

Oh you

You rebel  
You queer and wayward child  
You abandoned and listless  
You angry and forgotten  
You brown and black and indigenous  
You homeless and impoverished  
You dreamer  
You warrior

You are not alone here  
You have never been alone  
Not in this place, not in this time  
Not in the whole of history  
There have always been ones like you  
There will always be ones like you  
We have always fought  
In the papers, in the streets  
With paint cans and with pens  
With knives and with torches  
In your armor inadequate  
In your fear and your rage  
You have never been alone

Plant your feet like the thousand year oak  
Scream like the ghosts of your ancestors  
Light your hearts on fire  
With the ashes of all the dead suns