

A Keening for Lady Liberty

O hì shiubhlainn leat
Hì ri bhò hò ru bhì
Hì ri bhò hò rinn o ho*

My lady, with your torch dimmed
With your tears weighing down your face
With your dress weighed down by feet shackled with:

- Restrictions
- Limitations
- Laws that bind you

You have fallen
Your book of your pages broken asunder
Your crown off-kilter
Your eyes now seeing only sky, not:

- New people
- A chance of freedom
- The end of the American Dream

Your daughters are falling at your feet
Wailing mothers, who knew how it used to be
Wailing daughters, scared of what is becoming
Wailing elders, who knew how it should have been

You reminded us of a promise
A promise we made to ourselves and the world
You were a gift from others inspired by our idealism
Yes, you always had cracks:

- "Free" wasn't for all
- "Man" really meant only men, not even you, my Lady
- Not all were welcomed the same

But we tried to patch the cracks
We fought
We changed
We focused on the promise of the dream

But your death blow was the result of small slashes,
Too small for some to notice
You fell, and all your daughters felt the earth shake:

- As they lost ownership of their bodies
- As they fear having the right identification to vote

- As they see the chance for equal rights wither and die

When we are done keening, we will rise

We will build you anew

We will fix your gaze in ward to keep us honest

We will ensure our children can thrive

Look down on us, Lady Liberty

Look down on your children:

- Restore our hope
- Ignite a spark
- Light your lantern to guide our way

Our country's life depends upon this.