

Poem for Martin Luther King JR

*Putrid, you had been called.
A vile creature when all you wanted was peace.
You had fought, but not with violence.
Using your voice you fought.
Your voice got attention, attention that had saved thousands.
Hate had come your way, but you did not stand for it.
You got hurt and Condemned to a cell and you did not stop fighting.
Yet after your years of war, and peaceful protests.
You had finally won your battle and your Justice.
When you had stood up, you spoke up.*

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