

Intention

Let the silent speak through me
Those lost without a language
For their borderless bodies
Whose origins are not limited
To these divided states
Those who embody the oppressed and the oppressor
Who stand as the “And”
In the midst of this or that
Who have no native tongue
In an underdeveloped nation
A nation whose premature violence
Has fallen upon the youth of a new day
The children born under a flag
Whose stars and stripes
Only symbolize
The infinite possibility of skies
Who bless us with new horizons
Let the silent speak through me
Generations locked in prayer
Seeking a new way
To embrace authenticity as a spiritual practice
To free our bodies from the lies
We learn about our worth
Lies systematically reinforced
To have us believe we are a deformation
A stain on the white collar
Of an America that lives for the bottom line
The bottom line that keeps my kind
Trapped under the glass ceiling
Let my words exist as stones
In the glass house of a thieved nation
Cast my body as a new expression of perfection
Celebrate the children born as intersections
Who will not be so easily divided
Let the silent speak through me
Stand united in our appreciation for difference
Declare independence
From the dependency on validation
Stand as an affirmation of the “And”
As a new declaration
Let my words exist for the dissemination
Of a new language
For a redefined nation born without borders
Let my words speak the silent into free

–Lex¹

Note

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