Oh black child, how they hope to dull your voice.

From a dove’s gentle cry to your sounds of rejoice.

Unconventional, they've deemed your poise,

Yet you must know how worthy you are,

Girls and boys.

Skin glossy as caramel,

Or smooth as ebony.

Seen as a threat,

For which there is no remedy.

Too often your prose,

Deemed a felony.

With silent nods and judging stare,

Derives a long chord of hate, for which you are keenly aware.

While unfair and unjust,

Your words, they must, reiterate the words from what I discuss.

I reflect on the Reverend King,

Through a lens of historical perspective.

The silent shuffle of feet deemed,

Rather introspective.

How he held his head high,

No matter the objective.

How he didn’t let the words of the enemies,

Change the collective.

I reflect on his leadership,

And his love for his nation.

How he never felt boast,

And lived in abnegation.

King walked by faith,

No matter the connotation.

Showing the black American,

Its biggest weapon is their education.

For anger may have felt a righteous path,

But, the Reverend knew there was no peace in the aftermath.

It is easy to hate,

It is harder to love.

And Martin preached love,

That many just dreamed of.

Never an act of violence,

Not nearly a shove.

Rather he set his sights,

On what was above.

Oh how strong his legacy,

Booming through time a revelry.

That a black child may be seen past one’s pedigree.

To have the luxury to be proud of one’s identity,

To have felt an ounce of serenity,

And to have changed one’s destiny.

For despite our struggles,

We are a people who excel.

King’s foundation he laid,

Permits us to do so, well.

We have as much a place in this country,

As does the liberty bell.

I have nothing to sing,

But praises of King.

Who despite everything,

Knew freedom could ring,

No matter the sting,

Oh a light to his people,

The Reverend would bring.