*“Praying for freedom never did me any good ‘til I started praying with my feet.”*

 *-Frederick Douglass*

*“I felt my legs were praying.”*

 *Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, upon returning*

 *From the 1965 Selma to Montgomery march*

We Prayed with Our Feet

We prayed with our feet on that day

linking arms, clasping hands, marching forwards

as unflagging dreams lit the way to a distant prismatic future

where smiles are smiles no matter the color.

We prayed with our feet on that day

as harsh sunlight blinded our eyes

and billy clubs struck gasping faces

as unflagging dreams lit the way.

“*This is an unlawful assembly. You have to disperse.”*

*“Mr. Mayor, can we have a word?”*

We prayed with our feet that day

“I’ve got nothing more to say.”

So we stood our ground, heartbeats quickening

as unflagging dreams lit the way

and tears and blood splattered our vision

and cracking whips shattered our ears.

We prayed with our feet on that day

as unflagging dreams lit the way.