To Answer Their Call

I was awakened suddenly out of my indifferent sleep
jolted to stunned awareness by stories of injustice.
Prejudice, blared the Holocaust, extinguishes lives.
Hatred, screamed black oppression, steals humanity from man.
Ignorance, reminded Columbine, breeds intolerance…
And while my young mind meanders in the harmful halls of hate
My soul stops to gather many bouquet of withered black weeds.
I guard them with my consciousness. My goal: to hate those who hate.
How odd, that I should copy the offense of the offenders.
Then, I return to reread the moral of their stories;
In a world of hate, surrounded by hate, their goal was to love.
They cast aside the black weeds and called across time to wake me.
I, too, can wake men to prejudice, hatred, and ignorance.
"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."
I will not forget the evil that lurks in the shadows of the past.
I will answer their call, the call of the victims to share the truth.
Never may there be an evil like Hitler and a curse like hate.
Their courageous deeds are those from which humanity rises.
In their shining legacy, my proud heart and soul are humbled.
But, I see my small heart can love many and fight for human rights.
And my small hands can reach out to soothe many great troubles.
Perhaps I will not be faced with blatant hatred, as they were.
Perhaps I will not be killed because of my race, as they were.
Perhaps I will not say my last words at the point of a gun,
But, as they did, I will leave a legacy through love for all.