

He Was a King

He was a king
A king with a vision
A vision that would bellow echoes that would ring
Those echoes ringing throughout history, meeting collision after collision
In addition
His dream would spread
To the people who while they were worried about bringing home the bread
Wanted freedom, justice, and equality for themselves and their future generations
His ringing would sound in their heart crying for no more color to be unjustly bled
For the message to embed
To spread the claim that all men are equals
This challenge of hatred, discrimination, and cruelty should not have sequels
The words we speak should be love and peace for we are just people
People who cry, laugh, and sing together as a community
There is no immunity
No immunity to the negligence of our fellows as human beings
Human beings who no matter the color are living with feelings
Yet still there is no justice when their human rights are attacked
The system is cracked
Yet there is a dream
A king who had this dream was a man that all could deem
A legendary and profound human being who deserved the last name of king
For when he spoke of his dream all around would listen and cling
Cling to the preaching of wisdom and love and hope for all who can call themselves human
Spreading the message of hope and love his acumen
A king with a dream that would forever be in history for who he was and what he has done
He was a king, Martin Luther King