

The Night the People Reclaimed You

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A Greek matriarch leads the way carrying a sequin banner
She stitched it together from strike notices and reclaimed nights
It reads 'If we can't dance this is not our revolution'
She's an experimental midwife flanked by disruptive sisters
They birth art, multiply leaders, and usher in new practice
She ceremoniously dresses you up for a coming out party
Balloons hang, not for gender reveals but for gender revolutions
Starlight and a super moon illuminate memories of martyrdom
Rongo, the god of new growth, is watching over us tonight
You stand tall with memory, tattooed with class defeat
Dusty banners adorn walls, loving blankets for your slumber
Unfamiliar faces pour over you, studying a frozen expression
It's been a while since you've been stirred by collective motion
You stare back with strip lights searching for a familiar mate

There he stands, sharing a lament of Labour's class treachery
A prayer for the disaffected and dispossessed
When the crowd erupts in life-affirming applause, you stir
Your walls soften to the motion of 150 bodies, awake and unafraid
You plunge with them into darkness, plots, laughter, and dance
You are full of collective memory propelled by new possibility
When the people clap again, it's for you this time
Thank you they say, but you want to thank them back
The Greek matriarch created something to remember and see
When car strike memories met with the sound of Cardi B
Finally the movements you'd been waiting for, they came to be . . .