

Legacy

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12th Grade, Our Lady of Mercy H.S.

Legacy

I am a testament
To those before me
Who would not be silent,
Whose heavy feet hit the pavement
At dawn,
Aching shoulders supporting rainbow flags,
Who screamed so they couldn't be erased,
And did not rest until their throats
Were raw.

I am a product
Of tangled hands
And secret meetings held by people
Who refused to disappear.

I am made
Of hidden photographs of a revolution,
Passed between bruised fingers
And memories that refused to die.

I am the legacy
Of the deep-throated laugh of a drag queen
During an interview in 1970
So her voice will outlive her.

I was forged by a family
That I never knew.