ancient thunder teaching mountains how to rise.

It is the pulse beneath the wound, the will beneath the scar,  
The voice that tells the child to look beyond the nearest star.

And I have seen us dream with backs against impossible walls,  
Still making ladders out of language when the ceiling only falls.

I have seen brilliance wear exhaustion and still answer to its name,  
Seen minds struck hard by doubt step forward trembling just the same.

That is the part they do not tell you when they speak of reaching high,  
That sometimes greatness first appears as something breaking in the sky.

That sometimes to become the light your spirit knows it ought to be,  
You have to walk through nights so long they almost make you doubt the sea.

You have to meet yourself in rooms where fear has learned your oldest face,  
And still decide your life deserves more altitude, more depth, more space.

To be a star you must first burn, yes, not in waste but holy strain,  
Not every fire is meant to kill, some come to call you by your name.

Some come to strip the borrowed voice, the shrinking shape, the lesser role,  
And leave behind the truest thing, a sharpened will, an answered soul.

So no, I do not dream to make a mockery of those who doubted me,  
I dream because there is a door inside my chest that asks what else I'll be.

I dream because the heart knows things the frightened mind cannot defend,  
It sees a distant version of the self and begs the feet to not pretend.

It says there is still more in you than what survival had to prove,  
More than merely making do, more than learning how not to lose.

It says your future is not waiting for permission to appear,  
It is already calling softly, asking whether you can hear.

And maybe that is why ambition feels so intimate and bright,  
Because the dream is not a stranger, it is your own name dressed in light.

It is the life your spirit sketches when the room has gone to sleep,  
The promise that your deepest ache was never given just to keep.

We come from people who made beauty in the jaws of brutal days,  
Who turned their grief into a bridge and still found language fit for praise.

We come from hands that held tomorrow with no evidence in sight,  
And still said dawn was on its way, and still kept walking toward the light.

So when I speak of Black excellence, I do not mean some polished show,  
I mean the sacred right to want, the sacred height to which we grow.

I mean the scientist, the poet, and the child with questions in his stare,  
The woman building worlds from thought because she knows that she can dare.

I mean the ones who study hard while doubt sits heavy on the chest,  
The ones who fail and rise again and learn that rising is the test.

I mean the beauty of becoming what your spirit asked of you,  
Not for applause, not for revenge, but because the reaching itself is true.

Because what if the dream in you is not excessive, not too wide,  
What if it is a map from God that fear has only tried to hide.

What if the heart that wants so much was never asked to want in vain,  
What if desire is proof enough that you were built to bear the strain.

Then who are you to call impossible what your own soul has seen,  
Who are you to fold your future small to fit another person's dream.

No, let it stretch.

Let it trouble your sleep.

Let it ask more of your hands.

Let it demand the kind of courage that can stand misunderstanding and still stand.

Let it make war with every lie that says your race should dream in parts,  
Let it unteach the timid prayer that taught us how to ration hearts.

Let it remind you excellence is not some distant, borrowed thing,  
It is the fruit of daily fire and what an honest soul can bring.

And when at last you start to rise, do not call it luck or chance,  
Call it the meeting point of vision, will, and disciplined advance.

Call it the moment all your wounds stopped arguing against your worth,  
Call it the proof that what is possible can still be brought to earth.

Call it the answer to the child in you who looked too far too soon,  
The one who loved a higher life before the world could dim the moon.

For we were never meant to stand with our vastness unexplored,  
Never meant to starve our longing just to make the small feel sure.

We were meant to be immense in ways no measure could contain,  
To walk into the world so full of self that fear must learn our name.

So if I rise, let it be fully.  
If I burn, let it make light.  
If I dream, let it be wildly.  
If I reach, let it be right.

Not right because the doubters watch.  
Not right because the world approves.  
But right because there is a greatness in me asking now to move.

And I would be unjust to me,  
To all I carry, all I know,  
If I let the limits placed upon my skin decide how far I go.

I will go as far as vision, as far as hunger, as far as grace,  
As far as all the buried brilliance still unfolding in this race.

As far as every elder's prayer.  
As far as every wound can heal.  
As far as every hidden gift inside a living soul can feel.

As far as my heart can hold the fire.  
As far as my hands can shape the dream.  
As far as all that I can become dares to call itself by me.

And when I get there,  
I will not stand as someone who was lucky just to survive.  
I will stand as proof that Blackness never marked the edge of what is alive.

I will stand as one more witness that the ceiling was a lie,  
That what we call impossible is often only height not tried.

So let me want with all I am.  
Let me build with all I bear.

Let me become with all the force of one who knows there is more there.

Because I do not owe this dream to fear,  
Or shame, or those who said I could not be.  
I owe it to the infinite within,  
And all the possible waiting in me.

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