

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.