



Spirits have often tried to shatter women,
 Have tried to break bones as solid as steel windows
 Bleeding the curtains that stitched them.
 They will say it is an art of living.
 Say the tragic opera is arched this way in the sunlight.
 Say that women and court cases look best in the shadows,
 Dim and dull like a worn out circus.
 But,
 Justice does not know how to keep silent.
 Does not know how to stay in her place.
 Justice is loud, is bold.
 Tells you things you don't want to hear.
 Makes you swallow your pride.
 You see I'm convinced if justice were a person it would be a woman.
 Because woman can love a lot.
 Woman can love too much.
 Woman was created to be loved.
 Women, there will be moments in this world where you will stand alone.
 Days when the horizon can only sing hymns in the language of your enemies.
 Weeks when the earth speaks of nothing but hate for you.
 Years when man only knows of you from his own liking of oppression.
 Woman, do not take to hear those trials.
 Woman, stand up. Woman, let your soles rise like ballerinas.
 Woman, do not let go of your faith.
 Hold onto it like an infant holds onto his mother's breast milk. (justice coming)
 Let us rise for justice here as living oracles and dare
 To be the uncommon doctrine which is- truth.
 Dare to be the radical battle field's song for beauty.
 Where we are taught about our Majesty-
 No longer holding captive the stranger in the closet.
 Because a vision is the biggest threat to the system, and a dream
 Has the power to look a thief in the eye and take back its treasure.