

Utopia

Jackson and his computerband

We'd gather around
 All in a room
 Fasten our belts
 Engage in dialog
We'd all slow down
 Rest without guilt
 Not lie without fear
 Disagree sans judgment
We would stay and respond and expand and include
And allow and forgive and enjoy and evolve and discern
 And inquire and accept and admit
And divulge and open and reach out and speak up
 This is utopia
 This is my utopia
 This is my ideal
 My end in sight
 Utopia
 This is my utopia
 This is my nirvana
 My ultimate
We'd open our arms
 We'd all jump in
We'd all coast down
 Into safety nets
We would share and listen and support and welcome
 Be propelled by passion, not invest in outcomes
We would breathe and be charmed and amused by difference
 Be gentle and make room for every emotion
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We'd provide forums
 We'd all speak out
 We'd all be heard

We'd all feel seen
We'd rise post-obstacle, more defined, more grateful
 We would heal, be humbled, and be unstoppable
We'd hold close and let go and know when to do which
 We'd release and disarm and stand up and feel safe

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