

They Tried To Bury Us | Angelina Leaños

The girl I want to marry tells me she's not enough
 To protect me from a world that merely
 Tolerates before tossing us aside
 Like a tongue born and buried in the same day

The world says there's no room for bodies like us
 I will not let my legacy be buried before
 My story has been written
 I'm a river of words unafraid to cross fences

My lover and I will be the gardeners of this
 Earth that washes away our voices like stains
 We will plant sonnets in the soil, scatter elegies
 In the sea and bloom bodies where there are tombs

At least I of all people know Power by her figure
 Even when she is absent.