

MOVE

She is wearing a silly hat and her awkward bisexual shirt. Her long skirt does not look like she is ready for a fight or even ready for flight but she has run in skirts before and she will not fall down today. The tears run quietly down her face but she does not wail, does not flee, does not retreat into herself or away from the crowd. She holds her companion's hand. She does not move.

She is wearing a black bandanna and all white besides and her hair is back and her eyes are full of the joy of recognition, the vitality of the fight. She runs to hug her friend. She is wearing pants and practical shoes and she does not have time for your bullshit or excuses or the bus of riot cops right behind her. Her voice is loud and clear, her conviction bulletproof. She does not move.

She is wearing her lipstick that is the wrong shade and her gray skirt. She is tall and beautiful and her long amber hair is loose in the wind. They are trying to steal her fight, trying to tear her down, they call her ridiculous and she is standing tall and proud. She has been here before. Her whole life has been this fight. She raises her fist and screams her righteous fury. She does not move.

She is wearing a corset oh why would she do such a thing but she has done it anyway, she is red and black and her hair is in a braid and she wears black sneakers to run in. Her back is straight as she strides with confidence through the police lines, as she hollers from the fences, as she leads the chants. Her feet are planted and she swears entirely too much. She does not move.

"It's okay," she says to her. "We are right here, we have you, we're going to be alright." The crowd swarms around them, bodies colliding, people fleeing, people rushing in. Her hand is warm and strong and if it's the only real thing in the world that's okay because it's real enough to hold the universe in place. The moment is just a moment, but lasts for years. They do not move.