

WTF?!

A Neighborhood View
by
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Nobody cries as loud or laughs as hard.
Nobody knows how to celebrate like we do.
Give us a reason and we bring out the pots n' pans
We bang until those who don't understand, complain.
We hope to wake the dead because the shadows of
many young men walk with us and they feel "mighty real."

My neighborhood knows how to throw a party
in the darkest hour to provide care, we clean up
our own messes, but we can set the town on fire
when we're wronged. We bring out wedding dresses
and give them away when we are allowed to marry.
We love a parade, a march, a picnic, a dance, a speech
over a wonky speaker on a truck and will drink champagne
out of a paper bag when our team wins, our candidate,
our country decides to give a damn about queers,
Black citizens, immigrants and those who are dying
of this plague. There will be others.

The Castro knows how to put up a stage, put up a fight,
light a candle and never stop flying our freak flag.
We know how, and it hurts plenty, but once in a rainbow moon
I can open my front door and hear the roar of pure joy.