

What was born

I sometimes speak with ancestors whose names I cannot remember
in a language I can barely taste.
How else can I assure you that I know who I am?
When the only language I have to tell you is one that you cannot understand?
I search because many stories have been lost.
Our histories are a collage of scattered ashes, burned memories, and stolen art.
Yet I can acknowledge that some truths will never be uncovered,
and that is precisely why I reimagine the rest.

They say we have 2 deaths. The day our bodies stop working
and the day someone who loves us speaks our name for the last time.
So I want to pray for my ancestors even if I cannot remember their names.
I want to dance, speak and dress like them, even though they couldn't survive.
I don't know where to begin this exploration of truth. I'm unsure
of where this path leads, I know I must be willing to keep going.

So if we can reimagine the names of those who have paved the way for us,
they can be resurrected

So in honor of the tightrope walkers to those of us whose existence and pleasure tear down the
barbed wire of sex, gender and race only to wrap it around our heads and wear it like a tiara,

We, whose bodies dipped in rainbow and glimmer like glitter,
relate to the circumstances we survive.
How those experiences make us stronger by bringing us closer to our own divine selves
as well as a divine lineage of queer ancestry.
These spirits give no importance to our shade of skin
or the amount of tension carried in our tongues.
We named ourselves beauty when telling our own stories and when we listened to each other
this is what was born!