

1-1-2011

Come Back to Me MLK

Scott Hixson
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Hixson, Scott (2011) "Come Back to Me MLK," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 32: No. 2, Article 58.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol32/iss2/58>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

Come Back to Me MLK

Scott Hixson

Come back to me, MLK-

these many years gone by.

I have waited patiently for this day to arrive.

Frozen soil now between us stands, draped gently
with the graceful dance of this morning's snow.

Courage and strength of heart defined you then.

These traits will lift your soul from under the icy frost

As they shaped you in life, too-

In death they will carry you far.

Trudge through the snow, I'll be waiting at the door.

Share in this coffee, you'll be awfully cold.

As it steams from the cup into the air of the kitchen,
broken by my breath held long in anticipation.

The bold sunlight held within the room by the
pulled lacy drapes cast its gaze upon you,
Framing a face weathered by intellect and compassion.

Boundless topics on my tongue. The conversations, rooted
in justice, brotherhood, and the rights of man,
last well into the lunchtime hour punctuated by
periods of passionate rhetoric, laughter, and sandwiches.

For two old friends we might be mistaken, Dr. King.
Though strangers we had been mere hours earlier.
Now the peace within our hearts shines as the bond between us.
It brightens the room beyond the rays of the afternoon sun.

I may speak of the blacks who robbed me once before
and you may relate a story from '68.
Under the hot Memphis sun how that bullet
barreled through the gentle winds of history.

Let us join arms for our brothers
and march through the streets under the setting sun.
Banners to our backs we'll march for the trodden,
for the meek and the forgotten.
Let us stare hate in its disfigured face and turn from it.
Arm in arm, let us be equals, be brothers.

You held no fear for death then.
Knowing its eternal grip strikes all colors, all souls.

Come Back to Me MLK (cont'd)

Your gift to the savagery and compassion of humanity.
Your life, taken. Now it has been reposed upon you,
Maker of history, Servant of justice, Peaceful man.
No bullet could've silenced your message.
In the hearts of men everywhere your ideas ring, never forgotten.

But you must go now the sun has set and the journey is long.
In the darkness you disappear from before my eyes.
As I stand beneath the snowy moonlight I am warmed
by the peace and passions left within me by your presence.
I am saddened to know you have gone-
Alas, do come back to me MLK.