

Trancestors

by Sawyer Lovett

I never laid myself down to sleep,
as a child, pillowed on prayer.
And if I ever prayed the lord
my soul to wake
it was for the gift of vigilance.

I make wishes now
on stars, eyelashes, dandelion fluff
for the safety of my friendship
for kindness to bloom
in a garden long neglected.

Thank you, Marsha, for
 STAR
 floral headdresses
 the scars no one called beautiful.
Protect the tall girls
and remind them to pay it no mind.

Thank you, Sylvia, for
 Stonewall
 standing up
 calling out
 all the kids you brought up
 the ways you still lift us up.
I imagine you swimming through a sea of stars
your kiki a spell of protection
with timeless rhythm.

Thank you, Leslie, for
 your blues
 and butchness
 labor
 blue collar
 blue jeans.
and teaching
that tenderness and toughness
can braid a stronger rope.

Thank you, Lou
 Harvey
 Rock
 Dorien,
 Audre,
 and the hordes of people lost to history.
The gods I pray to might be dead,
but new ones are born every day.

