

Lady of Belen

In the midway of my life,
I found myself being sent away
To the land that would cure my happiness,
They wanted to rid me of my gay

I was sent to the City of Belen
Named after the Virgin Mary,
The city would make me pure
Caged here I would earn my weary

Alone I wandered the land
Slowly losing my free might
Until I saw the Lady of Belen
Her beauty giving a holy sight

Her body became my holy land
Her voice my saving grace
Her love my faith,
My Lady of Belen!

I thirsted to taste the holy waters of her land
Her virtue would return my joy;
My colors had been turned gray
But her pouring river returned their gay

I was sent to the City of Belen
Named after the city,
My Lady of Belen erased the guilt
She knew my gay was no impurity

Together we were a religion
The City was no cage
My lady of Belen was waiting
She knew I would be here in rage

Those who sent me here
They returned to their cage
Charged with barbed wires of hate
I escaped with Belen.

--Maria De Jesus Antunez