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The Lilac Field

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THE LILAC FIELD

If we experience an act of justice will it declare that we do not live in a world replete with disparity?
I saw the field of lilacs.

It was here (in 1954)
on the corner of First and Capitol
where I first saw the initial lilac
in the courthouse bloom.

Lilacs,
you are the radiance during
the over-cast day. You are the tribe of activists proclaiming, these actions are not taboo.

Close-bosom friend of the sun,
in you I find myself afloat
when I drop the anchor of my boat
only to realize that things are not yet done.

At the line of poplars, I see
Grandfather, with beard white as snow
and walking-stick, singing his refrain
to a proponent of equality: To you I give my sprig.

With the opulence of lilac, a stupor
overtook me like I had been adrift at sea
of poppies. Within my brow the questions came:
Are humans born with natural right?
- Or
Should it be equity or diversity
that helps decide constitutional issues?
But for now, to you
I give my sprig of lilac.