

The Voice from on high shouted down with a single, ringing message:

You, who do not belong, stand in the way of Our return to Greatness.

Insects, discoloring Our marble and gold.

Ashamed of us, the Voice demanded we remain hidden.

Forced to capitulate, our institutions obeyed one by one

For people like me are no longer people before the Voice, but living agendas
that should be stamped out.

If only my plumage was one of ivory, reflecting the faces of the Voice, able to
protest without providing a target to aim at, a neck to wrap their rope around

Hand in hand, heart in heart, we joined together, celebrating ourselves and one
another

In spite of the Voice that told we should be ashamed, undeserving of pride, of
diversity, equality, or inclusion, we sent our caveliers off in celebration

No matter how the Voice may shout, scream, threaten, we will exist. We will
outlive it.