

These Feet Are Made for Marching*

Harry unlaced his sneakers, peeled off his socks, and brought them to his nose. “Damned if these don’t smell like those I wore when we were in Oakland in 1965; you remember, on the train tracks trying to stop the troops from going to Vietnam – somehow those days felt more righteous.”

Helen raised an eyebrow. “Don’t know about righteous but your socks probably had more than a little fear mixed in with the picketing sweat. Those Oakland cops were something else. Your socks stank then and they stink now. You send them to the White House and they’ll come after you as a terrorist.”

Harry chuckled. “Nothing wrong with that. Give me a second and I’ll think of a tweet for Donnie-boy, put it in with the socks and he can use it the next day. You can help make sure there are plenty of misspellings. We want it to read like an idiot wrote it.”

“Sure, meanwhile can you throw the socks in the laundry basket and get us a couple of beers on the way back?”

He cracked open two cans of ale, put them on the coffee table, and sat down next to Helen, kissing her on the cheek. “You think we should give up? I mean they were killing minorities back then; now with smart phones and the internet everyone knows instantaneously. Who were those three boys they killed down south with the voter stuff, and that other?”

“It was June of ‘64 – Chaney, Goodman, and Schwerner – had them memorized since I first heard Tom Paxton’s song. Murdered in Neshoba County, in good ol’ Miss. But it did get us the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965.”

“Doesn’t seem to be helping in Georgia now. Ask Stacey Abrams about that. Those in power never relinquish it willingly. I’m only worried that the idiot in the White House will get us into a war and pull every stunt in the books to stay in power.”

“Yup, me too. It wouldn’t surprise me in the least. But some of the retired generals are speaking up about his abuse of the military. And the other day, General Mark Milley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, also said he was co-opted for Trump’s photo op. Good to know that there are people who take their oath to the Constitution seriously.”

“Yeah, now I remember. It was Emmett Till who was killed – more collusion with the local police. I guess that’s one of the biggest pluses for cell phones. They got that cop with his knee on Floyd’s neck almost nine minutes. Damn! Fucking ridiculous. And the other cops just standing around.”

“You want another ‘YUP,’ Harry? Pretty sick. And Killer Don, just smiling and smiling some more when that old guy in Buffalo gets pushed to the ground cracking his skull. Hey – he’s white just like us. And Bone Spurs the Unbrave suggesting that he was part of some ANTIFA group. Catholic Worker Party. Give me a break! And you can get us another couple of beers.”

Harry returned with two more brews and a bowl of nuts.

“So, what do you think? We should stop marching?”

“Don’t think so. Probably the only things us privileged whites can do is to *keep* marching, bear witness, and write checks. Yeah – write checks and vote. Speaking of which, we should write a check to Stacey’s group, Fair Fight. We can get the info on the internet.

“And speaking of fair, Harry, you can make supper tonight!

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