

Wheat in the golden sun

There once was a king
Who wore a crown of white upon his head
His grip was vast
And it was tight
'Round all his people,
Injustice swirled and stewed
Separate,
Not equal
And for many years, this was all they knew

'Till one day, there came another King
One with a Dr. before his name
He saw the king to be cold and cruel
And he knew that he must not rule
For he saw the hurt in his people's eyes
But with time his people rose like crops
Bountiful, golden and strong
With patience he listened and watered
With courage, he never faltered
And his people, they grew stronger
Like wheat, they bent but never broke
'Cross all the king's fields, the people rose

There came a king,
Who dared to dream
Of a world with equality
Where no man was judged
By the color of his skin
Where all plants could prosper
Like sisters and brothers
So at the helm of this great movement
A great Oak rose
Leading his people
To battle their foes
They marched
They wrote
And let words ring
"We want freedom," the king heard them sing
And that oak only swayed, in the winds of violence
As he cared and nurtured
His people rose

Dr. King gathered all the strands
With words he wound them together
Into the strongest of ropes
And as roots grew close
The White King fell
And *all* the people joined together
Hand in hand
Shouting, "*we are free!*"
Now one step closer to equity