

Daring To Resist

Dare I demonstrate in solidarity
with persecuted brothers of mine
who, in circumstances of singularity
are condemned, not for a crime
committed, but for suspicion thereof
convicted, by reason of:
Unpopularity?

Dare I tread towards my brothers
offering an arm and a shoulder?
Showing that I, too, do shed tears
that cause not my flames to smolder
but rather... to rise... even bolder!

For it's the abuse of power
the justification of what is cruel
that sets our tears flowing...
Bitter, hotter, glowing...
And they are tears no longer
but multifarious droplets of fuel...
kindling the flames even brighter.

Dare I become a fighter?

Dare I declare they should be deemed
innocent until guilt is proven?
Dare I say these accusations
seem like facts, with fiction woven?
Dare I show I am a supporter?
Dare I attempt this intrusion?
Dare I jeopardize my position
and risk redirecting Hate?
Dare I fall from 'Grace,'
Myself being the upcoming victim
of this modern-day Inquisition?
And...anyway... in reflection:
Is it not too late?

But I hear my conscience call:
No, it is not too late
For if you allow your brothers to fall
the lifeline that holds you all unwinds
and you follow the same fate!

For the question isn't
and never shall be
'Do you dare to resist?'

But is and always has been:
“Do you intend to exist”!!