

A WINDOW INTO AN ASSASSIN

The Crisis magazine, April 1968

Dedicated to the memory of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Known to Assassin

Not Known to Assassin

Known
to Others

Partly cloudy, a cool 55 degrees by 6pm this April evening. In many ways, until I come on the scene, an unremarkable day. A stretched canvas ready for my brush stroke. Sun easing down behind the clouds, people gathered around, and the day wraps up its business. I'm here like everyone else, who has an agenda for change.

By now, someone wielding the gun has only so much power over an idea, which bends around a bullet to take on a velocity of its own. People grow inured to the bullet but not deterred.

Not
Known
to Others

My thoughts ring as clear to me as true love. This moment, the moment of the gun, pushes forward after weighing on my mind over many hours of visions, but hits me like the rush of robbing a man of a day's work. That instance.

Most assassins want the fame of the kill, but the name of the assassinated always lives longer. Headlines can come from the need to know who could make such a choice-- a need that lasts for a moment. But a movement can't build around the name of a tool. Lives build upon spirit.

But how do we define what a spirit tries to subdue into action without calling its name over and over and over again?