

A Letter to the Past

Write a sonnet to "So Long".

Paint a poem for the past.

Pen a word or two for yesterday.

Tell it we appreciate

The struggles and the troubles and the heartache and the pain,

The soldiers in the battles fighting fire through the flames,

The blood that was shed, all from heavyhearted veins

—Blood that guaranteed their struggle wouldn't be in vain—

The many unmarked graves...

The long forgotten names...

The tears we never saw because fell beneath the rain...

Tell Martin Luther King Blacks appreciate his name.

'Cause we understand it takes a certain man to make a change

To go against the grain...

bear your people on your shoulders,

And glory be to God for planting roses such as Rosa:

Rosa Parks--

My lovely lady, a beautiful bloom,

teaching that freedom is a seat that you have to assume;

And not everything that you're owed is something you get.

So if you want it, you should take and never forget

That even if the world's against you, you have to believe!

'Cause shooting for the moon is more than rockets and dreams.

It's Perseverance.

Persevere and never break.

Let your spirit be unbreakable,

Your faith should be unshakable,

A will is irreplaceable

So place it where it's capable

of really doing wonders.

Know that every dream's attainable!

So chase it till you make it true!

Never stop.

Never stall.

--

And thank you Neil Armstrong,

the moon: you went there first,

giving angel wings to wishes, you brought dreaming down-to-earth.

So now we know that if you try you can dance with the stars.

And even if it's out of reach, no goal is too far.

Just keep *shooting* for stars

...Keep a wish in your pocket,

and a dream in your heart.

keep it going, no stopping.

And keep raising the bar.

Never lower or drop it.

Slow dance with the moon:

...stars, wishes and rockets....

—

And Gandhi,

Thank you kindly for your reaches and your speeches,
for picking thorough the puzzle, forming peace from separate pieces.
different, yes, but equal, this is what you taught the people,
and that violence versus violence will result in nothing peaceful.
So why not just *be* peaceful?

And One love!

Bob Marley, dreaded and lion-hearted,
Your guitar created melodies which spoke into our spirits;
lifting weight up off our souls, replacing gravity with love.
You taught hands were meant for helping: if we get it, we should give it;
And that your life's a gift, so give life freely as you live it—
“Don’t worry” and “Be happy”,
You felt life was meant for living,
Not regretting or condemning.
We appreciate your wisdom.

Harriett Tubman is the name of the one who led the train
on a railroad underground, freeing slaves to northern towns.
Booker T., yes that was he, speaking out for blacks alike,
showing knowledge was the key to bringing peace to negro life.
Both of these are hero lives!

This letter is to ALL who dedicated themselves to the betterment of this world and its people:

Malcolm X

Sojourner Truth

Muhammad Ali

Tupac Shakur

Jackie Robinson

Wilma Rudolph

Mary McLeod Bethune

Fredrick Douglass

And MANY more who go unnamed but never unappreciated.

THANK YOU ALL.

-Joshua Armant