

<*Our pride*>

by Jade Yang

I live my life in solitude, A lonely soul amidst the multitude.
O, thou who knowest not the weariness Of proving one's existence in distress,
Thy heart can never truly understand The sorrow felt by our forsaken band.

Visible, yet unseen by any eye,
Unheard, though loud and bitter is our cry.
Only in death do we attain their sight,
A body mocked beneath the callous light.

Nameless and queer, we dwell apart,
Strange spectacles for their diverted heart.
We are the madmen, strangers in the land,
Forever barred outside the border's sand.

And then I met thee, in that dark design,
A mad and strange outsider, just like mine.
A warrior fighting for the right to be,
Who wove a wreath of scorn and mockery.
To wear it as a crown upon thy head,
Drinking and dancing with the lowly, led.

Though they debase thy freedom as lewdness,
And curse thy comfort as pure wickedness,
Wrapped in a crimson scent, thou dost abide,
Consorting with the beasts, by their side.

When we, to stay alive, must kill our soul,
Thou risest from the death to make us whole.
Holding our hands with strength that never fails,
As through the dark of death thy spirit sails.

The pain of flesh that's torn into a shred,
The grief that breaks the spirit, filled with dread.
Thou wailest with us in our loud lament,
Sharing the cries that from our hearts are sent.

Thy tenderness is never weakness shown,
Thy pleasure has no sin to call its own.
When thy deep crimson anger starts to rise,
We are no longer lonely in thy eyes.

The filthy, the hideous, the cast away,
The vagrant, and the slave in disarray.
The woman, and the stranger from afar,
The branded, and those whom even marks debar.

To those beyond the boundary, thou dost reach,
With lessons only thy kind heart can teach.
Instead of bringing us within the line,
Thou breakest down the borders by design.