**SAMPLE ENTRY/FORMAT**

The Salient Promise (Title), Andy Flaherty (Student Name), 11th grade (Grade), Concept Central Office (School)

We are still talking, walking with

Rosa, Martin, Malcolm, John Lewis

A country now in chaos recalling

Standing at the precipice of change

Nonviolent protests with violent deaths

Saying, “Glory, Glory Alleluia,” for brother Bobby

Sweet Bobby, Oh Bobby, the sixties’ other hope

Who, like the President, was silenced

His blessings the stuff of legend

Having walked the minefields of injustice

Armed with weapons of resistance

To “tame the savageness of man”

For glory would mean freedom “and justice for all”

Sweet Bobby, Oh Bobby, the sixties’ other hope

He was one of the peaceful warriors

Joining the emerging drum beat

Marching with the movement crying into

Songs that had been coming for hundreds of years

Connecting rhythmic notes black and white

With the silent spaces of Jim Crow

Sweet Bobby, Oh Bobby, the sixties’ other hope

And then they sang, “Glory, Glory Alleluia”

Under clouds of sadness

The salient promise of glory

“Of the coming of the Lord”

At his casket we clung to his wisdom

Fear and hate having been lethally injected

Sweet Bobby, Oh Bobby, the sixties’ other hope

Heroes beaten down

A President, a King, now Bobby

Denied their missions of peace

They must have known victory would

Be celebrated with a jubilant

“Glory Alleluia”

Sweet Bobby, Oh Bobby, the sixties’ other hope

We do not all walk the Edmund Pettus

Survive wars like Bloody Sunday

But there is a glory in all places

For all the people who rise

Accept the call to glory from the great

Noble warriors for peace

Sweet Bobby, Oh Bobby, the sixties’ other hope

Though the clouds of injustice

Still darken the highway of hope

Echoes through time and space

But “his spirit is revistin’ us”

His ripple of hope tearing down oppression

Its salient promise of glory still great

Sweet Bobby, Oh Bobby, the sixties’ other hope

We pledge to “fight to the finish”

Strive for that great heaven of freedom

“It will be ours, it will be ours”