Your Hate is My Fuel

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and my being is your muse.
I can be big or small.
I cannot be a thing at all.
And my presence will still have you seethe.
I can be digestible and coy,
frail and timid -
never assert me and remain rigid.
And you may still puff and heave.
Look at me! I can be proud and loud.
Confident and wild!
Angry and even violent,
but my simple being is what makes you so aroused.
See I am not like you, I am the enemy.
Even men who look like me - they look like me
Then look in the mirror and examine what they see, then look at me,
Look in the mirror- then proclaim to all who hate them - they hate what they see.
Nevertheless...I will take up space in my life because I own it.
I will take my brush and unhand you my life because moving forward it will be by my design.
I will venture only where I am celebrated not tolerated.
Never compromising my being, elevating every inch of my space.
Then only accept respect because I command it.
I will interrupt and disrupt the status quo.
Pick up pieces of my eruption and build a dome-
for all the people who feel like me and may need a home to flourish.

Because I am powerful and meek,

powerful but weak

I hope the people who navigate spaces after me will do so valiantly.

because that sort of progress will have people stowing away history because it's so hard to conceive.

Your hate is my fuel,

my being is your muse,

and my fire will burn mercilessly.