UNHERALDED
An ode to my mentor

Move her to the head of the line
Not because she asked for it,
But because she earned it,
I stand to herald her praises

So many times she rose to the occasion
With skillful hands and little demand
Often taking the sole stand
While others erected barriers in the sand.

She never asked for your praises
When they came, she would often walk away
She never sought your adoration
Her deeds came from love and dedication.

My mentor was the lead
Not because she asked for it
But because she earned it
I wished all could know her deeds

May her legacy live on until all can see
How her actions elevated many, even the excluded like me.
She taught me to stand tall,
Leap over barriers and high walls,
And to focus my sights toward the sky
And with her propelling skills taught me how to fly

Like Plato’s students, I learned at her knee
And it did not take me long to see,
That not only did she break the ground for me,
But for a whole generation, yet to be.

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