

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

You, who do not belong, stand in the way of Our 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, then I could protest it  
without providing a target to aim at, a neck to  
wrap 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 cavaliers off  
in celebration

No matter how the Voice may shout, scream,  
threaten, we will exist

We will outlive it.