

Until He Came

By Elaine Rosenberg Miller

Until he came, it was a world divided

And walls shot up.

Rising out of the ground like tombstones.

Askew, errant, graying fractured tombstones.

Forgotten markers of long lost lives.

Dividing the living.

Black.

White.

White.

Black.

Separate and unequal.

One denied protection under the law.

The other acquiescing.

Then he came.

He, with his soft, cherubic face.

Determined sloe eyes.

Velvety, ebony eyes.

His lingering, languid, words hung on long after he departed, like some sweet, intoxicating perfume.

He marched.

In his well-cut suit.

He crossed the bridge, arm and arm with the awakening multitudes.

Young, old, women, men.

They would no longer sit silent.

They followed his rhythmic, constant, poetic voice.

A lullaby of reason. Right. Humanism.

They marched.

Year after year.

He spoke and the heavens listened.

The heavens listened.

And he was answered.

The nation, the world, turned and saw his vision.

He came.

He was ours.

Then his message, his words spoke for him.

And we are his children, his gifts.

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