

Owed to Martin Luther King, Jr.

by Top Pun

This epic poem is in honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
and all of those who have been inspired by the American civil rights movement.

This MLK poem can be downloaded at:
TopPun.com/Poetry/Owed-to-Martin-Luther-King-Jr-Day-Poem.pdf

Rekindle the story
Of Martin Luther
King, Jr.
An unequalled story of two halves
Those who halve
And those who halve not
As far apart as North is from South
A Protest-ant leading a Reformation
To not have a prayer
What kind
Of moral fiber
In a sea of White
To pick
A fight
Bringing
Not even
A knife
To a gunfight
At the OKKK corral
Taking a beating
All that they can give
To the man
A hymn
Of racial harmony
Effacing off
With ballads
Against the elect
Impervious to ballots
Votes cast
Both sides agree to only won thing
Nobody wants even one King
Let alone a King, Jr.

And resistance is feudal
Incredible odds must be faced
At least
Hate to won
How to right a bout
A fray sew
Epic
Verses
Governors, mayors, and sheriffs
Wee the people
Wile police do the bidding of property owners
That would be U.S. versus "them"
Nationwide there would be no holiday
For aegis to come
With their eye halve a dream speech
Portending
Something between a White Christmas
And some Valentines Day massacre
Like anyone could be that cupid
Fêted
That somebody will eat Jim Crow
The too haves
Called out
"Be patient"
"Change takes time"
Like a sentry
Long asleep at his post
For a bad check
100 years overdue
A Reconstruction of history
To cheat preconstruction workers
Only libel to be slandered
For bringing up such an owed debt
Let a loan reparations
A countenance of dis' affirmative action
By bye accrual world
Like some after-Birth of a Nation
No congratulations
It's a "boy"
And only maid

To answer the White man's
Call for help
Does that ring a bell?!
Down south
The horn of plenty
Oft in the sticks
Roused by
Taps, not revelry
At the servants entrance
Some hum drum major
For just us
For piece
So broken treat he
Like a red man
Without reservations
Freedom lying
A cross
A sea of hate
And the time has past
To take any ship from anybody
Yet were in
The same
'bout now
Donning that same old protection under the law
Wear all hate crimes
Not a resting
In that qualm before the storm
In those hours of darkness
When men in white hats
More like hoods
Lose face
As nameless rabble
All looking the same
Down on me
Amidst the dark
Un-savior-y knights
Sending in the Calvary
A notice for all to see
Hanging from a tree
Like a thief in the knight

Congregating like missing links
Craven chains
A lynch pen
For cooking up plots
A collusion course
With the White press
Their Blacks against the wall
Men
Roped
In
Jury
Of what peers
To be a race that can't be won
No
Hung
Jury
Hear
All things pre-judicial
Courting
Ruling
Classes
Separate but equal
Inherited-ly unequal
How many Browns versus Boards of Education does won need?!
Where are the convictions?!
Motion to strike!
A distant second class warfare
Putting on
Voting
Right
Acts
Where they may not be able to read
But they can ride
Or not
At the back of the bus
And behind the white line
To freed 'em
At high noon
Taking an eating
To know

Free
Lunch
Counter
Uncolored
Buy un-slavery moments
Counter demonstrators
Make an X-ample
Burning hommés
Like children inside
But no innocents to be found
Like attack dogs
As Montgomery burns
De-rides excellent
Release the hounds
Striking at dissenter
Like flowers reaching for their power in the sun
Having lain in a bed of fertilizer
Untill it was too mulch to hold in
Facing not your garden-variety
Of hosers
In bed with hounds
Uncivil rites
Like unwelcoming hoes
For the great unwashed
Erring their dirty laundry
Their mouths piece-full
Uncalled for
Domestic help
The feds
Versus the unfeds
The police lyin' stretching from south to north
Know un-human paws
Fool heart-ily trying to disarm the unarmed
Trying to raze hell
Gathering won's convictions
Inescapably
Like taking Gandhi from a baby
Like youth in Asia
Boxed in
K-no-wing war fair

"No Vietcong ever called me nigger"
Like Tuskegee err men
Flighting for a freedom
Not their own
Uncle Tom
Akin to lawn jockeys
Frozen in time
Some con-tending
Nothing to do with race
Some White solution
To which the uncowed cry out
got MLK?
For MLK does a body of good
Without intolerance
Echoing of chorus
Threw out the nation state
Don't make me laugh!
We shall
Overcome
Spew out all things revolting
That's snuff!
One last scrap
Sanitizing history
In Memphis
Apparently only big enough for one King
Garbage
Men
Struck out
In union
That wage old battle
Land filled
With confederates
Getting superior pay
Yet another
March over
A few daze beyond April fools
A Ray of darkness
An escapee from prism
A shaft
Of light

Challenged
Another
Crack
Hit
Man!
I am
A single shot
I am
A man
The cry
Still
Goes out
As violins wring out
How many wrongs make a riot?!
One less star to guide us through the night
Until mourning dawns
And in its wake
The eternal questioners arise
"Life's most urgent question is: what are you doing for others?"
"Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out
hate; only love can do that."
"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere."
"I believe that unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in
reality. That is why right, temporarily defeated, is stronger than evil triumphant."
Martin Luther King, Jr. Way is more than a street
It is a road less traveled, not a road less traveled
His spirit lives on
In one chord
In choir
Justice
Peace
Is it just a day off?

1-12-12