

## Martin and My Father

Martin was too peaceful for me.  
He let those Deep-South dogs bite him  
Police club his head  
Suburbanites stone him  
Cowards bomb his house  
Firemen hose him down  
and judges throw him in jail.

I used to pack a .357 Magnum  
and if anybody messed with me,  
I would aim, pull the trigger  
and feel the kick of the gun  
saturated in spic anger.  
I wanted to kill all the  
racist pigs in the world  
and marching peacefully  
like Martin did, wasn't  
about to do it.

One time while arguing with my father  
I pulled a knife on him.  
That night he cried himself to sleep  
and I felt like an assassin.  
The next day I heard that Martin  
was shot dead and my heart crumbled  
for him and my father.

My anger turned ice-blue hot,  
well-kept, on target,  
proportionately forever and  
it was on this anvil that  
my pen was forged.

So I took my gun and knife,  
threw them in the lake  
and watched them drown.  
Then I went home and while  
my father took a nap on the couch

with the t.v. blaring about  
Martin's death,  
I kissed him with a poem.

And I'll tell you,  
    That Martin,  
        He was something else.

David Hernandez