12-1-2014

Ashes

Mauricio E. Novoa
Gettysburg College

Follow this and additional works at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/surge

Part of the African American Studies Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/surge/251

This is the author's version of the work. This publication appears in Gettysburg College's institutional repository by permission of the copyright owner for personal use, not for redistribution. Cupola permanent link: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/surge/251

This open access blog post is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
Ashes

Abstract
There’s silence as everybody waits to hear what we already know is coming, ears fixated on Robert McCulloch with hands over mouths, and our fears are validated. [excerpt]

Keywords
Surge, Surge Gettysburg, Gettysburg College, Center for Public Service, racial violence, prejudice, protest, peace

Disciplines
African American Studies

Comments
Surge is a student blog at Gettysburg College where systemic issues of justice matter. Posts are originally published at surgegettysburg.wordpress.com Through stories and reflection, these blog entries relate personal experiences to larger issues of equity, demonstrating that –isms are structural problems, not actions defined by individual prejudice. We intend to popularize justice, helping each other to recognize our biases and unlearn the untruths.

This blog post is available at The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/surge/251
There’s silence as everybody waits to hear what we already know is coming, ears fixated on Robert McCulloch with hands over mouths, and our fears are validated.

Nothing.

And just like that Darren Wilson’s bullets penetrate everyone’s glass-thin sense of security, and the United States is flooded in gasoline tears as the grand jury lights a match in Ferguson, and now everyone watches what has sparked.

Wilson calls Brown a demon, but on November 24th the world has seen Hell and those condemned to burn in it, and those that sit at home see that pain.

They condemn the judgment, which seems to turn them into saints, and under halos plead for peace to fly on dove’s wings to plant the olive branch we will all hold together, and they ask for peaceful protest.

“It’s what Martin would have wanted.”

Does anyone remember, though, when Martin said, “A riot is the language of the unheard. And what is it that America has failed to hear?”
How can you ask a community sprayed by fire hoses
as they stood in the river of their brothers’ and sisters’ open veins
to lower their tides?

How can you continue to ask them to keep singing
“We Shall Overcome” when the record has played for so long
the grooves have worn out?

When a system over 200 years old still doesn’t have the sense
to serve justice to a family who’s son was stolen,
how can you expect a silent response.

Anger bottled and shaken can only be expected to explode,
especially if hands have forced the cap to seal it in for so long.

And what about peace?
The dove can’t see if the air is polluted in tear gas
and can’t fly when its wings are clipped by rubber bullets.
Love is ideal but if it isn’t reciprocal
is it really love at all?

They say fire is uncontrollable,
and once started will inevitably swallow the arsonist and all those around.
But sometimes the fire seems larger
when everyone’s eyes are focused in
and they say it spreads through the forest
when in reality only a few blades of grass have burned.

It’s awfully easy to ignore millions of hands joined together,
raising the temperature without melting the land
when ratings and views grow like poison ivy from the infertile soil
ey every camera glues its lenses to.

The blaze is miniscule but its heat rivals a volcano.

But while peaceful protests are the response
keep from your looks of disgust towards the few
because you are asking for trees to rise in trenches dug by tank tracks
after being stepped on by combat boots,
being watched behind sniper scopes.

Mauricio Novoa ’14
Contributing Writer