At the Stake
Rachel Kario

I walk upon the pyramids
like Cleo did before she took the high road,
I'm burning up like Jean
(The revolution will never end),
I write my past and present and future so I'll always
keep burning like Maya,
But I only wanted to have a voice

A woman shouldn't have to burn
To be seen
A woman shouldn't have to cry
To be heard
A woman shouldn't have to die
To be known

A man doesn't need to walk on water,
A man doesn't need to walk on the stars,
A man doesn't need to cry
In order to be seen, heard, known

Aristotle wouldn't look at me,
Jefferson wouldn't open up his ear for me,
Bukowski wouldn't remember my name

But when the fire is alive,
When the fire is bright,
Their eyes will turn to flames
And they will hear the roaring flickers
And they will remember my name

Pass down the torch
From Cleo to Joan to Maya to me
Pass down the flames
Throughout the pages
And watch the book go up in flames

The revolution will never end
Until I am seen,
Until I'm heard,
Until I'm known
(I'm burning up again)