

# I survived.

By Justin Rule | 6.14.16

I survived the terrorist attack on the club in Orlando  
I was right there.  
I was with the barista and the high school grad  
I was sitting right next to the soon to be dad  
I survived the terrorists agenda and won't ever be silenced by a bullet  
Put your finger to the trigger and I fearlessly dare you to PULL IT

I survived April 15th in Boston and the 60s in 'Bama  
the bigotry of the 80s and the colors on Waco cyclers' bandannas  
I survived when the whip was the only language of the south  
I survive when leaders declare 'fair' what is 'unjust' with their mouth  
I survived in Sanford and in courtrooms where the jury is hung... when lives seem to break  
The collateral from my enemy is not only those lives lost, but the ones left in the wake  
I give myself to all lives - all colors, shapes and sizes - they all matter  
Because you can't kill Love.  
I am always full, never empty.  
I will not shatter

I have survived hate crimes since the beginning of time  
The moments when there seems no reason, when no solace comes from a rhyme  
It perplexes me how the ages have tried to take me  
It perplexes me what the ideas of man have tried to make me  
Your laws will never arrest me,  
Your flaws will never conceal me  
Even the ovens of Auschwitz could not quench me

I survived an Amish schoolhouse - a scene of terror in PA  
When a man tried to kill me in my house in Charleston, I lived to see another day  
When the City of Lights turned dark orchestrated by hate  
When innocent lives are taken from the womb at an alarming rate  
When genocides polluted the skies  
When 4 planes caused 2,996 to die  
I survived in Columbine, in Jackson, in Selma, in DC  
I will admit it is difficult when people walk in ignorance *and call it me*  
When stones are raised to execute the sinner, I forgive for it is what I know  
I survived the attack in Orlando

Whenever hate attempts to infringe on my domain  
It is then I remind people *I am not a feeling* - I have a name  
While the color of blood is what most associate with me,  
I am The Father who sent His Son to set you free.  
Free from the mirror, from their opinions, from their guns  
Throughout the course of history, when me and hate battle, I have always won!  
Don't pretend I'm familiar with jeers of the crowd: Hate convicted *my* Son  
But I survived the whip - 40 lashes, less 1  
I am the only one who can speak to a wall and it must come down!  
Sorry Westboro, you have it all wrong: my Son would have been in that club if He was in town!  
and I survived Calvary, i won't be silenced by ignorance or brutality  
My Name is Love and there is nothing that can silence me!

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