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## Labels

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## Labels

*Randilee Sequeira Larson*

On Sundays I wear a rosary and worship Satan  
Draped in horns and halos alike  
I sit in a state of superposition  
Neither Satanist, nor Christian  
My pagan phrasing lures heresies to my tongue

Such as:

For every 2 there is 1,  
In every moon there shines a sun  
Black and white, female and male  
These weaved tales bind our minds  
And fail to capture all that we are.

Your brain is grey  
Make sure you see the shades

Because somewhere between red and blue  
Lies a lavender hue  
More useful than any other shade

We've forgotten how we were made—shrouded  
and wordless  
without purpose  
or label  
worthless yet loved  
untouched by thought  
and bathed in emotion.

Why do we insist on this boasting?  
On this loathing?

On these self-contained slogans?  
We're all token  
And by our own decision.

I don't understand  
Why we preach individualism in lieu of friendship  
Why we celebrate the expression  
But neglect the collective.

There has to be a  
Middle ground to all of this.  
A way to bridge the shit  
and come closer through it.

I don't have the answers,  
but I'm hopeful

That this boastful group of individuals may come together closer  
Not as fathers or mothers,  
not as daughters or sons  
But as one.

Without labels.  
Let us turn the tables.  
Let us rebel with love.  
Let our civil protest be found in joined hands  
and gentle intolerance.

Let us take back this land,  
Let us take back ourselves  
Let us reclaim all that we are—  
And let us do it despite who we are.