

Love is Love is

Neither of us are revolutionaries, and we're never going to change the world so it fits us better. Instead we're going to contort ourselves to pretend like we fit the world while still reaching as best as we can for halfway happy. Sometimes we even get close.

Even still, we live in a world where we have to defend our right to exist, where love is love is love only if it's the right love and the people like us parade in the streets in bright colors and yell that we won't be ignored.

And we will be ignored, because the boy who likes boys is afraid he'll lose the love that he has in a bid for the love he might want, and the girl who doesn't like anyone is afraid that she's broken and love is love is love unless it isn't there in the first place.

Where is your heart, little bird? He gives you care and all you can find in yourself is nothing. You don't want to be loved, you want to want love, because you're afraid when you get it you won't be able to give it in return.

The people who are like us marching in the streets are shot in their clubs because love is love is love will often be met with hate. We stick a band aid over a bullet hole and let it fester. Maybe if we just don't look, it will go away.

Neither of us are revolutionaries, and we have not touched the stars, nor are we forgiven, which brings us back to the hero's shoulders when they march in bright colors, and the gentleness that comes not from the absence of violence, but despite the abundance of it.