

ANGELA ABALO

LIFT EVERY VOICE

Lift every voice they said, but sometimes it feels
Like we are just screaming into the void
The echoes of our struggles bouncing off walls
Unheard, ignored overlooked claiming I am just another angry lady,
Why should I beg to be heard, to be seen to be involved,
Why does lifting my voice feel like a burden, like a weight/
Am I lifting weights in a workout or am I just trying to get my words out?

When I lift my voice I do not just
Want to shout for fear of being crushed
I do not just want to lift my voice my my hands are being pinned down I
don't just want to lift my voice when my resume is put aside because of
my name I do not just want to lift my voice when I am almost giving up

I want my voice to be a guiding light
Where hearts connect effortlessly sharing in the beauty of love
I don't want to shout out anymore in anger or in pain
I want my voice to speak volumes
Like a Super Bowl artist, I want my voice to be a sweet memory
That lives on a symbol of pure harmony.

Deep down we have a deeper yearning
Just like Martin Luther King has a dream a vision a desire
A longing to uplift our voices where love is unconditional
And where opportunities are equal despite your condition
Where humanity is not a dream but a reality
Because if not human who else do we want to be
For in the depths of our hearts and in the quietest of sighs
There is a voice being lifted.

In the words of Maya Angelou "Still I rise"
We declare that our voices will no longer be used bruised and abused For that
is not how divine royalty is treated
So when we lift our voices we not only shout for injustice
We shout out in pride for our black excellence
We shout for our ancestors who left legacies and our new
Leaders who keep us shining
For our grace is like a crested crane, stunning in all the different shades So we
forever lift our voices our anthem of hope our sacred space

 This poem is inspired by the African American anthem "Lift every voice and sing"