

## **Caroline Gannon – Grade 9**

Martin Luther King's soul sings on,  
Louder than the gun that shot him.  
His soul is the rumble of protesters' feet hitting the pavement,  
The grumbling of empty buses, sputtering down the street,  
The words of his last sermon,  
Calling us over the mountaintops,  
To the promised land.

His soul was not silent,  
It stood strong against the screech of racial slurs,  
Screamed into his face,  
The hiss of water from a fire hose,  
Drilling into his skin,  
The jail bars slamming shut,  
Trying to soften his voice.  
His soul outsang the sound of James Earl Ray's bullet,  
Leaving the gun.

Martin's soul was his dream  
Echoing into the hearts of thousands,  
Giving our souls a fire, giving us life.

A whisper of hope.