

Bring The Water In.

In a world on fire
two men refused to watch her burn
Concerned for her fate
One man sought to challenge this blaze
Bring the water in...
His ambition combed the streets of this nation like the ocean water to the streets of Louisiana
Bring the water in...
His voice filled rooms like thunder fills empty sky
Bring the water in...
His passion warmed every person within range
Sun light he was
Sun light he remains
A penny less man set on making change
but this nation won't budge to stuck in its ways
Liberation is cheap
but they profit from pain
our pain
a pain so deep that it hurts me now, til this day....

I heard the gun shot from decades away

Let it burn...
I felt the hammer slap the butt of the bullet
Let it burn...
Saw metal rip through flesh like a child through cake
Let it burn...
I wonder if we had made his crown out of more than hopes and dreams would he still be sleep
I wonder if we had marched just a little bit further, would we still feel so far behind

In a world on fire
two men refused to watch her burn
Concerned for her fate
One man sought to challenge the flames

A few hours before arriving in Indianapolis Robert Kennedy heard of Dr. Kings death
One man down
He heard of a champion toppled by a coward
One man down
He was informed that Hope drew its' last breath
One man down
He knew that this dream could turn nightmare
Panic in the streets
city's burning like cross in Malcolm's yard
Like plantation crops at the hand of a defiant runaway
like blood running down the throat of a black boy strung up like Christmas lights
Countless sky lines challenging the sunset for dominance over the night sky

Can't tell the difference between Coretta's cries or the sounds of fire engines and hurt.

A flatbed truck and a swallow of spit makes ready a man who could not relate to these people, my people until that hour
How strong must you be to inform a mass of people that their King had been slain by someone who looks like you

How do you measure the courage of a man, who can look pain and poverty in the eye and say "I get it, you're mad, and to be honest I can't blame you?"

As the flames grew around him, you could smell the charred concrete of Chicago and L.A. streets as he approached the mic stand.

His palms grew with more sweat as the temperature increase from Boston and D.C.

Beyond a sea of black faces all he could hear were the embers of Mobile as they snapped against black skin in Dayton

He could feel the ground shake as police officers formed barricades and battle formations in the streets of Detroit

Somebody, ANYBODY BRING THE WATER IN....

Robert Kennedy announced that Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. had been assassinated and but a brief scream fled the crowd

Then Silence....

There, a moment, before the riot could build, before chaos could roam, before terror could eat....there was moment

A moment created by a man who had also lost someone to cowardice

A moment created by a man who had walked through flames to stand here

A moment by a man who agreed that we could let it burn

use anguish as kindling

Be justified in your oppressive arson

find purpose in your gasoline tears and your match stick fist

Are we not better than their hate? Are we not more than our outrage and our aggression?

The news of Kings fall could have turned Indianapolis into a modern-day Pompeii, flooded streets of angry colors, raging reds, bigoted blues, ganging greens, yelling yellows, oppressive orange, and violet violence

Somewhere over the rainbow Martin is peeking to see if Bobby can bring comfort to the streets of Indy

Bring the water in, bathe in peace

Bring the water in, Let Hope rise like the tide

Bring the water in until we can cool the earth once more

A bullet tore through the nation that night

And Robert Kennedy made sure it never reached home

My home

Where even now, we stand here black and white

most of us if not all trying to make it through the flames of life

Together

as one

Some men want to watch the world burn
Some men are willing to withstand the flames

If there is anything Kennedy and King taught us is this, you have a choice on which one you want to be.

Bring the water in.

***-Tony Styxx
March 2018***