

## Echoes of Reminiscence

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Even as the image of memory lane falters,  
and the knitting of depth-rich words wash away,  
the vivid rolling film written into permanence  
of an individual by the name of Dr. Martin Luther  
remains engraved without fray.

He asked, "Where do we go from here?"  
The souls yearn to reply;  
but complimented only by a refusal to listen.  
When will the caged dove abandon fear?  
When will the indigenous souls hear this cry?

Freedom rings, but with a crack.  
Unity is observed, but with a visible extent.  
And with a heavy realization,  
people choose to ignore what we lack;  
instead, they dwell on the spent.

Suffocated beneath the issues of war and violence,  
hidden by the exhausting attention to global warming,  
the longest struggle of America,  
still tugging at the acknowledgement of credence,  
remains as a topic of conforming.

Blood shed and tears drained,  
only to lag behind in the same worn path.  
Caught in a labyrinth, forgotten exits dusted over by age,  
neglected is the stifled heart of King's speech, wrenchingly pained.  
To look ahead, and leave in the past all memos of wrath;  
even still, only the color blind stands out  
against the rainbow of black and white.

And the walls continue to soak up the pleads,  
the only hope, now dependent,  
on the last few echoes of reminiscence,  
woefully seeping out onto the streets of burnt hatred.  
Where do we go from here?  
Where do we go from here?