

The Legacy

Simon Covington

MLK Day 2019

It's a feeling

You know the one when someone might have taken the joke a bit too far

And you feel it up here

But you didn't do anything out here.

Couldn't you feel it?

It was a thumping in your chest

As if you might stand for something that you would usually leave a place for under the rug

It's a tightening in your throat

As if you might let your past experience

Dictate what you're about to do

Friends

With a capital "F"

call it a quaking

That urge in the bottom of your soul

To stand up in silence

While everyone else is still rooted in their seats

As if tied by the status quo

As if being in harmony

Is more important than creating a ripple

In the fabrics of injustice

It seems as though our minds

Are inundated with the thought of thinking justice.

And don't get me wrong that can make the world a better place

But it is nothing without making justice

Making justice with our own two hands

Making justice by marching onto the streets

Making justice by doing something as simple as standing up in the meeting for worship

Market justice as a thought, and not an action, in abundance
And we synthesize numbness

So have we taken this day,
MLK day,
as a day to relax?
As a day to retreat
As a day to take the shoes off our feet
As a day to not build the house across the street
As a day to remember a man, and not a legacy
And I am guilty of this as well.

But if it were the legacy we fought for
Our bodies would not be tied
They would be tired
Our hands would be callused and dirty
Our knees not bent from the sitting
but sore from the kneeling
Of planting a new garden

A new normal

Where we are not shy about what is wrong,
But bold about what is right.
Where we do not see standing as a ripple,
But rather a tsunami.
Where we can not only pick up litter off the ground,
But also ourselves from what once was an indifferent resolve.
Where we see justice not only up here in our minds,
But also in our actions.