Taylor Swift > Coretta Scott King

Thank you for your time, I appreciate the gift

But I swear I’d trade it all, for a kiss from Taylor Swift

I’d wonder websites, and await her arrival at my city’s arena,

Sit front row in a sea of thousands; Chanting in anticipation

Aghast at the spectacle, light’s flashing

Drums and symbols clashing

Waiting for the lights to go dim

Her finger would signal my approval take the stage along side her

Singing a ballad of love and devotion

Understand the invitation from her eyes, I’d apply mine

And kiss the lips

Gaining her access to learn and love my story of life, she would harvest these memories

Surrender her faith and trust in front of millions

With a smile and one shed tear

From there tabloids would tell tails,

News teams and television host would boast

The world would chomp desperately at strands of information

Predicating wedding bells until they ring \*ding….ding…..ding\*

The universe watches her cream coated skin draped in God wear

Walk the aisle to unite us…together….forever

Consummation complete, and nine months after

I’d gather up our leaders and form the new black panthers

To all the opaque and close minded questions, I’d give answers

Teach the youth to reach high and develop new standards

Our child born; half slave, half master

Rally, would hear shots, and everyone would scatter

Taylor would watch and the realization would come faster

That this “post racial society” for her son is a disaster

Others would ask her thoughts and from her answer

Maybe, JUST MAYBE, this country would agree to demonstrate that Black Lives Matter

So I say I thank you for your time

I appreciate the gift,

But I swear I’d trade it ALL

For a kiss from Taylor Swift