**The Dream That Echoes**

A dream once carried, bold and bright,

Born from shadows into light.

A man who marched, who dared to speak,

For justice found, for peace to seek.

In southern winds, his voice arose,

Through strife, through chains, through bitter foes.

He painted hope on freedom’s sky,

Where love would live and hate would die.

He walked with courage, hand in hand,

Uniting hearts across the land.

Through Selma’s bridge, on Memphis stone,

His steps made truth and strength our own.

No bullets dimmed his sacred fire,

No threat could quell his soul’s desire.

For dreams don’t die, they rise anew,

Through me, through us, through all we do.

Today, his words still light the way,

A call to build, to heal, to pray.

His legacy, a torch we bear,

To act with justice, love, and care.

Oh, Martin’s dream—our steady guide,

To shatter walls, let hope reside.

In every heart, his vision gleams:

A world united by shared dreams.