

Mariah Thomas

---

We Marched

I see an infinitely long, obsidian tunnel,  
no light shining out from the end.  
It is tantalizing; the suspense is hanging on the air, permeable,  
and so, we jump,  
unknowing, yet always trusting.

Yet, perhaps this time, our trust was misplaced.  
For as we blindly step into the obscurity,  
there are occurrences of injustice flowing all around us.  
As we take a step forward,  
we take a step back yet again, never gaining ground.

Suddenly, the tunnel is filled with colors;  
tendrils of vapor with all different hues,  
reaching out to us,  
calling us,  
as if screaming at us to touch them.

You touch the red,  
and it becomes anger.  
Madness is instilled within you:  
you are more upset than you can remember,  
and yet, your reasoning for being this way is clouded.

You're upset because people with different views than you  
are fighting against the way you see this world.  
You're annoyed because the LGBT community  
has gotten rights to equal marriage,  
and the purple hatred flowing through your veins will not allow you to be joyous for them.

You're angry at Mexican immigrants  
(even though America is a nation made up of people who have come in search for hope).  
You're angry that they're coming over the border,  
escaping the pink oppression of their own country  
for the discrimination you show them here.

You're sickened at the sight of strong and independent women.  
Your sea foam green mind thinks that the rent we must pay for our existence

is practicing silence,  
and being an object

for men to lust over.

You're frustrated because rape shouldn't be placed on the perpetrator's shoulders;  
no, instead, we must find a way to  
blame the victim  
in a situation of oppression,  
because that's what the startlingly blue patriarchy has taught us.

You're mad because colored people want their lives to matter,  
when they've been fighting this battle for the past 150 years.  
There's been a violet Civil Rights Movement,  
there's been a crimson Civil War,  
and yet, we cannot get past the image ingrained in our heads that we must have slaves.

And, as if all of this violence swirling all around us were not enough,  
there's a man,  
a human being,  
and he just earned an elected position  
leading the most powerful nation in the world.

And he has stirred the pot;  
he has brought back up  
all these feelings-  
these ones of coal hatred and blackened supremacy;  
those of navy bigotry and stark white divisiveness.

Every day, I ask myself  
if this is the reality  
I am forced to live with.  
Or, is it a dream?  
Will I wake up and see the sunshine?

And then, suddenly appearing,  
I see a light.  
A spark, coming through the darkness,  
growing in size,  
becoming bigger than the rest of the colors you see.

I reach out, remembering once again  
the naivety it took and the painfulness of what it felt like to trust the last time,  
and then, there's an explosion.

An explosion which reminds you  
of all the good there still is in the world.

Swirling around me is a sensory overload  
of fantastical, powerful, incredible images

which will remain ingrained in my brain  
for the rest of my life.  
I am uplifted.

I see red;  
but no, not the red of anger,  
nor blood flowing through the streets.  
Instead, there is the red of resiliency,  
the red which represents the resistant revolution.

There are orange hands reaching out to me,  
handing me my faith in humanity again  
on a golden platter.  
Instilling bravery within me;  
once more teaching me that I am brilliant because I am myself.

Yellow sunshine spreads over us all  
as we begin to march,  
as if giving us a symbol  
that the world is not the dreadful place  
we've all seen it become in the past 4 months.

I see green movement,  
always going forward,  
always progressing,  
always hoping for peace,  
always fighting for integrity.

Blue fills the air,  
signifying the progress we are making.  
It signifies the history behind the movement,  
the strength behind the people around me.  
The weight is lifted off my shoulders, and I am free.

There's purple tendrils grasping out,  
holding eachother's hands,

telling each and every one of us, "You are not alone."  
We stand here united,  
because each and every time we are stronger together.

There's a pink vortex swirling all around,  
lifting all of us up.  
I am higher than the stars in the sky,  
surrounded by fellow women and men  
wearing knitted hats with cat ears; standing, forever strong.

I see white.  
I see smiles so brilliantly shining that it's as if  
the stars have come down from the heavens.  
I see glistening signs being held up,  
telling us we never stand alone.

I see black.  
I see black trying to bring us down,  
yet we are too secure in our beliefs.  
I see hatred pulsing all around the nation;  
yet somehow, we still rise, and I hear the roaring of the women surrounding me.

There is a rainbow of color.  
It lifts us up,  
it gives us strength,  
it reminds us of the good,  
and it helps us realize that we are one.

Our neighbors,  
our families,  
our community,  
our nation.  
All of us have the capability to shine brilliantly.

And the light,  
pulsing ever brighter:  
it is tantalizing; the suspense is hanging on the air, permeable,  
and so, we jump.  
Unknowing, but always trusting.