June 20, 2016

I would like to share with everyone this poem I wrote in memory of the LGBT brothers and sisters killed in Orlando:

**ORLANDO**

I once witnessed fair children born
Effulgent gifts of Danu
Fresh and clean as a sunny day
Into the path of life
They grew into mocking-bird youths
Carried on fragile wings
Their songs ridiculed for their tune
Despised for who they loved
Ferried on the currents of fate
Bobbing to their own beat
The two-souls weathered undue storms
Then comes a beast on human feet
Clothed in Ellen’s dark hide
With rusty mind and charcoal soul
Striking at innocence
Bawed down at Airtech’s Alter
Forty-nine youths cut down
No log-eeach can compensate
The souls of Orlando
Ne’er are their songs lost to us
From tragedy comes rebirth

Do any of you recognize the imagery? Danu, in Celtic tradition, is the Mother Goddess, the original source of Gods and man. She is who we all...
no matter our race, ethnicity or sexual orientation, come from. (She is also found in Hindu Vedic tradition!). Thus, no matter who we are, we are all children of Danu, effulgent gifts.

The mocking-bird, as many of you know, is a bird that mimics the calls of other birds. Many people who are LGBT are often forced to hide who they are and live in the shadows of society. They often have to live false “straight” lives “mimicking” the songs of straight people, when inside their own song roars to get out.

This hidden life can often leave people physically and emotionally scarred and they carry themselves through life on fragile wings.

When they do “come out” and act like themselves, stop living in false shame, they are ridiculed and hated.

Through whatever fate they are destined, those of strength and those still hidden bob to their own beat. They weather through “undue” (unarmed) storms of discrimination.

The two-souls refers to people who often feel they are two different identities in one body—which is also why I use “they” at times throughout the poem.

And the beast on human feet refers to the people who discriminate, hate and attack. Ellén a three-headed monster in which lived, in Celtic myth, in the Cave of Cruachan, a gate to the Otherworld.

Aírítech was a creature that also used the Cave of Cruachan to enter this world. She had three daughters who would go out—like a senseless gunman—in the
shape of werewolves to kill villagers.

In Irish and Celtic tradition, restorative justice is a central aspect of the law. In ancient times, an "eric", a type of fine or penalty, was levied against a criminal for bodily harm or homicide. This was referred to as a log-enech, which was an "honor price". We all have a log-enech. We all have dignity and honor. But in a situation like Orlando, when blackness cloaked in Eileen's hide guns down 49 innocent lives no log-enech can compensate that hurt.

Never shall the songs of those who were killed be lost to us. From tragedy comes rebirth.

Síochán.