

LIVING MONUMENTS

By Samantha Badaoa, Windsor's Youth Poet Laureate

I have spent years learning about names

Borders

And lines

From people whose tongues are too

Swollen

Whose schedule are too booming

and whose fingers are too callused to aim true

but too delicate

to dig my grave

or scatter my ashes

Our ashes

Have been left behind

Abandoned in churches that meant nothing to us

Hidden under park benches with vague and

Misspelled dedications

The dust around them seems thicker and

Thicker every day

I cannot walk past them without

Choking

Or thinking of rust

I am not interested in stand still

Ceremony

Or souvenirs

You cannot make trophies of our past

You can only grow what you let live

so

I have etched our names

Our stories

Into every breathing thing that I see

Into every pair of boots

That

I own

Walking is for the solitary

We can only march

Strike

And recreate

together