

## **Superhuman**

**By Elijah Burg**

The modern history of my people is rooted in superhumans.  
For a hundred years or forever we have imagined  
Creatures who could hold the weight of worlds,  
Who saw this place we all call home as it was and as it could be  
And had the power to make it so.  
People whose words were heard by hundreds of thousands  
And held in a place of honor by ears our voices never reached.  
We were not enough,  
But they could be.  
Through our superheroes,  
Born of our minds and hands and heart's desires,  
We make this world a place we want to live in.  
At their conception,  
They were our hands in an imagined future  
We longed to enter.  
And now,  
They bleed ink into reality.  
Our past hopes have planted roots in the fertile soil of our society,  
And the fruits of our labor are ripe for the picking.  
Two men who dreamed of justice  
Of equity  
Of life and of love  
Who poured their souls into their sketches and words into their mouths  
To carry their messages long after they were gone

Live on.